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RICHARD CHENEY TREND

*Letters and Memorials*



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RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

ARCHBISHOP

LETTERS AND MEMORIALS











Rich<sup>d</sup>. C. French

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# RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH

ARCHBISHOP

## LETTERS AND MEMORIALS

EDITED BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CHARLES LOWDER"

*Richard Chenevix Trench*

"Let gentleness my strong enforcement be"

*IN TWO VOLUMES*

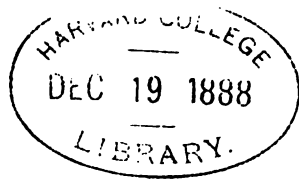
VOL. I.



LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1888



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DEDICATED  
TO THE WIFE,  
TO THE CHILDREN,  
AND TO THE GRANDCHILDREN  
OF  
RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH,  
ARCHBISHOP,  
WITH FAITHFUL AFFECTION AND MOST  
GRATEFUL MEMORIES.

*May 16, 1888.*




## INTRODUCTION.

---

THERE is no attempt, as will be seen, to give anything like a Life of Archbishop Trench in the following pages. His own wish, expressed more than once, must prevent his Life being written, and had it been otherwise, the task could only have been undertaken with any chance of success by a scholar and a theologian. His wife, in whose hands his letters and papers were left, being desirous that some memorial of him should be made, decided to publish selections from his correspondence, connected by such slight links as would make the letters intelligible, and at her earnest wish the editor undertook the task. More than this has been scrupulously avoided, and it will be seen that these links are usually of the briefest, although occasionally, as in the sketch of Spanish history under Ferdinand VII. in the first volume, and the statement of facts which followed the disestablishment of the Irish Church in the second, they have been necessarily somewhat longer.

The mottoes at the heads of chapters have been in





almost every case taken from the Archbishop's own poems, as they are the best links to his letters.

By far the larger number of the letters preserved by the Archbishop were from the friends of his early manhood, and were found tied up and docketed, after he had destroyed most of his papers. He had more than once expressed his thought of publishing a book of old letters, and they were probably kept for this purpose. It is a sad satisfaction to those to whom the task of selection has fallen to feel that they have tried to carry out a work which he had projected for himself.

All his own letters to Sterling were, after the death of the latter, returned to him, and by him unhappily destroyed.

The editor desires earnestly to thank those who have allowed letters from the Archbishop, either to themselves, or to those to whom they are executors, to be used for this work. Amongst these especially must be mentioned Mowbray Donne, Reginald Wilberforce, the Dowager Lady Heathcote, Thomas Cooke Trench, and the Earl of Selborne. These memorials would be still more imperfect than they are, but for trouble taken by many in searching out old papers and letters, and placing them freely at the editor's disposal. To the Venerable George Scott, Archdeacon of Dublin, and to the Rev. Canon Morgan Jellett, a large debt of thanks is owing for much trouble taken by them in supplying facts connected with the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

A still greater debt of gratitude is due to the Archbishop's son-in-law, Professor Butcher, for his patient kindness in looking over proofs. Without his help the editor could not have undertaken the responsibility of preparing these letters for publication.

For, indeed, although it may seem that to write a Life would have been a more difficult task, it would in some ways have been easier, at least to one qualified for the task. To supply sufficient links for the letters without transgressing the limits marked out by the Archbishop's wishes, has often been perplexing, and still more difficult has it been to tell in short cold words much which, in Ireland, was lived through near and with him. And for another reason, to touch for a moment on that which is personal, the indulgence of the public is asked, as without doubt it will be granted, since this is the first work attempted by the editor without that tender interest on the Archbishop's part, which made work of the kind possible in the beginning, and delightful in any accomplishment. There must be many who feel how much they owe to his unconscious influence, to the feeling which he imparted to them of what his judgment would be of written words, to his delicate and perfect criticism; and, amongst these, none can owe to him more than the writer, in whom the sense of unfitness for this present task is tempered by gladness at undertaking any labour which may preserve for his descendants these few faint memories of one honoured wherever the English tongue is spoken.

How much poorer this world has been to many of us since he ceased to go in and out among us, only they can tell to whom he was a familiar presence.

“Yet, it may be that saints departed intercede, unknown to us, for the victory of the truth upon earth ; and their prayers above may be as really indispensable conditions of that victory as the labours of those who remain among us. They are taken away for some purpose, surely ; their gifts are not lost to us ; their soaring minds, the fire of their contemplations, the sanctity of their desires, the vigour of their faith, the sweetness and gentleness of their affections, were not given without an object.”

Believing this, they who loved Archbishop Trench the best can thank God, even amidst their deepest sense of loss, for having given him to them for so long, for the beacon light of a noble life lived amongst them, for all that he has been to them, and will be, they hope, for ever.

*Ascension Day, 1888.*

---

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH was born in North Frederick Street, Dublin, on September 5, 1807, during a visit of his parents of some months to Ireland. His father, Richard Trench, was the sixth son of Frederic Trench, of Woodlawn, in the county Galway,

and had married, in 1803, Melesina, the only grandchild and heiress of Richard Chenevix, Bishop of Waterford, and widow of Colonel St. George, by whom she had one son, Charles St. George, born in 1787. By her second marriage she had five sons, Frederic,\* Francis,† Richard Chenevix, Philip,‡ and William,§ and two daughters, one, born in 1805, who died in early infancy, and Elizabeth Melesina.||

“ I believe not in education, but in race,” was a saying of Archbishop Trench in his later years. He was himself only Irish through the accident of his birth, being French by descent on both sides of the house, his ancestor on his father’s side having come to England in 1574, a grandson of the latter migrating into Ireland in 1631. He and all the Archbishop’s paternal ancestors married, without exception, either in England, or into the families of English colonists in Ireland. Through the latter, some slight admixture of Celtic blood may have passed to their children.

On his mother’s side the Archbishop was almost purely French, the grandfather of Bishop Chenevix of Waterford, Philip Chenevix d’Eply, of Loraine, having only taken refuge in England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Huguenot refugee families appear to have married, for a long time, almost entirely amongst themselves, and in Mrs. Richard

\* Born in 1804 ; died in 1806.

† Died at Elm Lodge, Bursledon, in 1886, in less than a week after the Archbishop’s death.

‡ Died in February, 1888.

§ Died in 1827, a few months after his mother’s death.

|| Born in 1812 ; died in 1816.

Trench four distinct foreign strains were united, through her mother, Mademoiselle Gervais, her paternal grandmother, Susanne Grueber, and her maternal grandmother, Mademoiselle de Corderoi, daughter of a refugee Spanish officer, besides the Chenevix stock. Her sons (the Archbishop and his brothers) were the only descendants of the refugee Philip, either in the male or female line, all the other branches having come to an end.

Of the early history of his mother, from whom he inherited his poetic genius and literary powers, the Archbishop has written somewhat in the "Remains of Mrs. Richard Trench," published by him in 1862.

His home in childhood was Elm Lodge (called also Bursledon Lodge), close to the village of Bursledon, not far from Southampton. It became his father's property in 1810, and there his early years were spent, varied by frequent long visits to Cheltenham, for his mother's health, and to London.

In February, 1816, Richard went to Twyford School, and in 1819 to Harrow.

"Your lesser pair of brothers are prosperously recovering from the measles," Mrs. Trench writes to Mr. St. George in 1822, from Bursledon; "your elder ones, with all their sails set, are advancing rapidly into port at Harrow. Richard had three copies of verses read over in one week, which Mrs. Leith,\* whom I lately saw here, says is very uncommon.

"He is a clever, steady, *grave*, *gay*, little person,

\* The last Dame at Harrow.

with an intense feeling of wit, humour, and pleasantry—a total freedom from vanity, except perhaps a little on the subject of dress, a deep love of reading, or rather a *besoin*, for he is wretched without the certainty of this enjoyment; and has a strong capacity of applying to the abstract sciences as well as to the classics.”

On January 27, 1823, she writes :—

“ *Elm Lodge, Bursledon.*

“ Richard has a craving for books, and reminds me of Doctor Somebody in ‘Camilla,’ as he cannot take an airing without arming himself against ennui by one or more volumes. He delights in referring, collating, extracting. He wishes much we should purchase a certain Polyglot, and luxuriates in the idea of finding fifteen readings of the same passage in Scripture.”

In October, 1825, Richard Trench entered Trinity College, Cambridge. His mother’s correspondence with him is full of mention of a little poetical periodical, *The Translator*, begun this year, which for the first time brought him into connection with publishers. “ Richard is editor and proprietor,” his mother writes. She was his ardent co-worker, both as a contributor and critic, and in 1826 writes that he “ has made himself master of Spanish, as far as pronouncing and understanding it, and is about applying his acquirements to the benefit of the exiled Spaniards, by publishing a volume of miscellaneous pieces of which the profits are to be sent to the committee formed for their relief.”

For her the end was close at hand. In her journal, dated Elm Lodge, January 8, 1827, she notes, “ Time

ten o'clock ; my quartette are all engaged around the table before me—Heaven bless their dark eyes ! My Richard has just finished a tragedy." \* In a dictated letter to him on March 30, she thanks him for his tragedy, and adds, "I am quite delighted with the manager's letter, which is the antipodes of all one is taught to expect on such an occasion, and I would say more if I was not very unable to say so much."

At the end of this letter is written, in a boyish hand, "The last letter I ever received from my beloved mother."

She died at Malvern, May 27, 1827.

\* "Bernardo del Carpio." It was only destroyed by him after he came to Ireland in 1864.

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# RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH : LETTERS AND MEMORIALS.

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## CHAPTER I.

1827-1829.

“ In my life’s youth, while yet the deeper needs  
Of the inmost spirit unawakened were,  
Thou couldst recount of high heroic deeds,  
Couldst add a glory unto earth and air,  
A crowning glory, making fair more fair :  
So that my soul was pleased and satisfied,  
Which had as yet no higher, deeper care,  
And said that thou shouldst evermore abide  
With me, and make my bliss, and be my spirit’s bride.

R. C. T., *To Poetry*.

THE first letter to Richard Chenevix Trench after his mother’s death, of those which he preserved, is from John Sterling, one of the dearest amongst his early friends, whose name was on the aged Archbishop’s lips in his very last days,—most mournfully mentioned, in the thought of the wide severance, long even before Sterling’s early death, that had taken place between them in faith and the foundations of hope. Sterling had entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in the autumn of 1824,\* where he had, Carlyle writes, “a wide and rather genial circle of comrades ; and could not fail to be regarded and beloved

\* After more than a year spent at Trinity College he migrated to Trinity Hall, intending to take a degree in Law.

by many of them. Their life seems to have been an ardently speculating and talking one; by no means excessively restrained within limits; and, in the more adventurous heads like Sterling's, decidedly tending towards the latitudinarian in most things. They had among them a Debating Society called the Union;\* where on stated evenings was much logic, and other spiritual fencing and ingenuous collision,—probably of a really superior quality in that kind; for not a few of the then disputants have since proved themselves men of parts, and attained distinction in the intellectual walks of life. Frederic Maurice, Richard Trench, John Kemble, Spedding, Venables, Charles Buller, Richard Milnes, and others."†

The above passage is quoted, because almost all the early letters in this volume are from one or another of that band of friends described by Carlyle, who seem to have been closely knit together by ties of no common affection. Probably his account of the circle as "an ardently speculating and talking one" is fair enough, and his words on the same page concerning Sterling might not inaptly have been applied to others amongst his friends: "He was . . . a Radical, as the name or nickname then went. In other words, a young ardent soul looking with joy and hope into a world which was infinitely beautiful to him, though overhung with falsities and foul cobwebs as world never was before, . . . which latter class of objects it was clearly the part of every noble heart to expend all its lightnings and energies in burning up without delay, and sweeping into their native Chaos out of such a Cosmos as this. Which process, it did not then seem to him would be very difficult; or attended with much other than heroic joy, and enthusiasm of victory or of battle, to the gallant operator, in his part of it."

In a playful letter, dated December 11, 1827, and

\* This is apparently a mistake on Carlyle's part. The society was that called "The Apostles," mentioned on the next page.

† "Life of John Sterling," by Thomas Carlyle, chap. iv.

directed to Trinity College, Cambridge, Sterling entreats his friend to—

belabour the conscience of a certain Whiskir, who is viceroy over me at Trinity Hall, so as to obtain that he would send me various goods and chattels in his possession.

The *fera natura* in question (he continues) is a gyp, and, as I mentioned, named Whiskir; and all my earthly hopes rest upon the calculation that you will be kind enough to take out a writ of *habeas corpus* against him, chiefly for one small book, about six inches square, half bound in grey paper and red leather, one moiety of it being blank, and the other filled with certain MS. lucubrations of mine. Seriously, this is the only article worth making a row about, for it contains portions of a diary not intended for any eyes but my own. Besides, there are some parts of it that I could make use of if I had them now in my hands. I have missed no other books or papers. If you can recover this one, and bring it with you to town, you will place yourself in my estimation between Jeremy Bentham and Jacob Behmen. Pray let me see you as soon as you reach London, and in the mean time commend me to the brethren, who, I trust, are waxing daily in religion and radicalism.

The "brethren" were the members of a small society, who called themselves "The Apostles." Arthur Hallam, writing to Mr. Gladstone, June 23, 1830, says of Frederick Maurice, "The effect which he has produced on the minds of many at Cambridge, by the single creation of that Society of the Apostles (for the spirit, though not the form, was created by him), is far greater than I can dare to calculate, and will be felt, both directly and indirectly, in the age that is upon us." \*

From JOHN STERLING.†

Knightsbridge,

September 29, 1827.

MY DEAR TRENCH,

I trust you are not of opinion that

"That which in mean men we entitle patience  
Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts."

Unless you are abundantly provided with that which is "pale cold cowardice in noble breasts," I must long ere this have been laden

\* "Life of Frederic Denison Maurice," vol. i. p. 110. Macmillan & Co., 1884.

† Directed to Elm Lodge, Southampton.

with a poet's manifold curses. You did not hear from me while I was at the Isle of Wight—partly because I was lazy—partly because I was busy—and nineteenthly and to conclude, because I put off writing until I should come to London. And you have not hitherto heard from me since I have been here, because really and in good earnest I have been employed five and twenty hours a day ever since I arrived in London. I now write, not so much to relieve my conscience—which is used to eat corrosive sublimate—as because I want to know something about Bernardo del Carpio. I pity the poor old hero who, having been dragged from the tomb by your witching, is then condemned to lie for so many weeks in that Limbo of vanity, filled with all manner of ghosts and abortions—Kemble's portfolio. I venture to say that he would not have been so tired of slaughtering a thousand Saracens. When have I any chance of seeing the good knight? and when will he bid good-day to the dress circle? Some one is setting up another "Foreign Review," and I am told your friend Mendibil is preparing an article for it, on the Spanish romances,—only that he was an Afrancesado, and is probably a papist, I would suggest that some of your translations would make the fortune of his Crambe Recocta. I have read the number of "The Translator" and the other little volume with great pleasure. Of the accuracy of the versions I cannot give an opinion, but they are certainly very simple and very spirited. The latter is full of elegance. You probably would have been a poet under any circumstances, but education from such a hand must have done much towards making you one so early. Will you give your father my best respects, and thank him for his exceeding kindness towards me?

*From the Same.\**

MY DEAR TRENCH,

I was very sorry not to find you this morning, as besides the pleasure of seeing yourself I had hoped to see your tragedy. Kemble not long ago inflicted upon me a morning visit of some three hours, in the course of which he spoke highly of the talent it shows (the worst symptoms of it I have heard as yet), but said it requires alteration for the stage. I trust you will let me judge for myself. If you do me the favour, I tell you beforehand that I shall be as candid as Mrs. Candour herself, and tell you all the faults I can discover. You remember Rochefoucauld says that friendship is shown

\* Undated, but endorsed by Archbishop Trench, "Dec., 1827."

by telling your friend of his errors, not his merits :—and for once the sour-hearted cynic is right. I fear you will not be long in town, and therefore I want you to do me the favour of dining with us on Thursday, when we shall be able to talk of things in general. I fancy we shall be like Addison's king and three fiddlers—solus—and that if you are so good-natured as to come you will meet no one but my father and mother. My pamphlet is published under the name of "Jacob Sternwall." The publication of it fully justifies the sagacity of the wish, O that mine enemy would write a book ! However, all men commit not only crimes but blunders at some time or other, and it is not much matter in the end whether it be by buying a lottery ticket, falling in love, or putting nonsense into gude black print. You see, though I shall probably not print any more nonsense, I have not left off writing it ; so no more at present from your loving fellow-demagogue.

*Knightsbridge, Tuesday evening.*

P.S.—We shall dine at half after six—accurately.

"Bernardo del Carpio" was not, in the end, put upon the stage, although from the following letters there seems to have been every likelihood of it. Mr. Macready's perception of the "earnest of future excellence," which it afforded, is noticeable.

*From WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY.\**

*37, Weymouth Street, Portland Place,*

DEAR SIR,

*December 24, 1827.*

I have again carefully read through your play, and have to thank you for the pleasure its perusal gave me. I have made several remarks in places capable of improvement (of course, I mean only as far as my humble judgment goes) ; but there are many others, besides the finer shades of character, which I find myself unable to explain as I could wish by letter. The trouble to which I put you, and the interest which I take in your work, must convince you, better than verbal assurances, how highly I think of its merits. It is important, I think, that I should see you before I leave London. Can you come up to town either Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday ? I *cannot* satisfy myself, in writing to you, what I think necessary to the success of the tragedy.

\* Born 1793 ; retired from the stage in 1851 ; died 1873.



Will you oblige me with a line by return of post to say whether or no I may expect you? Perhaps, that I may have more opportunity of talking over the subject, you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner when you can.

*From the Same.*

37, Weymouth Street, London,

February 9, 1828.

I have read and forwarded to Mr. Price the manuscript of "Del Carpio." There are some alterations still necessary, as, for instance, the termination, and some passages of minor importance about the beginning of the fourth act. With the piece as a whole I have been greatly delighted; but I hope you will not think it an ill compliment to add, less for its individual merits, which are very great, than for the earnest it gives of future excellence. It *ought* to be acted, and I think it will be. In that event I think your presence in town indispensable for a day or two on the subject of the alterations; but until you or I hear from Mr. Price, it is unnecessary to say more. The work does and will do you great honour, if I have any perception of what is true and beautiful.

*From the Same.*

37, Weymouth Street, London,

March 3, 1828.

I cannot admit that any apology is necessary, with so natural an anxiety as you must feel, and I wish it were in my power to relieve it; but you must not make me a party to managerial conduct, in which I have not even a voice. But as far as my own acquaintance with the circumstances of the theatre goes, I may be able to give you some insight into the *probabilities* of the remainder of the season. I do not think your play can come out this year, and, in strict confidence, I give you my opinion that it is most advisable it should not. My reasons for thinking this are, that as Lord Porchester's play cannot be performed before Monday, March 10th, and will if possible be acted at least one more night, viz. the Monday following, it is not possible that anything new could be produced before the 29th of this month, on which day I go to Paris, there to remain the whole of April; on my return I have left of my engagement three weeks in May, at the expiration of which I shall leave London. When or

how then is "Bernardo" to be produced? I am become so indifferent to anything and everything in this theatre, that I should prefer for my own part the postponement of the representation to better times and tastes. I write this letter to you in perfect confidence, and if I could see you, could explain more fully my opinions on the play and its chances of success. I shall be at Lynn on Wednesday. Is it too far for you to come, or do you know whether the coach on Tuesday or Sunday stays long enough in Cambridge for me to see you?

From JOHN STERLING.

Knightsbridge,

March 6, 1828.

MY DEAR TRENCH,

You should have heard from me sooner if I had had anything of interest to say; and in fact I now write chiefly to show you that I have not entirely forgotten you, especially as if I had it would argue myself not worth being remembered. *Voyons*. I think I left you and Bernardo arm in arm somewhere about Piccadilly; I trust you have since flourished together. As for me and Miss Padilla, the intimacy has not proceeded very far. Any information about things in general, that any of my Cambridge friends would take the trouble of sending me, would be received with humble gratitude; more especially any notices touching the Union, the Essayists, or the Apostles. For the last-named body, I fear that since the departure of last year's men, the salt of the earth must in some degree have lost its savour; though I have no doubt that Sunderland still contrives to keep you all in a pretty pickle. You may assure the three venerable societies—the *trois règnes de la Nature*—that I am with them in spirit. I have been present in body at several of the debates of the London Debating Society; I have spoken once or twice, but it won't do. "Pearls before," etc. Just do consider the martyrdom to which good and great men are exposed. I was going to be stoned with stones at Cambridge for being an enemy to religion, and now I am ground to powder by a Mill in London for excessive piety.

What consoles me, dost thou ask?

The conscience, friend, to have writ a melodrame  
In two long acts—a most prodigious task,  
Whereat shall hiss the critic geese of Thame.

I spare you any further annoyance except that (which I trust is none) of believing me ever most sincerely yours.

*From the Same.*

*Knightsbridge,*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

*May 16, 1828.*

Many thanks for your letter. I suspect I have the advantage of you in the means of estimating Wordsworth's appearance, manner, and so forth. I passed three hours in his company yesterday, and had a great deal of conversation with him. I agree with you that there is little of the poet and philosopher in the lower part of his face. It accounts for the unnecessary trivialities of some of his writings, and for his admiration of the Church Establishment. But more than all, "The Excursion" and the Platonic Ode is developed in his dome-like forehead. And his manner and conversation are full of the pleasant, playful sincerity and kindness which are so observable in his works. The utter absence of pretension in all he says and looks is very striking. He does not say many things to be remembered, and most of his observations are chiefly noticeable for their delicate taste, strong good sense, and stout healthy diction, rather than for imagery or condensed principles of philosophy. You see in him the repose or the sport, but neither the harlequinade nor the conflict of genius. I believe he has long turned the corner of life; and yet there is not about him the slightest tendency to be wearied or disgusted with human nature, or to be indifferent towards the common little objects, occurrences, and people round him. All his daily fireside, companionable sympathies are as sensitive and good-humoured as ever. Is not this fine, and what one would hope to see in great men, if one had not so much reason to fear being generally disappointed? His talk is as different from Coleridge's as can be; and if considered separately from what we know of the man is certainly far less interesting. Coleridge's monologue is, perhaps, better even than his writing. For it is as profound, as nobly and precisely expressed; while it exhibits more of the union of poetry and philosophy than any of his books either in verse or prose, and is, perhaps, more fresh and flowing, and a little more adapted to ordinary comprehension, than either the "Friend" or the "Biographia," not because it deals with less important subjects, or treats them less thoroughly, but because it abounds rather more in illustration, displays more variety of style, is helped by the most expressive voice in the world, by the most speaking face, and an eye, the very organ of benevolent wisdom. Coleridge is the philosopher in conversation by being all philosopher, and Wordsworth by not affecting to be it at

all. The conversation of the latter springs from and is coloured by the immediate circumstances ; is full of observation and kindliness, and refers directly to the people he is among. Coleridge, without much attention to time or place, pours out his mind in reflection, and it is only marked by particular circumstances or facts inasmuch as it seems to have habitually absorbed the outward world into its own substance. Coleridge is, I think, the greater man, and in no degree the least amiable ; but Wordsworth is better adapted to society. I shall see them together to-morrow evening, and if I can find time I shall make no excuses for writing to you again on the subject, as I know you will be interested by obtaining notices of such minds, even through so imperfect a medium as my observation. I attended the three debates on the Roman Catholic claims, and as I had not been in the House of Commons for seven or eight years, I took a great deal of pleasure in watching the conflict, though, during far the greater part of the discussion, "a barbarous noise environed me, of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes, and dogs."

I never saw an assembly of any kind in which so small a share of talent would go so great a way. Mackintosh is evidently the best thinker among them ; and, to judge merely from that one discussion, C. Grant the next best. By-the-bye, you must make a similar allowance for the very slight opportunities I have had of judging Wordsworth and Coleridge.

*From* RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

*Southampton,*

MY DEAR KEMBLE,

*August, 1828.*

The letters of my kind friends, and particularly such letters as yours, stir in me so many recollections, thoughts, and feelings, which unless immediately fixed on paper flit away for ever, that I in self-defence answer your letter immediately, which came upon me amid the ordinary toils and malicious scandals, and unsatisfactory dissipation of dinner-loving Bœotia like a breeze from the sweet South. From the very hasty reading I gave some time ago to Mignet, his leading deficiency seemed to me to be this, that, while he could penetrate and lay open the interests and the feelings at work in the conclave and the council chamber and show how they produced the different changes in France, the yet higher and source-like origin, the individual heart, he could not understand. I would strongly urge you to persist in your projected history ; \* that it will be

\* Of the French Revolution.

one in whose opinions I can entirely coincide, I do not hope; but written, as I know it will be by you, with a reverential regard for truth (I do not mean truth, you well know, in contradistinction to lies) and replete with your earnest zeal for the highest interest of humanity, it must be useful. Voltaire and the Encyclopedists have long been branded by the monarchists and tyrannists as the proximate cause of the French Revolution. It is time for some one to arise and brand them with the deeper infamy of being the cause of its ultimate failure; to show how they introduced into what Coleridge calls the citadel of the moral being, that want of a self-subsisting energy which created all the violence which marked the early records of the Revolution, and the cowardice which afterwards made France the prey of the first who was daring enough to be her tyrant. What Milton says, "Who would be free, must first be wise and good," is entirely true, I believe, as regards the recovery of lost Freedom, although when it is won by the struggles of a former generation it may be enjoyed, at least as far as political rights will confer it, without either wisdom or goodness. I enclose you a number of the *Literary Chronicle*, which is merged in the *Athenæum*, although Maurice and that gallant band of Platonico-Wordsworthian-Coleridgean-anti-Utilitarians still keep with undivided sway at the helm. There are two or three translations from my "Magico,"\* which is nearly completed, that I do not think you have seen; one especially of the Demon's history of himself, which I consider as the most striking passage in Calderon I have yet met with. The consummate art with which he works up Cyprian to his purpose appears to me extraordinarily sublime.

Our disappointment, I am sure, has been mutual at the unfortunate result of the Portuguese movement; the manner in which the Constitutionalists have been abused, is unwise as it is uncharitable; it would be far better to honour the men who, educated under a spirit-quelling and will-quenching despotism, have yet done so much, than inveigh against them, like a magnanimous Whig, for what they have left undone. I regret equally as you O'Connell's movement.

Plato does not proceed very rapidly. I am reading the Polity, or what should rather be called the identity of individual and public justice; it is written to prove what so few will believe, that if the elements of justice and wisdom and courage do not exist in the parts, viz. the individuals who make up the State, they cannot exist in the whole. Deeply interested in your welfare, I was

\* Calderon's "El Magico Prodigioso."

proportionately vexed to hear of your annoyances ; yours, however, are talents and a mind, which must place you ever superior to accident.

I go to Scotland, the Highlands, in about a week, to shoot grouse, and study poetry and the peasantry.

*From* JOHN KEMBLE.\*

DEAR TRENCH,

*August 30, 1828, eleven o'clock p.m.*

By all our community of hopes and fears, labours and expectations, thou art the veriest scamp in existence ! Here have I been expecting a letter from you, containing, if no other news, at least the time when you intend to be in town again ; and behold you turn aristocrat and take no notice of me. You will say, " for the devil never fails to supply an Irishman with an excuse," that all this applies with equal force to myself, and that I ought to have written to you long ago ; so I would had I known where you were to be found, for your last epistle, in most concisely vague terms, merely assured me that you were going to shoot grouse, with all the *et ceteras*, in the *Highlands*. I had also little new to tell you, while you, with all the freshness of mountain air and mountain scenery to aid you, must have laid in a stock of wisdom, poetry, and philosophy which would suffice to set me thinking for a twelvemonth, if only conveyed by way of *hint* in a decently long epistle. I have, you see, completely established the grounds of accusation against you, and can only recommend you to make as short work as you can of reinstating yourself in my favour, by directing a long and philosophical and delightful epistle to me, at Donne's, "*Mattishall, near East Dereham, Norfolk.*" As I know you have seen the worthy individual whom I am about to visit at no very distant period, I think it possible you might know that that pleasure was in store for me. I wish most sincerely that you could be added to the circle ; how delightfully we might spend a week or two together ! For of all the unaffected, worthy fellows that ever it was my lot to fall in with, I know none more estimable than Donne, or one whose talents are more fitted to

\* Son of Charles Kemble, and nephew of Mrs. Siddons ; educated at Bury St. Edmund's Grammar School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1829 he began the study of Anglo-Saxon, and in 1833 published "*Beowulf*," and lectured on Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge. He published several other archæological works, and was employed to explore in Hanover the funeral barrows on the Lüneberg Heath. He succeeded his father as Examiner of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's office, which post he held till his death in 1857.

render admirable a character which always would be so amiable. My own intercourse with him has been long and intimate, and little as I have to boast of, to him I owe much of that little. I anticipate a most pleasurable time with him.

I thank you sincerely for your paper, which contained, to my mind, one of the best critiques Sterling has produced ; but is not his style too difficult for undeveloped persons ? Is he not wasting the precious opportunity of unprejudicing a few, or fixing a small body of undecided moralists, by using terms which are objectionable as belonging to a system, and by not sufficiently "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb" ? To me he seems to do so ; for who would take the trouble of translating into easier language a very difficult set of phrases, when much of his intention in reading the article must be the procuring amusement, and that only ? The article on Blanchard's Poems, I think, was an admirable specimen of reviewing, and won my heart to the trade. The passages from Calderon are beautiful ; I trust we are to have many more of them. There is a fine freshness in his bold and nervous imagery, which makes us long for the days gone by, when poets wrote from the overflows of their own beautiful minds, and did not pamper and force the sickly fruit to suit the misguided sense of a depraved mob. You did once think of giving the English public some more important specimens of Spanish excellence than could be comprised within the columns of a newspaper ; let not diffidence or indolence dissuade you from accomplishing a work so useful, so pleasurable. How I wish I could confide to you all the dreams which have peopled the seclusion in which I have been living ; the visions of all that is good and great and lovely ! Assuredly there is deep truth in the hackneyed line, "God made the country and man made the town !" And in what a sweet country have you been feeling this truth !

To return to another sweet country, which, beautiful as it sprang from the hand of God, man has converted into a wilderness, does not the leaven work in Ireland ? Cannot you imagine the alarm of our apoplectic church Pan-stereo-crazy, when you hear that they are advertising everywhere for signatures to a general petition against emancipation. It is withal a melancholy thing that one cannot look with admiration and respect upon the leaders in this popular struggle ; that we cannot flatter ourselves with the hope that an expanded or generous feeling directs the efforts of the agitators, but that self, self, self, is the aim to which all their various acts are made to tend. The desire to escape from suffering may be the actuating, the initial motive

to all resistance, but how dead is this till there be breathed into it the *divinæ particula auræ*, the consciousness that the happiness of millions is to be the work and object of your life ! I wish I may mistake O'Connell, yet I do not think I do, for he is honest enough to confess how the *ascendency* galls him. I wish I may be in error, and whether I am or not time will show. Will you write to me, telling me if you revisit town or not ; and when you think of going back to Cambridge ? If you love that nest of bad things as little as heretofore, I presume the 20th of October will be the earliest day. Pray present my respects to your father, and believe me, always however in expectation of a letter from you, your sincerely affectionate friend.

You observe what a rambling, incoherent rhapsody I am not ashamed to send, so do not be nice, but write anything and everything. I go to Donne's about the fourth.

To JOHN KEMBLE.

*Kilberry, Argyleshire,*

*September 14, 1828.*

You have wasted much good indignation on a most unoffending personage, viz. myself, when you accuse me of a laxity in correspondence. I abhor an epistolary debtor and creditor account, or might appeal to my last letter. The front of my offending was that I replied to a very interesting letter of yours with a very dull one of mine ; however, as I said, you could expect no more from one who was pinguifying

“*Vervicum in patria crassoque sub aere,*”

as our friend Juvenal has it. I am at present bivouacking in a small cottage, on the western coast of Scotland, opposite Jura and Islay, with my own poor native land in the distance ; it is a mere hut in which I live, while amusing myself with shooting, or rather with shooting at, grouse and black game. You much overrate my advantages when you congratulate me on my opportunities for the exercise of thought, etc. I do assure you that nine or ten hours' daily walking with an excellent fellow, but one who has no ideas beyond his shot-bag and powder-flask, are no great assistance to the formation of habits of thinking, nor do they leave me time or inclination for study. However, my journey has advantages for this loss—an abundant recompense. I am confident it is good for the mind to get out of



the macadamized road of existence, and see nearer into the actual manner and means by which a people live ; and one has necessarily a better insight into this, in proportion as a country is less civilized, or at least has fewer of the means of selfish enjoyment immediately at hand, and to be obtained for money. I perfectly agree with you in your estimate of our friend Donne's character. I should look back upon my Cambridge career with unmingled regret for wasted time, etc., were it not for the friendships I have formed, and opinions I have imbibed (but for these I owe the University nothing) ; and among these connections I look on none with greater pleasure than my election to the Apostles, and trust that it will prove a connection that will not be dissolved with many of its members during life. You tell me nothing of your plans, and I have no right nor wish, beyond the great interest I take in them, to ask you of them. It is with no selfish desire of retaining the pleasure of your company that I express my earnest hope that you will not fulfil your intention of quitting this country. I am sure you could do much more good to yourself and others here.

I quite agree with you as regards the difficulty of Sterling's style, his sentences are *φωναῖα συνέτοισι* and little more. That paper, the *Athenæum*, which, by-the-by, is entirely written by Apostles, should it obtain an extensive circulation, is calculated to do much good. It is a paper not merely of principle, but, what is almost equally important, of principles—certain fixed rules to which compositions are referred, and by which they are judged. In this it is superior, not merely to contemporary papers, but to the Reviews of the highest pretension.

I have been reading a pamphlet by Malcolm Laing on Perkin Warbeck, or rather on the young Prince who has gone by that name, for this discussion puts it beyond a doubt that he was the Plantagenet. I have been planning out for some future day a tragedy on the subject, which appears to have great capabilities. Ford has written a play, which I have never read, on the subject. He, however, looks upon him, as I understand, in the light of an impostor ; in fact, he would scarcely have dared to do otherwise. Remember me most kindly to Donne. I shall be at my accustomed haunt in London on about the 30th of this month ; should you be there about that time, you will not grudge a line at the Burlington, though it may be thrown away, as I shall be a mere bird of passage. Cambridge about the 18th.

From JOHN STERLING.

*Knightsbridge,*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

*November 21, 1828.*

I have been three days in London, and lost no time in doing here what I ought to have done at the other side of the Channel. I cannot say that it was occupation which prevented me from writing to you while I was in France ; for though I got through a good deal of miscellaneous work, the bad weather during the last ten days I was at Paris confined me to the house, and gave me abundance of leisure for correspondence, which was only wasted through indolence and bad spirits. If I had then written to you I should only have indited a catalogue of groans and a panegyric on the Seine near which I lived, and which furnishes so ready a means for escaping from fleshly annoyances. I have not now much of the wiser mind to boast of, but my quarrel with the world is not quite so bitter, and I am something more in a temper for endeavouring to retain almost the only thing it supplies worth having, namely, the regard of my friends. A good deal of what came under my notice at Paris would have interested you much if you could have observed it for yourself, but I can scarcely hope that as reflected upon you by me it would be of any value to you. Society was torpid during the autumn, and I have very imperfect means of forming any judgment as to what a *man* is in France. I am inclined to believe that such a thing exists there, and will hereafter become more common. But what Coleridge called the "manly character" is certainly very rare, and in the best specimens very imperfect. This you will readily believe when I tell you that among the men a little older than ourselves, but not yet admissible to the Chamber, who, of course, are the strength of the country, the prevailing tone is that of ridicule and incredulity—not, I mean, merely as regards religion, but as to *ideas* in general. The government is improving, and will be excellent. And this for the plain reason that no people are abler at applying means to ends. But religion, the arts, and philosophy are in a miserable condition ; not because they are in embryo, but because they have arrived at a stunted maturity. The outward fact is of some consequence, that by the statement both of Roman Catholics and Protestants the men who care for adhering to any acceptation of Christianity are not a tenth of the whole nation. But it is much more striking to observe the way in which religion is commonly talked about ; and the most melancholy circumstance of all is that

the best school of French thinkers—those who conduct *Le Globe*—are not at all inclined to do more than treat Christianity as a highly respectable form of the “religious idea,” without having in general a notion that it should be made a matter of personal concern to every man. The continental philosophy of the eighteenth century undervalued Christianity because it looked at all religions with equal contempt. The continental philosophy of the nineteenth undervalues it because it looks at all with equal respect, and is as far in the one case as in the other from comprehending rightly the wants of the individual mind. Cousin makes it the peculiar glory of our epoch that it endeavours to comprehend the mind of all other ages. And I fear it must be the tendency of his philosophy, while it examines what all other philosophies were, to prevent us being anything ourselves. We must do more than clearly understand in what way the various religions have resolved such great problems as those of free-will and necessity (for instance) ; we must also do it for ourselves. We must live not only for the past, but also for the present. And herein is the great merit of Coleridge ; and I confess for myself I would rather be a believing Jew or pagan than a man who sees through all religions, but looks not with the eyes of any. I dare say I have been writing nonsense, but I have a meaning, if I knew how to express it.

Poetry is certainly more poetical in form among the French than it was during the last age ; and a few weeks ago I should have said much more than this in its favour, but as I was travelling to the coast I passed through Arons, where I found two or three numbers of the *Athenæum*. One of them contained your last article on Calderon, which not only gave me great delight and surprise, but also showed me poetry so superior to the best of Lamartine's or Victor Hugo's as to put me out of conceit with my previous liking. I have now become a little habituated to the impression of those exquisite lines—so worthy of Keats or Shelley—and I can again venture to maintain that, with all the inferiority of Hugo to such poems as those, yet some of his works are poetry, and that of a very delightful kind. On the whole, the French are less likely than I had hoped to produce a Coleridge or a Calderon ; but the improvement upon what they were is certain and general. A hash of Schiller's “Wallenstein,” which I saw acted lately at the Théâtre Français, has been as completely demolished in the *Globe* by an acquaintance of mine, Dubois, as it could have been by Maurice. To be sure, anything so stupid and successful must have called forth the critics ; but Dubois destroys it

on good principles. I hope "Bernardo del Carpio," which, though inferior to Schiller's "Wallenstein," has five thousand times more poetry and dramatic power than M. Liudière's performance, may have half as much popularity as the latter. Give my warmest regards to Kemble; he is a brand plucked from the burning. As for me, I feel as if I had been already consumed, and were now no more than smoke and ashes. However, I will try to write to him shortly. Are you inclined to buy my share in the *Athenæum*? It will cost you, if I remember right, a little more than a hundred pounds. I should like much to go to Cambridge, but at present I cannot.

From the following letters it appears that Richard Trench left Cambridge about February 1, 1829, and joined his father at Elm Lodge, near Southampton.

From J. W. BLAKESLEY.

Cambridge,

February 7, 1829.

Straton has been kind enough to give me up the vacant space of his letter, and therefore I cannot resist the temptation of writing, although I cannot as yet muster any news for you. You have left much grief behind you. Little Straton goes about looking quite disconsolate for want of you to bully and be bullied by; he is (if possible) getting thin. He is engaged for a curacy in Leicester, which he takes possession of in September. I shall expect a letter from Kemble and yourself very speedily. Tell me all that you do and *think* in your delectable privacy; I shall not require news. As for myself, latterly I have not been thinking at all, but reading the "Differential Calculus." I hope that Calderon goes on well between Kemble and yourself. If you will bring out a couple of plays now or shortly, you must certainly make your fortune, not to speak of other superior considerations. "There is a tide in the affairs of men," you know, and certainly now is the turn of it. Did you see Sterling in town? It would certainly be well if he were to relinquish writing in the *Athenæum* for some time. Have you seen the last? Your (and Kemble's) sonnet, I perceive, is in it. I conjecture Sterling (am I right?) to be the author of the first thing.

Believe me, ever most sincerely yours,

J. W. BLAKESLEY.\*

\* Joseph Williams Blakesley, born 1808, graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1813, as Wrangler and third in the Classical Tripos; he was the Senior

Write soon, and if you compose any new sonnets, pray send them. I have some idea of writing a new treatise on the "Bathos," by M. Scriblerus, Junior, and drawing my illustrations from the prize poems of Cambridge for the last six years, if I can find a sufficient diversity of trashiness.

The first note-book, filled with poetry, found amongst Archbishop Trench's papers has no date after his name on the first page, but seems to have been begun during the latter days of his college career. It is so full of erasures and corrections, crossed and recrossed, that it is difficult to decipher.

The sonnet which is amongst his published poems, beginning, "I stood beside a pool, from whence ascended," is dated "February 18, 1829," and the sonnet, also published, "The Herring-Fishers of Loch Fyne," is dated "Loch Fyne, Scotland, March 15, 1829." There is a hiatus in the letters between March and May, during which, it appears from this poem, a visit to Scotland took place. The only other records of it are two sonnets, "In the Isle of Mull."

The poems written at this time by Richard Trench almost all breathe a spirit of profound sadness, and as those of which the first drafts are in his note-book have been mostly published, they are his letters and truest memorials of this period. It has been strikingly said by his brother-poet, Keble, that, "setting aside all mysterious natural aptitude, such as universal experience appears to attest, in certain combinations and orders of sounds, as compared with certain passions and moods of mind in ourselves, the very task of metrical arrangement will fall in with the poetical instinct, such as has been above described, in two respects. On the one hand, it shapes out a sort of channel for wild and tumultuous feelings to vent themselves by; feelings whose very excess and violence would seem to make the utterance of them almost impossible, for the very throng of thoughts and words, crowding all at once to demand expression. In such cases, the conventional rules of metre and rhythm may evidently have the effect of determining the expression." Chancellor's Medallist. He was ordained deacon in 1833, priest in 1835, and, after being for seven years tutor at Trinity College, became Vicar of Ware, Herts, in 1845; Canon of Canterbury, 1863; and Dean of Lincoln, 1872. He died in 1885.

mining, in some one direction, the overflow of sentiment and expression, wherewith the mind might otherwise be fairly oppressed. On the other hand, the like rules may be no less useful, in throwing a kind of veil over those strong or deep emotions, which need relief, but cannot endure publicity. The very circumstance of their being expressed in verse, draws off attention from the violence of the feelings themselves, and enables people to say things which they could not venture on in prose. . . . The metrical form thus furnishing, at the same time, a vent for eager feelings, and a veil of reserve to draw over them, . . . exhibiting . . . the perfection of that self-control which must itself be the perfection of a mixed creature such as man: 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,' exactly obeying a certain high law, and shaped by it into perfect order." \*

It is, perhaps, impossible to estimate too highly the debt which we owe to a Christian poet, who, under the veil of verse, permits us to know something of the struggle and despondency preceding the clear sunlight of faith in which, after a brief period, he lived and wrote. Nor can we doubt that the power of Richard Trench's words over men's hearts was greatly deepened and enlarged by the mental and spiritual trials through which he had passed himself. We need not shrink from alluding to these trials, since he has himself expressed them in some of his poems, not suppressing them in an edition brought out during the last year of his life.†

\* "Occasional Papers and Reviews," by Rev. John Keble, pp. 17, 18. Parker & Co., 1877.

† "Poems," by Richard Chenevix Trench, new edition, in 2 vols., Macmillan and Co., 1885. In the edition of "Justin Martyr and Other Poems," published by Moxon in 1844, there is the following note to the "Ode to Sleep:" "The poems which follow, from this page to page 167 inclusive, as also some scattered in other parts of the volume, were written many years ago. I mention this here, and indeed only mention it at all, because in some of those that follow are expressions occasionally of states of mind in which I would not now ask others to sympathize, and from which I am thankful myself to have been delivered." The poems in question are, besides the "Ode to Sleep," "Fallen Leaves," "Atlantis," "Sais," "To a Friend," "To the Constitutional Exiles of 1823" (written in 1829), three sonnets, "I stood beside a pool, from whence ascended," "Like mighty watchers from a palace tower," "The moments which we rescue, and redeem," and "Despondency."

Sterling's letters show how far he was when he left Cambridge from "looking with hope and joy into a world which was infinitely beautiful to him," nor does it seem to have been otherwise with his comrades.

Amongst the earliest entries in the note-book is the first draft of the beautiful lines, "Atlantis," which express the ardent aspirations of his soul for the vision of truth and goodness not yet revealed to her.\*

"I could loose my boat  
And could bid it float  
Where the idlest winds should pilot,  
So its glad course lay  
From this earth away,  
Towards any untrodden islet.

"For this earth is old,  
And its heart is cold,  
And the palsy of age has bound it ;  
And my spirit frets  
For the viewless nets  
Which are hourly clinging round it.

"Now I watch and weep,  
And my vigil keep,  
Till I faint for expectation ;  
Till my dim eyes shape  
Temple, tower, and cape,  
From the cloud and the exhalation.

"And with joyful glee  
I have heard of thee,  
Thou isle in mid-ocean sleeping." . . .

The above stanzas are slightly changed in the published poems, and do not so entirely express the writer's individual longings. The last verse was probably written under the burning sense of the wrongs of Spain :—

"Oh, appear ! appear !  
Not as when, with spear,  
Thou didst rule to the broad Egean :

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\* "Atlantis" is fairly written out some way on in the book, several poems intervening, and is dated "March 15, 1829, Elm Lodge."

But in Love's own might,  
And in Freedom's right,  
Till the nations uplift their Pæan."

It is interesting to find, in this first manuscript book, notices of special flowers by poets ; for one of the last things he asked a friend to furnish him with was a list of English wild-flowers bearing poetical names, such as Eye-bright, Virgin's bower, Lady's-smock, etc. The notes in this early book are :—

The passage in the "Winter's Tale," Act iv.

Passages in "Hamlet"—Ophelia.

Moly in Milton's "Comus"—in "Odyssey."

Daisy in Wordsworth—in Chaucer.

Sunflower in "Tetrarca" of Calderon. The rose.

The question of Shelley, and "Madonna, wherefore," etc.

Passages from Theocritus.

Rose in Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Dying."

Narcissus from Sophocles, *Æd. Col.*

Flowers from Rioja.

From WILLIAM B. DONNE.\*

*Mattishall, East Dereham, Norfolk,*

DEAR TRENCH,

*March 5, 1829.*

I am extremely obliged to you for complying with my request of informing me of your address, and in so kind and welcome a letter. For your sake I am glad to find that you have such a prospect before you as residence in Germany with so excellent a companion

\* William Bodham Donne, born at Mattishall, near East Dereham, Norfolk, in 1807 ; his father and grandfather (who was a celebrated surgeon) were connected with Norwich. He was educated at King Edward III.'s Grammar School, Bury St. Edmund's, and Caius College, Cambridge. Many letters in this volume will show Archbishop Trench's high estimate of his literary ability, as well as the deep affection which subsisted between them.

Mr. Donne was a contributor to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, to the *British and Foreign Review* (for which he wrote an article on Archbishop Trench's poems), and to most other leading periodicals of his time. His own principal works were "Old Roads and New" (1852), "Essays on Drama" (1858), and the volumes on Tacitus and Euripides in Collins's Classical Series. He married in 1830 Miss Hewett, whose mother, Catherine Johnson, was first cousin to the poet Cowper, and sister to Cowper's "Johnnie."

On the death of John Kemble in 1857, Mr. Donne succeeded him as Examiner of Plays in the Lord Chamberlain's office. He died in 1882.



as Sterling; yet I cannot help regretting that it must be very long before we shall see each other. Now, how delightful it would be to me if you could by any means try to pass a little time with me in Norfolk before your departure! I cannot hold out to you many inducements to come, except the assurance that nowhere else can you be more welcome than you will be with me. We of Norfolk are a dull and inoffensive race; very little differing from the beasts that perish, except that perhaps we eat and drink more, and sometimes go to church. What you say most truly of the affected cosmopolitanism of German literature, and the error of such a spirit, applies most closely to the history of our own literature. We have never written or thought like men, since we ceased to be English in idiom and in understanding; and we never shall write or think like men till we re-Anglicize ourselves. And I see but faint hopes of such regeneration in the present age, since our writers seem to have little confidence in their own native energies, and pride themselves upon imitation of the "Early English Writers," which expression is fast becoming one of the cant phrases of the day. "Study the early dramatists," is now enforced or implied in all small critiques; and the sound thereof hath reached even the foggy atmosphere of country book-clubs. You know my old and inveterate admiration of our early writers, divines and dramatists, too well to suppose that I am depreciating the precious ore which they have left us; I only exclaim against any idols being admitted into the shrine of Nature, and diverting the worship and the incense from her one altar. When the original has been once received into the being, let its best and purest transcripts be then studied, and not until then will they be perfectly understood.

Kemble, I conclude, sent me a number of the *Athenæum* lately, with his own beautiful sonnet, and some exquisite lines of yours—"Fallen Leaves." I dare not say what I think and feel about them, lest you should think I intend to flatter you for acquaintance' sake. I have never received more pleasure from any poem whose subjects may compare with yours; and, without any designed imitation, you have united some peculiarities of Fletcher and Shelley. They indeed resemble each other, although in high genius the younger brother has supplanted the elder; yea, even the "Faithful Shepherdess" praised with all due veneration.

I intend for the future never to speak of experience as the best teacher of fools and weak mortals; but always of necessity. Else what has wrought this miracle in our days, that the ministers have

seen the importance of a measure which was equally important twenty-five years since ; and before the Catholics had shown any proof that the spirit of their creed was unchanged, might then have been granted to them on the supposition that they had no religion at all. Now must they \* eat the leek and perhaps be cudgelled to boot. Is Kemble still with you ? if so, give him my love. I am in expectation of a letter from him, although what I last wrote to him scarcely merited an answer. What is he going to do abroad—profession ; or the honourable part which I have chosen to appear in, “the poor gentleman” ?

I wish you good success in German ; although it ever appeared wonderful to me how any one without bellows in his throat, and teeth like a hand-saw’s, could pronounce some words in it.

\* Ministers.

## CHAPTER II.

1829, 1830.

“ But years went on, and thoughts which slept before,  
O'er the horizon of my soul arose—  
Thoughts which perplexed me ever more and more ;  
As though a Sphinx should meet one, and propose  
Enigmas hard, and which whoso not knows  
To interpret, must her prey and victim be ;  
And I, round whom thick darkness seemed to close,  
Knew only this one thing, that misery  
Remained, if none could solve this riddle unto me.”

R. C. T., *To Poetry.*

THE saddest amongst Richard Trench's poems, “Despondency,” is dated in the note-book “London, April 3, 1829,” and was probably written on his way abroad, as the next letter after that date, to his brother, is written from France.


*To his Father.*

*Burgos,*

*May 22, 1829.*

You will see by the date of my letter that I am now fairly in Spain, and half my road upon the way to Madrid. I left Bayonne two days ago, not, as I had proposed, with mules, but in the diligence, and this for many reasons : first, there are so many parts of Spain where it is absolutely necessary to proceed with mules, that there is no danger of not witnessing sufficient of that mode of travelling ; and secondly, I heard from so many quarters there was much *mala gente* in the Pyrenees, that I thought it advisable to postpone having my throat cut until I had seen what I came for the purpose of seeing. The public travelling here is not so miserable as is commonly believed : there are diligences that leave Bayonne twice a week for

Madrid, and there are others from Madrid to Seville and to Valencia and to Barcelona. They are all the property of one company. Everything is fixed, even to the price you pay for your meals and bed; and they are always accompanied by an armed escort of two men. In one of these vehicles we set off from Bayonne about two o'clock on the 20th. When we arrived at the gates of the city, I found I had omitted some formality in my passport, and was not permitted to pass. This was very unpleasant; however, I went back, procured the necessary signatures, and obtained two saddle-horses, on which myself and a postilion followed the diligence, and overtook it before it arrived at the first post; not, however, before we were wet through, for it rained so heavily while we went through the Pyrenees that I altogether missed seeing them. We crossed the Bidassoa, a shallow narrow stream, and arrived at Irun, where I made a Spanish supper, of which I can report favourably. Its first course consisted of eggs and some nameless soup; its second, of some small shell-fish dressed with garlic, which was so execrable that I did not eat more than a dozen of them; and its other peculiarities, though I have somewhere noted them down, I confess I forget. I here had a view of my fellow-travellers. They consisted of a Spanish cura (curate), whom the others annoyed by calling Señor *Cura* (which term, like that of "parson" in English, has ceased to be one of respect). He spoke to me of England, and seemed pleased to learn I was Irish, probably imagining all the Irish to be Catholics; and I did not think it worth while to undeceive him. He was acquainted with the passing of the Bill of Emancipation, and spoke of it with pleasure. His companion was a bloated friar, of whom there was a great deal in bulk, and all dirty and disagreeable; he seemed to be one of whom one would take Roderick Random's precaution, and on a hot day keep to the windward of him: fortunately, he was not in my compartment. Besides these, there were two Spanish officers, an English gentleman going to Malaga on mercantile business, a young Spaniard, I believe attached to the Spanish Embassy, and diverse others of no "mark or likelihood." We travelled through the night, and early the next morning, as we were ascending one of the high mountains, I saw before us, at one of the steepest points, three ruffianly fellows with musquets evidently waiting for the diligence. They turned out to be an additional escort, which it was thought advisable should accompany us through one pass of the mountains, which was peculiarly infamous. Our road the whole of yesterday was difficult, not that it was out of repair, but that we had to climb



high mountains. Our team, however, which consisted of a mixture of horses, mules, and oxen, equalled the exigencies of the case, and at one point consisted of seven mules, one horse, and four oxen. In the evening we arrived at Vitoria, passing over the field of battle ; it seemed peculiarly marked out for such a scene, for there is scarcely a plain between it and the Spanish frontier that would give space for a combat. At Vitoria we supped and slept for about four hours, and I relinquished my intention of staying there any time, and set off this morning for Burgos. We travelled to-day over an admirable road ; crossing the Ebro, which, however, disappointed me much—it was not so broad as the Seine at Paris. We passed through a rich country, as far as its appearance went ; there were few single houses, and the villages bore an appearance of much penury. I will reserve for my next letter or for my note-book what I see in this city. I fear you must have found out, if you have perused thus far, how dry and barren are the notices derived from the windows of a carriage, and that one might, indeed, travel from Dan to Beersheba in a diligence and find all barren. Pray give my love to Francis and take it from me, and believe me your very affectionate son,

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

Should you see Sterling or Kemble, or any of my kind friends, pray remember me to them and tell them how I proceed. The Queen of Spain has chosen most inopportunately to die. All public amusements are put a stop to for nominally six months ; this time will be shortened one-half, but even thus it is most unfortunate. I hope to find a letter from Francis at Madrid. As Spanish posts are uncertain, will you acknowledge my letters ?

The lines "On a Picture of the Assumption by Murillo," are dated in the note-book "Madrid, June 18, 1829."

*To the Same.*

*Gibraltar,*

*July 16, 1829.*

I knew not how patriotic I was till I felt a sensation of great delight to see, on approaching the fortifications, the flag of England on the battlements, and again at getting into an English inn and ordering a beef-steak and tea for breakfast—the first unknown here, and the second a rarity. A packet-boat goes from here to Tangiers twice

a week. I think I shall add Africa to the list of things I have seen, as the sail is not of many hours.

Probably the sonnet on Gibraltar, beginning "England, we love thee better than we know," was written at this time, as the last lines are almost the words in the above letter put into verse—

"It made my very heart within me dance,  
To think that thou thy proud foot shouldst advance  
Forward so far into the mighty sea ;  
Joy was it and exultation to behold  
Thine ancient standard's rich emblazonry,  
A glorious picture by the wind unrolled."

*From* JOHN STERLING.

*London,*

*July 24, 1829.*

As I dare say you have a poet's liking for neat paper, I must begin by apologizing for the present sheet. You will, I hope, excuse me when I tell you that I am now sitting in a dirty room at a printer's office in Shire Lane, being obliged to stay for some hours in this part of London, and unwilling to lose the post. You must have lost all conception of civilized life, and therefore I may as well mention one or two of its blessings of which I have now practical experience. Item, the cries of itinerant merchants seeking to sell gooseberries and buy old clothes ; item, the contestations between various ladies of easy temper and their offspring ; item, the heat of the 24th of July mixed with the smoke of London ; item, an atmosphere enriched by the existence of a million of people ; item, the wish to be in Andalusia or Norway, and the necessity for staying all day between the Strand and Lincoln's Inn Fields. To be sure, I am able to set off against all this that I have your letter before me, full of Murillo and flower-girls, and that is more than I had any right to expect. Your mention of your own delay in writing would put me to the blush if I were addicted to that weakness. There is, however, some consolation in reflecting that I have really had nothing to say, except to chronicle small-beer. England is going on in her old steam-engine fashion, and everybody seems to wish that the boiler would burst for the sake of variety.

As to our own friends, their story can soon be told. Maurice is gone to Southampton, where he will stay for two or three months, and

then come to London again to read law. He will make a brilliant and profound lawyer ; but philosophy will lose a wise man ; and he himself will, I fear, have little chance of happiness. If there be any one fit to make the craft something more than a trade, it is Maurice ; but he will always, in obedience to what is almost a necessity of his character, persuade himself that he is a mere mechanic, and be rendered miserable by the belief. Donne was lately in London for a few days, and I had even more pleasure than I anticipated from his company. I had no previous notion of his being so keen and genial a critic. He does not intend ever to learn German. Perhaps he is right. Their works of imagination, as far as I can judge from translation, though very sweet in the mouth, are rather bitter in the belly. I am more and more convinced that Goethe rescues the individual from contending passions, not to animate it with new life, but to bury it amid the pomps and beneath the mausoleum of art. Kemble has set out with Burton for Heidelberg, from which city he goes to Munich, and thence anywhere. I am rather afraid of what the Germans may do to him. But he has grown so much lately that there is no calculating on what he may be hereafter. I saw his sister only once or twice, more than a year ago. More recently I have been two or three times in her company, and find that she is even more changed than her brother. She is growing to be completely mistress of her talent. I do not remember anything that would at all interest you about any other of your English acquaintances. Torrijos has been suddenly and without cause assigned struck off the list of refugees who receive pensions from the Government ; no doubt in consequence of representations made by the Spanish authorities. I believe that he is quite unconnected with the movements in Cataluña, of which I have seen mention in the papers, and which I fancy were very foolish. I hope when you go back to Madrid you will see something of his friends. Both he and his wife desire to be most kindly remembered to you.

There is still one of your friends about whom I could write to you at length—namely, myself. But I want space and spirits. I have had since I saw you one or two annoyances, besides the carks and cares which used to put me in ill-humour when you were here. I often feel convinced that in the last six months I have worn out ten years of existence. I sometimes begin to think and hope of things distant. But all my Guadalquivirs turn out muddy ditches ; and I have no visions of Murillo, or tranquil and solemn aisles of meditation, to console me. Enjoy them as much and as well as you can. And do

not come back to England as long as you can find anything in the world to interest you. When you have ceased to do so, come hither ; I will give you weak tea, and dream of Spain while you describe it.

*To his Father.*

*Gibraltar,*

*July 27, 1829.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

You will be a little surprised to find me still dating from this barren rock, but I have been detained here in expectation of some boat going to Tangiers, which, with a favourable wind, is but a few hours' sail. I have, however, neglected the only opportunity and cannot afford to delay here any longer, and to-morrow set off for Malaga, on my way to Granada, to which last place I am not a little hurried onward by my desire and anxiety to receive my English letters, as I have so long been without news from home, that I cannot help anxiously awaiting it. The days I have spent here have not been unprofitable or unpleasant ; there is an admirable garrison library, supplied with all the new books from England, and most stock works, to which the kindness of Colonel Harding introduced me. I met, besides, Seymour, whom I think you saw last year at Stuart's. He showed me every attention and hospitality, and I have dined with his mess two or three times ; and he, besides, introduced me to the gaieties of the place. Not that it is very gay ; the fever has still left a gloom, and, with the additional circumstances of Cadiz becoming a free port, has, it is said, done permanent injury to the wealth and commerce of Gibraltar. I had the honour, moreover, of dining with Sir G. Don, the governor—an agreeable, rather garrulous old man, in body considerably broken down, but with some years' wear in him still. I fear the number of men from whom anything is to be hoped for in Spain is very small, though embracing nearly all the talent of the country ; and they are confined to the great commercial and seaport towns. At Cadiz, for instance, the constitutional spirit is strong. There one receives that significant congratulation on one's better fortune in belonging to a free country, which indicates so plainly what the speaker's own feelings are as regards his own condition. The Government here, though slowly and suspiciously, is yet pursuing the work of conciliation ; it is gradually permitting the least compromised among its opponents to return to Spain, and except those who commanded in the army, or voted in the Cortez for carrying the King to Seville and Cadiz, it is not very difficult for



any one to procure leave. The consequence of this will be, I fear, that Torrijos and those like him, who are deeply compromised, will, in the end, be left entirely deserted, as against such the King has a personal animosity. Ferdinand has at present a difficult card to play, with the Liberals on one side, and on the other the Church praying for the re-establishment of the Inquisition, and secretly abetting his brother Carlos and the *Agraviados* of Cataluña. These malcontents call themselves *Agraviados*, or aggrieved, because they consider they have not been sufficiently rewarded for their exertions in the good cause of the Faith, and that they are especially ill-used now, when the King is taking into favour and office the Constitutionalists. He, however, replies that he must have men of talent to carry on the business of the State, and as he cannot find it among them, is obliged to obtain it where he can. There ! I have laid out, as far as I can penetrate it, the present state of political parties in Spain. I have little or no hope of any change for the better, and am sure the chances of a successful attempt are diminishing every day.

*July 28.*—I have been this morning all over the galleries, hollowed in the solid rock up to the very highest point for the reception of cannon, which completely command the narrow causeway connecting this and Spain. They cannot be in length less than two miles, as they are tier over tier, and are in general about ten feet high, and six or seven broad. I know not what skill was necessary for their formation, but as mere works of human labour they are wonderful. I go this afternoon as far as St. Roque, the watering-place, as it were, of Gibraltar, and have all the discomfort of passport signing and countersigning to get through, and some visits which I at least ought to pay, though I think I shall rather choose to be rude than expose myself to a midday sun.

To JOHN KEMBLE.

*Granada,*

*August 18, 1829.*

I learned a few days since that you were in Germany, having accompanied Barton as far as Heidelberg, from whence you intended to proceed to Munich. This barren outline of your proceedings, which Sterling gave me while briefly recapitulating the movements of our common friends, is all I know of one of whom I cannot know too much. Were I addicted to the weakness of apologies, I should make many to you for my lengthened silence.

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I have now delayed so long that I fear I shall have left this country before a letter from you, should you have the grace to write me one, can reach me here ; therefore be so good as to direct to me at my old haunt in London. I am sometimes very homesick, and think it probable that before two months are out I shall turn my face toward England. I do not think they open one's letters in Spain ; and if they do, English manuscript, I know, is a teaser to them, and therefore I will take my chance and tell you what I think of affairs here. The great and perplexing problem which presents itself to me at every moment and in every shape is, how does the present concern hang together ? how the State coach runs, except that it has got with age into such deep ruts that it cannot overturn if it would ? Here is a Government almost bankrupt, which pays nobody except a small portion of the army. The revenue officers, and all its dependents alike, are accessible to the smallest bribe. Of the young men of the country, as far as my experience goes, *all* are hostile to the present state of things ; they are all, as you may suppose, Deists, and all belong to secret societies. At the same time, there are some causes which will, I think, retard any movement, at least for some time. It cannot be denied that the Government is acting with great prudence and moderation towards the Constitutionals—all, at least, who are not heavily compromised, as our poor friend Torrijos. It is permitting numbers of them to return to the country, and after they have been *purified*, even admits them into employment once more ; so much so that the extreme opposite party of the Carlists have taken the name of "Agraviados," as being aggrieved in not exclusively possessing all place, patronage, and power. The Government answers these last very fairly that it must have men of talent to carry on its business, and that, as they are for the most part a set of ignorant dotards, it must seek the talent in the ranks of the opposite party. Accordingly the Carlists turn sulky, and get up some riots in Cataluña, and the *londe d'España* catches them and hangs and shoots them like dogs, as they deserve—and so the world goes round. I believe, however, there is something of deeper import in these disturbances than this.

As perhaps you are not acquainted with what the phrase of "being purified" means, I will expound it. A Junta has been formed in every province, consisting of the captain-general and other principal personages. Any one who wishes to be restored to his former employment presents to the Junta a statement of where he had served, under whom, and all the particulars of his conduct during the time

of the Constitution. Of course the exactness of a statement which might be so easily evaded is secured by very heavy penalties. When this statement has been received, private information is obtained from all the places where he states that he has served, regarding his conduct, and if he is found to have behaved well, which in general means not to have made himself very prominent, the Junta reports him to the King as a fit person to be again received into employment; and he is then said to have purified himself. If the report is unfavourable, he is for ever incapacitated from serving.

I received a few days since a letter from Sterling. Of himself he said very little; but, considering the dejected tone in which his letters are, for the most part, dictated, that little not unsatisfactory. He says very strongly, but I hope mistakenly, of German works of imagination, that, judging from translation, they are very sweet in the mouth, but bitter in the belly. You are, I doubt not, giving them a fair trial; pray inform me if they give you the gripes, as in that case I will beware of them. Let me know much of what you are doing, seeing, thinking, how long you intend to stay at Munich, and whether you would advise me to come out to Germany early next year.

To FRANCIS TRENCH.

Granada,

August 31, 1829.

I have always put the best face on matters in my letters, but I do not think, were I to write an honest account of Spain, it would be *at all* favourable in *any respect*. I do not think there is any chance of a political redemption for Spain. That the Constitutionals will again have the upper hand, and speedily, I have no doubt; but they will even behave more insanelly and more wickedly than they did the last time, and that, I assure you, was sufficiently ill. They now have their passions exasperated by persecutions, not countenanced by Government, but carried on against its will by the delegated authorities. There are three Constitutional colonels now working as galley-slaves, with chains on their legs and linked to malefactors, in the streets and roads of this town and province. They are a part of two thousand galley-slaves contained in this province. In religion the Royalists are Fanatics, the Constitutionals Deists.

When one takes up money from a merchant, one must be careful that he does not pass bad gold upon one. When one presents a letter to a gentleman, he tells one his house and all he possesses is

at one's disposal, and never comes near one afterwards. There is no hospitality in the country ; the lower orders are rapidly becoming drunkards. The face of the country itself is uninteresting, without anything to interest the poet or the painter ; that is, with the exception of two or three magnificent spots. There is hardly a road in the country passable, even on horseback, without imminent peril in many parts from its precipitous and stony descents. The first question that greets a traveller is, on his arrival at a village, "Haven't you been robbed? How have you escaped?" I shall not therefore feel unpleased when I find myself at Valencia, where I can take up the diligence, and shall find myself in a land of at least partial civilization. It is not for myself I fear—we do not go armed, and have therefore nothing of personal violence to fear ; but I should be loth to lose my papers, as I have employed much of the time, which of course I have had here, in preparing some translations of Calderon, and in writing a few other trifles. Let me have a letter at Paris, in case we should prefer going through Toulouse, and as you may easily suppose, it is not comfortable to be so long without notice of those we love.

This has been written *corriendo* ; I do not even read it over.

*To his Father.*

*Alicante,*

MY DEAR FATHER,

*September 11, 1829.*

You will perceive by my date that I have taken a good stride, since you last heard from me, on my way homeward, especially when you consider it has been over roads the worst probably in Europe ; what a Greek would call *δδοι δοδοι*. However, when we once arrive at Valencia, we shall get into the great lines of communication, and by this day month I expect to be in Paris, and before the 20th in London ; that is, supposing I do not receive other directions from you at Bordeaux. Pray do not let me be disappointed of letters there ; so many of your letters have missed me that I have no confidence in the Spanish posts, and though I have ordered my letters to follow me, I do not expect to receive any till I arrive at Bordeaux, and am naturally not without anxiety to hear of your health, wealth, and prosperity. I consider that I have now paid my footing in foreign travelling, and travel at about half the rate I did for the first three months, and fight my way through the country very successfully and not expensively. The cost of my last journey from Granada to

this was diminished by my travelling in company with an English gentleman, Mr. Spurrier, the head of a large mercantile concern at Poole, for the supply of these Catholic coasts with the salt fish of Newfoundland. His correspondents here receive him with the most lavish attention, which is reflected upon me ; and although I resisted as far as I could without offending, one of them has here made us take up our residence at his house, and I assure you we find ourselves in excellent quarters. However, my companion is in a hurry to transact some business at Valencia, and we start to-morrow. The distance is about a hundred miles, which we shall accomplish in three days. He has an unaccountable reluctance to being robbed, and we take with us an armed escort of four or five men, which upon this road is rarely omitted ; so I think that, as far as robbers are concerned, you may consider our perils as fairly over. I shall not exaggerate when I say that of the country I have passed through for the last ten or twelve days, at least nineteen-twentieths are uncultivated, and of this a great proportion is incapable of cultivation. There are a few patches of Indian corn and pepper around the miserable villages, but nothing more, save, at very distant intervals, plains, such as that of Granada and of Murcia, which are of a very remarkable fertility. As Cobbett is trying to introduce the Indian corn into England, I took every opportunity of making inquiries regarding it from those who actually consumed it, and their report was not very favourable ; they complained that it was heavy and indigestible, and better for beasts than men. I asked if it was not good when mixed with wheat ; they said that it was better, but only so much better as there was other corn mixed with it. Fruit is very cheap and good here, and is a great article of food among the lower orders. One rarely sees even the poorest returning from market without a melon and some grapes and figs in their basket. The price of a good melon is about  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  ; of grapes, from a farthing to a halfpenny per lb., and of figs the same ; of wheat bread, about  $2\frac{1}{2}d.$  per lb., and of barley bread  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  per lb. The wages of a labourer amount to  $10d.$  or  $12\frac{1}{2}d.$  a day, and in the time of grape-picking to about  $16d.$  a day. They are satisfied with very little ; so I should guess, both from these data and from their appearance, that the peasantry were tolerably provided for. You must not take my last letter as at all a fair representation of my opinion of Spain and Spaniards ; it was written in a temporary fit of disgust at some "fantastic tricks" which the Constitutionalists played, while in possession of power. When I see, however, how they are regretted, especially by the English commercial interest here,

I cannot but believe that they must have been infinitely superior to the present set, though occasionally they committed acts of folly and ignorance. I should regret if that letter, or the opinion expressed in it, had gone farther than Francis and yourself. At present there is no appearance of trade along this coast, except at Cadiz, where the recent freedom of the port has given at least a temporary activity; but the quays of Gibraltar, of Malaga, and of Alicante are equally silent, and the harbour equally empty.

You speak in your last of the disagreeable propinquity of one's steeds in Italy. I assure you one approximates sometimes much nearer to them here. I have slept at an inn, which consisted of one apartment shared by men and beasts, where I with difficulty found six feet of ground by two, unoccupied by a mule, a contrabandist, or a carriage, whereon to lay my cloak for a bed, and my carpet-bag for a pillow. Francis asked me some time ago how I liked the bull-fights. I could not answer him then; I have now seen one, and think it the most interesting sight I have ever beheld. Its description is too long for a letter. I have, however, a particular account of it in my note-book, which shall be at his service on my return to England. I hope you have successfully transacted the business of buying and selling, in which you must have been much engaged for some time. I hope we shall still have the link of Freehills, and a cottage on the height, to the spot where we have passed so many years. Believe me most anxious to be with you, and ever your affectionate and dutiful son,

R. C. TRENCH.

*To the Same.*

*Valencia,*

*September 22, 1829.*

I regret much to see in Galignani's paper the probable breaking up of Covent Garden, yet in the entangled state of affairs I know not whether it is good or evil for my friends. Macready has, I see, made a proposal to the proprietors which, were it accepted, might probably give us a fair opening. At present we are rather in danger of obeying Horace's injunction, though not of our own accord—"nonum prematur in annum." I have found some works in Spanish literature which, if I may at all trust my judgment, are very remarkable, and at the same time quite unknown in England, and that Frenchman (I forget who) that said Spain had but one good book, spoke, as Frenchmen often do about the literature of other countries,

without knowing anything on the subject. I have taken the advantage of being in the most *printing* town in Spain to purchase some books, and now I do not know how I shall get them to England. There are amazing difficulties thrown in the way—all must be examined by an ecclesiastical censor, and it is equally forbidden to export, as to import, heresy or sedition.

Everybody is in expectation of the arrival of the new queen. She has not, however, yet started from Naples. Yesterday the Infant Don Francisco, a far better subject than either Carlo or Ferdinand, started from Madrid, either to meet her on the road, or to escort her the whole way. The last queen was a devotee; this one is very fond of amusement, especially of the chase. She will rather soften than exasperate any measures of Ferdinand, and it is strongly hoped that an act of grace will permit the return of many of the Constitutionalists to Spain. Torrijos is, I fear, too much compromised, and, unless he returns armed, had better keep out of the clutches of the Royalists. The present Government has formed a militia, consisting of more than ten thousand men, all volunteers, probably taking example from the Nacionales of the Constitution. These men are Royalists *par excellence*. It was four of these that escorted us from Alicante. I had a long talk with one, who was a very considerable ruffian. He told me that, among the middle and lower orders, those of Liberal opinions are completely under a ban; that there is no exchange between the different parties of the ordinary civilities of life; that they scarcely speak to one another. I have myself seen the same among the higher orders. Everything portends storms and tempests. However, I hope to be housed in England or Ireland with you before the 15th of next month, and I dare say they will not begin before that.

To WILLIAM DONNE.

*Escorial,*


MY DEAR DONNE,

October 18, 1829.

I can proffer no true excuse for my very long silence, and in this hot land my invention is so slack that I have not even the wit to feign one. I must be content to tell you that I have been paying hell with good intentions for this many a week—nay, month past—and with this to throw myself on your kindness. I am at this moment imprisoned for lack of conveyance at a miserable inn, near to this extraordinary palace or rather convent, which is certainly one of the desolate places which the princes of the earth have made for

themselves, and is the more remarkable as being so true an outgrowth and picture of the mind of the King who built it. A gigantic convent, with no architectural beauty except that which its enormous size, and the grey granite of which it is composed, cannot fail to give it, stands half-way up a bleak and treeless mountain, exposed to the most terrible storms. Such was the spot that Philip chose, and the palace which he erected.

I do not think Spain has any chance of escaping a bloody and terrible revolution. The present Government is acting not unwisely, and will probably defer it by the system of partial conciliation which it is pursuing, discountenancing the petty persecutions of the Liberals who remain in the country, and permitting many of those who had left it to return. The army is also well paid, and in tolerable condition, though, according to every account, by no means disinclined to a constitutional system. The Government evidently does not trust it, and is arming the rural population to counterbalance and check it. There is raising at the present moment an enormous militia, consisting of nearly four hundred thousand men, all volunteers, who include all that is most violent and fierce of the Royalist party. I confess I do not see what point of union the other party have, where they shall first make their stand. The conspiracy which was crushed at Saragoza the other day (I know not whether you saw anything about it in the English papers) was undoubtedly constitutional, and was betrayed by Abubal, who had been invited to join it; and, anxious to obtain permission to return to Spain, delivered the letters he had received to the Spanish Government, which letters, I grieve to say, have done serious injury to some of our friends in England. This is strictly between ourselves. I have been so continually in motion, and the post here is so irregular, that I have received very few letters since I left England, and, had it not been for one of Sterling's, should be in entire ignorance of the goings on of my friends. Kemble, he tells me, is gone to Germany, and I rejoice at it. I am nearly certain it will do him a great deal of good, and quite so that it will do him no harm. He has an antidote within himself, and were he to feed on poisons, which I am quite sure he will not, he would turn them to nourishment. He is the only one who upheld for a long space of time the most degrading system of philosophy that ever was framed, without having his mind or heart impoverished or worsened by it. I now regard him as a Mithridates. Sterling told me of the delight he experienced in seeing you in London, and especially spoke of your criticism, which he happily termed keen and genial. Pray give





the world some of it, for I feel it will be truly English, and not like Carlyle's or Hare's, while it surpasses anything else we have, save a few scattered scraps of Coleridge. . . . While here, receive a few lines, a fragment of a rhymed letter I commenced to you long since, and have not finished.

Like Merlin or some gentler wizard, I,  
 By the most potent rod of memory,  
 Now conjure up your form. Before you lies  
 Some antique volume, learned, quaint, and wise—  
 Browne or Montaigne, with hidden meaning good,  
 And riddles worthy to be understood.  
 Hard nuts, but with rich kernels, such as grow  
 But rarely on the tree of knowledge now.  
 For ours is the late autumn of old Time;  
 The tree is sapless, and has past its prime,  
 And we pick up blind windfalls. Or, again,  
 You are beholding o'er the grassy plain  
 The West, that is o'erflown with golden streams  
 Of sunlight and the occidental beams,  
 Which pierce like shafts of fire the burning clouds  
 That lie beneath, while others, like the shrouds  
 Or biers of their dead selves, are borne away,  
 Emptied of light and glory from the day.  
 Or, better still, you listen to the fall  
 Of gentle voices that are musical,  
 Because the music of all gentle thought  
 Attunes them there. Thus wisely you have wrought.  
 These are the triple fountains, whence doth flow  
 All that is beautiful below.

You see even my present subject cannot prevent me from rhyming as villainously as ever. However, if I can win your gold for my brass, my object is attained. The fact is, I want a very long letter from you. I want to be put completely on a level with the rest of the world on every subject, literary, political, etc. I want to know what you have been doing, and how you are, and how are all your delightful circle at Mattishall. Will you offer my best remembrances to all? For myself I doubt whether I shall be able to return to England for some months, though, did I consult my own wishes, I would do it to-morrow. Spain I quit in a few days, and meet my father and brother in the south of France, and doubt not I shall pass the winter very delightfully with them, either at Avignon or Nice. Will you direct to me at the first of these places? For the present farewell, and believe me as ever your affectionate friend,

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

*From his Father.*

*Avignon,*

MY DEAREST RICHARD,

*November 7, 1829.*

Considering that the object of your tour was principally literary, and that you have undergone a good share of roughing and hardship to obtain knowledge of the present state of Spain, perhaps it will be better for you to remain a little longer at Madrid at the present moment, when you will see Spanish character more developed than in common times ; particularly as you are determined, which I must applaud, to publish the result of your labours and observations, as well as your translation of Calderon. As we have been so unlucky as to miss meeting you here, you must regulate your future motions in the manner you conceive most conducive to the objects you have in view. We shall probably stay a few days here and at Nismes, from hence to Marseilles, Toulon, and Nice ; in all, ten days or a fortnight before we leave Nice. From thence to Genoa, Florence, and Rome.

On leaving England I went round by London in the hope of seeing Macready ; but he was out of town, and, I believe, engaged at Liverpool. I sent the tragedy to Sterling with a note. Fanny Kemble fills the house with her *Juliet* every evening, and has indeed great merit. She is *trop petite*, but graceful, and has a high conception of her part. Her next part will be *Belvidera*, which she is now studying. Mrs. Siddons was to see her for the first time the night I was there, and was delighted and affected by her success. Though instructed by the Kembles, I think she is more of the Kean than the Kemble school. I resign my pen to Francis.

*. Postscript from FRANCIS TRENCH.*

I have just arrived, and was very sorry not to meet you. Perhaps you would like to join my father and me at Rome, as we shall be there for some few months, and, after all, Rome is the queen of the poetic dominion, whether regarded as the guardian of Pagan splendour, or the representative of religious pomp of our days. Do read "Corinne," and try Italy. Pray take good care of yourself, and believe me your affectionate brother,

F. TRENCH.

Richard Trench seems to have joined his father and

brother, probably at Nice or Genoa, about the end of November or beginning of December.

*From WILLIAM DONNE.*

*Undated; endorsed "December, 1829."*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

At length the letter I so anxiously expected has arrived, and made me as happy as hearing from and of you, if the news be good news, must ever do. I cannot quite understand whether either of two letters which I despatched, first to Madrid and afterwards to Granada, has reached you. You will not have a loss in them, but I should be sorry for you to think I had neglected you. Since you left me, I have heard but twice of you—once from Sterling, when you were advanced only as far as Bordeaux, and again from Blakesley, who reported you at Cadiz, and on your way to Granada. I was very sorry to hear on that occasion that ill-health had driven you to the seaside. I will do my best to send you all possible intelligence of England and of English men and women, art and literature; but since these are known to me only as they act upon *myself*, you could not have applied to a less able person for such information. I have been nearly rooted at home from April to November, much to my heart's content and my proper ease. We are not yet converted to the Christian religion at Mattishall, for we take neither newspaper nor review, and by the grace of God are in the shadow of darkness; so that of modern literature, week-day politics, religion *comme il faut*, and such-like branches of learning, my letter is like to resemble Viola's history—a blank. The pages of the *Athenæum* serve me for the law and the prophets. Sterling, when I was in London, perceived my weakness, and flattered me into sending sundry articles for his insertion; and, accordingly, I acted as resurrection man to "Browne," "Burton," and "Montaigne." Ten days (alas! how brief) did I pass delightfully and profitably with Kemble in Westminster. I felt that it was good for him to go to Germany, his spiritual cradle, for all home-cradles are fast becoming fitter for Iphiclus than for Hercules; but I cannot tell you of the feeling with which I regarded my own part in such a separation. For many years he had been to me even as a brother, for no brother could be more earnest in his affection or constantly zealous in well-doing. He had shared my inmost thoughts, the very firstlings of my spirit; he had become as one of my own home-circle, and he made me to know and to look up to you before

we were personally acquainted. I had seen him enslaved for a time by the specious delusion of falsehood and unphilosophy ; yet, since his spirit and his affections retained their childhood freshness, I *knew* that it was his understanding only that betrayed him, and foresaw the day of his regeneration. It came, and I now revered him as earnestly as before I fervently loved him. He was not a brand snatched from the burning—he was merely strewed over awhile by dead ashes and parching dust ; and when he uprose from among them, the dust and ashes fell away, and he walked forth strong and willing, and working the good. He has written once to me since he arrived in Germany—a letter full of hope and faith and ancient earnestness—and I expect another very soon from Munich.

What an enchanting family is Kemble's ! Mr. C. Kemble was absent, much to my sorrow, all the time of my visit, but I left Mrs. Kemble with no common feelings of regret. I never met with any one whose education and circumstances have been so necessarily artificial, with so young a heart, and such birth-freshness of feeling and thought. I think, too, that his sister is *his sister* by more ties of affinity and worthiness than birth and parentage. Covent Garden in the middle of last September was bowed down to the ground by debt, accumulated misfortune, and the iniquity of Justice. Hundreds, whose bread depended upon its being able to support them, were almost clutched by ruin and hopelessness ; all the ancient associations and noble recollections of the drama, and the names of Siddons and Kemble, their heroic acting and Roman portraiture, were to be eclipsed by the modern glories of Ducrow and the horse-riders, when a single act of self-devotion, an awakening of buried genius and unrevealed power, restored this theatre to hope and splendour. Miss Kemble's *Juliet* creates such sensation in London that Drury Lane, I understand, is saved from emptiness and blank cheques by the overflowing of Covent Garden. I have worded this so ill that my opinion of Miss Kemble seems the result of her success, and not as it really is, of my own observation. Pray correct it.

I am so uncertain what I have written to you already in the former letters that I run all hazards of repetition, supposing they ever reach you. But I know in one of them that, in expressing my satisfaction at Kemble's going to Germany, I have lamented the obvious tendency towards imitation of German thought and style, which our present best writers seem disposed to encourage. Are not "Abana and Pharpar rivers of Damascus" ? Why should we wash our leprosy in a foreign river, when we have so many living streams *at home* ? In

intellectual philosophy and the cultivation of pure reason, indeed, we must study in Greece and in Germany with Plato and Kant, because none of our home prophets have set themselves to a oneness of development and indagation in these walks of the higher metaphysics. But in critical metaphysics and the pursuit of the beautiful and the secondary true—that is, truth represented either to the outward sense or the inward spirit—why should we seek beyond ourselves as contained and reflected from our spiritual ancestry? The canons of German criticism are better rules, and of safer adoption than the recipes of the French school, for they are founded upon—at the least presuppose—universal principles of truth; but in their specific application they are equally erroneous. Men must *be* before they can *teach*, and being in a people is national, *i.e.* sternly and selfishly patriotic, or it is nothing—cosmopolitanism, world-fashion. As one instance of the absurdity of looking abroad in home-matters, for every word which Carlyle compounds upon German fashions, he may find an English complex more precise in meaning, significant in association and allusion, and harmonious in sound and form in Fuller alone. A continental war, if it drove us back upon ourselves, without sending us to Scotland, would be an excellent thing for English mind.

I have to thank you for the poetical and affectionate extract from my future letter-treasure; also for the “Epipsychidion,” which I gracelessly omitted to acknowledge in my other letters. I went to the seaside seeking health and spirits in the autumn, and found them. The prescription I used was equal proportions of air, exercise, and friendly talk; for we all emigrated for a season. Tennant *cum sex aliis* reprinted “Adonais” in five hundred copies, and the impression was very successful, though whether the true influence of the poetry has been extended by the communication of the form is very problematical. Landor has published two additional volumes, maintaining his high place among English prose-writers, and, though frequently defective in thought and hard and censorious in feeling, asserting his claim to be considered *a great writer*. The rest of the Anakims are asleep, or arming themselves secretly for other deeds of power and creation. Only Coleridge *talks* of writing upon prophecy, and recasting the “Aids.” That vile outgrowth of a palsied age and surface-generation of thinkers, the “annuals,” is flourishing—a sort of dancing-master’s triumph at his Christmas ball. The unhealthy efflorescence of Pharisaical sanctity is spreading; and the diseased, having plundered the armoury of religion and spread some of the

banners of truth, are difficult antagonists ; yet, if England can never be restored to sanity in religion and awakened to purity in taste, they must necessarily give up their better portion of the spoil, and be contented with their original rusty weapons and clumsy surcoats. Galignani is going to publish the poetical works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats in one large volume—a sort of “*Atheism* made easy,” I conclude, for the pious public.

Now, the above is really all that I know of news civil or domestic, and, unless I invent, you must be content with such an “all.” Plato has been rather in abeyance, although the will to read him by day and night remains, and will for the next six months have probably no let or hindrance ; but I thought it better to defer studying his dialogues until I had looked more to the right and left on English, and made myself as a naturalized stranger or proselyte of the gate among them ; and this sentence contains nearly all my history since we parted, saving *idleness*, always a great though unreckoned portion of my daily life. I am nearly convinced that the cry which Hare raises about *Saxon* English is a mistake, and that the real substratum of our language is *Norman*. I cannot, however, bring my theory to your proof without a digested series of quotations, and the materials for the digest are in the British Museum. Certainly Landor has constructed a most masterly style from the elements of the Latin and the Elizabethan eloquence. It is a fine exponent of an age in which cultivation has been weakened by an undue excess of one of its essential components—empiricism and the effects of the mere understanding. Landor’s understanding is like pure crystal, clear, cold, and hard, and showing behind it some yet more precious substance, set most inappropriately in tinsel.

We have been deluged with rain all the summer, and the autumn is like unto it ; consequently agricultural depression is probable, and mediately commercial and manufactural distress will follow. England pursues strange policy—she sets up Miguel and is silent as to Greece ; but the debt is the fetter which must shackle even the most able and liberal minister. A rumour came to us that Rothschild, the great Jew, had purchased Jerusalem of the Grand Signior, and the religious people marvelled greatly, and began to prophesy the latter end of the world. Wolff, the Jerusalem missionary, has been well bastinadoed, and perhaps it may be providentially ordained for his good. If I can devise anything worth postage, I will write again to you at Madrid.

To WILLIAM DONNE.

Florence,

December 25, 1829.


How shall I thank you for the letter, which I deserved so ill? I am always ashamed of inveigling my friends into a correspondence with me. I can give them so little in return. It is Diomed proposing to change armours with Glaucus. The letter I have, after many wanderings, received makes me much regret the two which I have missed. For myself and my silence, I do not think I have been baited by your tyrannous and unmuzzled thoughts; and, indeed, I have some excuse. Solitude, ill-health, and some other cares and cares lay heavily upon me. I lost heart, and became unfit for any exertion; thus became idle, and my idleness again reacted on my former ills. However, the society of some dear friends and relations, whom I have joined in Italy, has renewed me, and my first effort shall be to redeem myself with the friends whom I value and love most. My brother brought with him from England a few numbers of the *Athenæum*, and in one of them was, fortunately, your article on "Browne." I will not expose myself even to the suspicion of flattery by telling you all I think of it. It is completely your own, and shows (to use a nineteenth-century phrase) a march of mind—I mean of your individual mind—which has given me more pleasure than I can express. There is an evidence in it of what you tell me, namely, that you have abjured that most emasculating food, week-day politics, modern literature, and fashionable religion.

Kemble, I had before heard, was going to Munich, and I wrote to him at Heidelberg, and will now write to him at Munich. You must have had the *noctes cœnæque deum* with him and his family. I regret that you missed his father. Kindliness is the pervading life of his character, and what renders genial his knowledge, his hospitality, and his very many admirable qualities. I should like especially to hear from Kemble. I think German literature must be to him like a banner suddenly unfurled. He will soon lose his tendency to formalize even his opposition to form, which slightly affected all his thoughts and writings. He is safe; there is no fear for him. For myself, I am striving to be earnest, but have much to struggle against, having during many years contracted a mental cowardice which shrinks from every protracted effort. I am studying the Italian republics, and find many things very old which we believe to be very new. There are many theories, heresies, etc., which may be likened

to a Spanish river that I have visited, and of which your knowledge of "Don Quixote" will remind you. Like the Guadiana, they run underground for intervals, and rise up at long and unequal intervals, though some trivial alteration in their outward appearance disguises them from the many.

To-morrow I turn my steps towards Rome, I need not tell you with what hopes and exultation ; only regretting, when I see the wonders of these lands, that I see them not in the presence of yourself and Sterling, who might interpret much to me that is illegible, or not to be deciphered by me. I shall make a hasty tour of the south of Italy and Sicily, and then turn my face to the north. Should I return to England, I shall make my way through Munich, and if Kemble has not really concluded his stay, I think I shall put myself under the shadow of his wing, and learn German. I dare not attempt anything of the sort quite alone. I would rather do it even in the company of a friendly acquaintance, but if the opportunity should occur of doing it with a near friend, it must not be neglected.

Of Italy I have as yet seen but little—a palace at Genoa, or if not that, a floor in a palace, or if not that, a room in a palace, with a yacht just large enough to drown one, for me is at present *in votis* ; for it is a city that transcends in beauty any that imagination ever built, and I do not wonder that Shelley and Byron made it a frequent residence. Florence, where I am now, would have been a much handsomer city but for that cruel war against marble which was proclaimed by the civil factions in the times of liberty ; and when a party was expelled, the demolition of their palaces followed as a matter of course. Some of the streets look like a jaw which has lost many of its double teeth. The Medicean Venus hallows this ground. It is the only work of art that I know of which the casts give no notion, and has been the subject of much extraordinary remark. Lord Byron has singularly misunderstood it, and in it all sculpture, when he talks of the gazer being dazzled and drunk with beauty. Now *extra se rapit* is by no means the charter or privilege of any of the plastic arts, and least of all of sculpture. The entire description, though in no wise impure, has not given me at all a favourable opinion of the purity of his mind, even when exalted by the contemplation of highest beauty. Another worthy Scotsman, who is most romantically addicted (N.B. a surgeon of Edinburgh), selects as the chief object of his praise the exquisite joining of the haunch-bone.





The church which contains the remains of all the mighty Florentines, Santa Croce, has been peeled of its marble, I believe, by those great insulters of the ancient, the French. But the ancient has avenged itself, and will yet more. The answer which my brother got, when inquiring for a print of a magnificent aqueduct near Lyons, was, I think, very significant. "Ma foi, nous n'aimons pas les souvenirs, ils sont si tristes."

Your very affectionate friend,

R. C. T.

To JOHN KEMBLE.

*Florence,*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

*December 25, 1829.*

I shot a chance arrow in the hope that it might reach its mark to Heidelberg, I know not how successfully. I learned to-day that you are settled at Munich, and make no pause in availing myself of the information; for, believe me, that after being eight months without either seeing or hearing from you, I will not prolong the time more through my own neglect. I received a letter to-day from Donne, remarkable for its kindness, its length, and its philosophy. I merited it very little; however, I am attempting to redeem myself, and have already answered it. You have probably seen his articles on the humourists. I have seen but one, on Sir T. Browne. It is wonderful. I did not dream that he possessed such power. Admiring, as I always did, his genial criticism and perception of Beauty, which I believed was unerring, which in him seemed more an instinct than anything more artificial, I yet believed his mind was rather for the interpretation than creation of Beauty; however, I joyfully recant my heresy. The *Athenæum* altogether is healthier and mightier than ever. I hope it is conquering, and still to conquer. In the few numbers I have received from England I have read with great pleasure a few sonnets of yours, but I think nothing else; two especially, on a scene of the Rhine.

For myself, I have been but a recreant knight from Poesy and all good. Ill health, and low spirits, partly its consequence and partly that of solitude, were strong against me during much of my residence in Spain. However, when I had been almost driven to the extreme edge, I took heart, and turning on my pursuers, stood at bay, and they fled directly; "and I again am strong," and, almost for the first time of my life, earnest. At the request of my father I have joined him and my brother here, and to-morrow we start for

Rome. I shall take a rapid glance at the south of Italy and Sicily, and about May shall be returning towards England ; that is, in case I receive an unsatisfactory answer to a question I am about to ask you. How long do you purpose to abide at Munich ? I must learn German, and should like to put myself much under the shadow of your wing. I am afraid of heart-solitude, should I reside anywhere alone ; and could I, on the other hand, have the company of a friend so dear as yourself, I could have nothing more to desire. So write to me, "Care of Torlonia, Banker, Rome." Should you propose to stay out next year in Germany, it would give me more pleasure than I can tell you to be near you. Is German literature good for the inner man ? You are not cosmopolitizing, I am sure ; if as Englishmen we include anything, we must exclude much more. They seem rather to look on Christianity as the best form of the religious idea, than as having anything to do with the individual's wants. They would receive Christianity somewhat after the fashion that the Roman emperor proposed to receive the statue of its founder—as one among the gods of a peopled Pantheon. Perhaps they would give it the most exalted niche. I have often thought that I perceived in all works of German art a recognition of the beauty of household life, which promises very well for the happiness of the people. Of this you must be able to judge. Pray tell me all about it, and all things else German, which have come under your cognition. I am strongly tempted to metaphysicize, especially in letter-writing ; however, I shall eschew it, for for me to talk so to you would be holding a taper-light to the beauteous eye of Heaven.

I have left behind me for about a month Spain, with its sonorous language and its beautiful and pious courtesies, which I grieve to see nearly all English travellers either affront or neglect, and contrast most unfavourably with some foreigners, especially Germans, whom I have encountered.

## CHAPTER III.

1830.

" It is a weary hill  
Of moving sand that still  
Shifts, struggle as we will,  
Beneath our tread :  
Of those who went before,  
And tracked the desert o'er,  
The footmarks are no more,  
But gone and fled."

R. C. T., *Despondency.*

*From J. W. BLAKESLEY.*

*Corpus Christi College,*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

*January 24, 1830.*

You ought to come home. The salt of the earth is too scanty to allow of its being as yet scattered over the face of it. We have a handful of men in Cambridge who will continue the race of the Maurices and Sterlings, and cherish an untiring faith in the undefeated energies of man. The majority of the Apostolics are decidedly of the proper way of thinking, and the society is in a flourishing state. We are now twelve in number, and those whom we shall lose this Christmas are by no means the best. I think that we are now in a better state, and that the tone of our debates is higher than it ever has been since the giants were on the earth. I want you to come to Cambridge next October term, and attend the Divinity lectures. I shall persuade Kemble to do the same, if, indeed, he has not already determined so to do. Donne has become more orthodox, and probably will be here also; and we shall be able to renew the days and nights of old. Donne has been staying in London for some time with Spedding. He is looking very well, and in good spirits. You are, I suppose, aware by this time of the triumphant *début* of Miss Fanny Kemble. I have seen her twice,

and she is indescribable. Her acting differs, not in degree but in *kind*, from that of every actress I have ever seen. She seems like one of Shakespeare's women rather than anything else. Her *Juliet* is certainly not the *Juliet* of the poet, for in our cold climate that will never be adequately represented; but while you see her in it, you can fancy that she is a sister of Juliet and Imogen. The only thing which surprises me is, that, casting off, as she does completely, the mannerism of the stage—to which we have grown accustomed, so that we can hardly dispense with it, as a packhorse will not go without his bells—she should be such a favourite with the many, especially taking into account the immense size of our theatres, which prevent character, unless caricatured, from being perceived. I have seen her both in *Juliet* and *Belvidera*, for making a character out of which last the ghost of Otway is under great obligations to her.

From Kemble I expect a letter daily. I heard of him three weeks ago. He was then at Munich, but intended returning to Heidelberg, and from thence, I hope, to England. He had been making an expedition into the Tyrol, and gratifying his prejudices with the sight of the glen where ten thousand French fell beneath the rifle-balls of the peasantry. He also ingratiated himself into the good graces of the people by waltzing with certain of the more good-looking girls, and then returned to Munich to read Kant, practise the broadsword, and wage an ἀκηρυκτὸν πόλεμον against tea and coffee, which he considers to vie with the doctrines of Helvetius in the mischief done by it to mankind. So important, indeed, does he consider this subject, that although he sent much good counsel to us concerning the conduct of our lives, he began it and ended it by advice concerning the conduct of our breakfasts. Like him of old, I go on my way sorrowing, when told what I must do to be saved; for of the two substitutes which he recommends, Johannisberg is costly, and towards beer I have an insuperable hatred.

I told you before that the Apostles were in a flourishing state. A society of the same kind has been established by Hallam at Oxford. To two of the members of this I have been introduced. Gaskell and Doyle, both Christchurch men and Etonians. I mention their names because I understand that you have your Oxford brother with you, and haply he may know them. Doyle is a very clever man, and will, I think, do much good. Gaskell I also like much. He is certainly not brilliant; but, I think, is unprejudiced, and will do something for the great cause. There was proposed at

their Union the question as to the respective moral tendency of the writings of Shelley and Byron. Sunderland, Milnes, and Hallam made an expedition to Oxford, and spoke there in favour of the former, thereby, of course, procuring to themselves the reputation of atheists. Howbeit, they gained some converts, and spread the knowledge of the poet; so that some *illuminati* of the sister university, who at first took him for Shenstone, and then for "the man that drives the black ponies in Hyde Park," at last went away in the belief "that he was a man whom Lord Byron *patronized*, and who was drowned a few years ago."

Milnes is now an Apostle. The Society does not, I think, gain much from him, but he will leave Cambridge in a few weeks. Sunderland has been pursuing his metaphysical studies, and with such success that he has already passed the flaming bounds of space and time, and attained to what Schelling and himself call the "rational intuition," viz. a direct contemplation of the absolute. As the peak on which he has stationed himself is shrouded with clouds, of course it is not to be attacked by us who are still the slaves of "a philosophy of reflection." The essential nature of his doctrine confessedly is that it can neither be attacked nor defended. The Society has received a great addition in Hallam and in Alfred Tennyson, the author of the last prize poem, "Timbuctoo" (of which Landor, whom, I dare say, you will see at Rome, will give you an account)—truly one of the mighty of the earth. You will be delighted with him when you see him.

For Heaven's sake, Trench, write to me soon. I have survived almost all my old friends in the university, and feel but little inclination to make new. Hardly a Sunday passes without my calling to mind how Kemble, you, and myself, used to breakfast together, and afterwards to walk into the country, telling strange stories of the death of Kings. Tom Moore has just published his garbled collection of the journals and letters of Lord Byron, and has strained hard to accommodate his hero's religious ideas to those of this Pharisaical-scribical age. With me, the effort has rather increased the contempt I had in this respect for the man. Shelley's name is not, I think, mentioned in the volume, and there is a vile attempt to crush Leigh Hunt; whom I certainly esteem not, but T. Moore had better have left him alone. The faithful desire to be affectionately remembered to you. Farewell! God bless you; take care of your health, and believe me ever your affectionate friend.

To WILLIAM B. DONNE.

*Rome,*

*February 18, 1830.*

Shall I be excused for again and within so short a period submitting you to the labour of reading a sheet? But the fact is, I have lately so frequently tasted the sweets of letters from my friends, that the desire has grown with the indulgence; and though I know that neither they nor myself keep debtor and creditor accounts of letters, yet perhaps, if I prate diligently of my whereabouts, I may incite them to a more frequent correspondence than would otherwise fall to my share. In modern Rome, certainly the most interesting body of men are the artists, that is, painters and sculptors, collected from all parts of Europe for the purposes of study. I have endeavoured as far as lay in my power to live with them, and am rather disappointed; I do not think they recognize, and certainly not with an overwhelming conviction, the ultimate object of theirs, as of all other arts, namely, the incarnation of Beauty. They seldom marry, and their morality regarding women is rather below par. This I would say especially as regards the Italian artists; the German are honourable exceptions. The atmosphere, too, is laden with all uncharitableness, though I do not suppose the mutual hate would oblige any painter, as it did of old, to wear a suit of armour whenever he ventured beyond his door.

I have made Severn's acquaintance. He is a very fine fellow, and I like him amazingly. My only introduction to him was our common admiration of Keats, whose memory he cherishes most affectionately, and of whom he is never tired of speaking, when he finds one who listens with gladness. I have sate in his studio for hours, while he has been painting a design which Keats suggested to him, and all the while he has been telling me particulars of his last days. His sufferings were terrible and prolonged. Shelley and Hunt had deprived him of his belief in Christianity, which he wanted in the end, and he endeavoured to fight back to it, saying if Severn would get him a Jeremy Taylor, he thought he could believe; but it was not to be found in Rome. Another time (which is to me peculiarly painful, though it shows at the same time how little way he had proceeded in a particular line of thought), having been betrayed into considerable impatience by bodily and mental anguish, he cried, on recovering himself, "By God, Severn, a man ought to have some superstition, that he may die

decently." But to leave this painful part. I have a piece of news about him whereat you will exult. He has left a tragedy ; the subject is Otho the Great. His friend, Mr. Brown, at whose house he resided at Hampstead, is about to publish it, with his life. I have made a pilgrimage to his tomb and Shelley's. They do not lie together. Before Shelley's are planted five dwarf cypresses, and on it is engraved "*Cor Cordium*," and the three lines from the sea dirge in "The Tempest," "Nothing of him that doth fade." Keats' epitaph is worded harshly towards his persecutors, who deserved not even such commemoration as that upon *his* tomb, and, moreover, they who wrote it erred from the intention of any epitaph whatever.

I heard about three weeks since from Kemble. He invited me with most earnest kindness to join him in Germany, telling me we would live godlike, though we should eat little meat and *drink no wine*. And since that I have learned, that when I arrive, he intends most treacherously to deprive me of my favoured beverages of coffee and tea, and put me on the dilemma of Johannisberg or beer for breakfast. The first the *res angusta domi* will, I think, prohibit, and at the second my gorge rises. No ; if it must be, I will so far assimilate to a German student's habit—I do not mean a pun—as to rub my new coat out of elbows against the brick wall, I will call the natives Philistines, and perhaps wield a broadsword, but I will not drink beer for breakfast. However, notwithstanding we meet in April, he is so very good-natured as to put off till after that his return to Heidelberg, and advances into the Tyrol or the north of Italy to meet me. I have received a very long and grateful letter from Blakesley, which I did not deserve, and in it a scolding which I did deserve, but was not in spirits to meet. He has detailed to me all your movements and plans. You have read probably all, or part of, Sterling's novel, and perhaps Maurice's,\* whose acquaintance I am sure you must have had the same delight in making as he in yours. They will both, I doubt not, do a great deal of good. That hateful race of reptiles, the fashionable novels, is not, I see, yet extinct ; why does not one of you set his heel upon it, and extinguish it for ever ?

What a peculiarly small figure Tommy Moore makes in his new book ! I never guessed before that his calibre of thought was so diminutive, nor that he would avow or feel an admiration for so much that was worthless, or worse than worthless. There is an attempt, I understand, to crush L. Hunt—no friend of either yours or mine,

\* "Eustace Conway."

but a ten times more honest and earnest man that either Byron or his biographer. Shelley, too, is altogether omitted, probably from cowardice. You in England have a great task in hand, the greatest that could be offered to men, viz. the exaltation of the tone of our literature. You have the means and, I believe, the opportunity. I hope, for your single self, you will find time to come over to Heidelberg, just to pay us a visit, and to let us sit in the light of your countenance, while "we will teach you to drink deep" in Denmark. If you come not, I fear it will be very long before we meet. I will not return to England till I have done a little to put on the other side of the balance against twenty-three years of existence squandered away. There are two ways of finding happiness and moral elevation—either to be surely supported on the actual reality of things, or to raise oneself into the regions of pure art or of intuition. I have lost my footing in the first without having gained the second and far nobler, being, as it is, a region of perfect freedom; and herein I find the solution of all my misery, which is not worth attempting to cast off. Not that I believe even the ill I have is unmingled. We have all felt the truth of these words, "What we are we know;" we might perhaps ascend a step higher and say, "What we suffer we are." Of one thing I am sure, that he who has never felt the riddle of existence pressing upon him with almost an overwhelming weight has little chance of ever solving it; but, alas! to attempt it and fail is fatal, as is so magnificently symbolled forth in the story of the Sphinx.

Pray write to me soon, my dear Donne, and give me a little of the progress of the English mind, for one of the greatest drawbacks on a lengthened residence abroad is the difficulty one will find to *orienter* oneself on returning. Believe me, however, that to hear of your prosperity, and that of your friends, is a much stronger reason than the selfish one that I have first stated. Pray present my kindest remembrances to all, that is, if they have not entirely forgotten me as I deserve. If you were to direct to me to Munich, in Kemble's care, I should get my letters a little later, but would be more certain of receiving them than if directed to any part of Italy. I have lost so many memorials of my friends, that I cannot contemplate calmly the recurrence of such accidents. During all the time I was in Spain three letters from my own family, and one from Sterling, were all that reached me. Blakesley tells me you are become more orthodox; nothing, however, but taking your degree will clear you from the charge of Mahometanism, which you justly incurred by your able



defence of that calumniated prophet. Adieu ! take care of yourself, and believe me ever very affectionately yours,

R. C. TRENCH.

Five years later, the writer of this letter was again at Rome, and wrote, to use his own words, of this first visit :—

“ When yet the riddle of this wondrous life  
Remained unsolved for me, and all I knew  
Was that I was alone in this wide world,  
With God, with conscience, and a broken law.”

He has not shrunk from telling us, after the struggle was over, what he tells to an intimate friend in the above letter :—

“ Considering by what gracious paths  
I had been guided, by what paths of love,  
Since I was last a dweller in these gates.

\* \* \* \* \*  
For though not then indifferent to me  
Nature or Art, yea rather though from these  
I drew whatever lightened for a while  
Life's burden and intolerable load ;  
Yet seldom could I gather heart enough,  
With all their marvels round me, to go forth  
In quest of any. But some lonely spot,  
Some ridge of ruin fringed with cypresses,

\* \* \* \* \*  
'Mid the fall'n structures of imperial Rome,  
Me did such haunt please better ; or I loved,  
With others whom a like disquietude,  
At the like crisis of their lives, now kept  
Restless, with them to question to and fro  
And to debate the evil of the world,  
As though we bore no portion of that ill,  
As though with subtle phrases we could spin  
A woof to screen us from life's undelight :  
Sometimes prolonging far into the night  
Such talk, as loth to separate, and find  
Each in his solitude how vain are words,  
When that which is opposed to them is more.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Full of rebellious askings, for what end,  
And by what power, without our own consent,  
Caught in this snare of life we knew not how,  
We were placed here, to suffer and to sin,  
To be in misery and know not why.”

It must be borne in mind, in reading Richard Trench's early letters, that he was first and before all things a poet. He, who had the highest sense and intuition of the art and inspiration of poetry, is bold to claim for himself some insight into the enchanted realm, and fellowship with her servants:—

“ Though loftiest fancies are not mine,  
Nor words of chiefest power, yet unto me  
Some voices reach out of the inner shrine,  
Heard in mine heart of hearts, and I can see  
At times some glimpses of the majesty,  
Some prints and footsteps of the glory trace,  
Which have been left on earth, that we might be  
By them led forward to the secret place,  
Where we perchance might see that glory face to face.” \*

He knew, as only poets know, that his office, as the office of all art, was—

“ To make men feel the presence by his skill  
Of an eternal loveliness.”

But the true loveliness was not yet revealed to him, and he stood like him of whom he sang before the veiled statue of Sais. It is plain that to him, as to Goethe, came the temptation to say—

“ The end is everywhere.  
Art still has truth, take refuge there.”

For he has told us how—

“ These thoughts were mine—to dwell alone,  
My spirit on its lordly throne,  
Hating the vain stir, fierce and loud,  
The din of the tumultuous crowd ;  
And how I thought to arm my soul,  
And stablish it in self-control ;  
And said I would obey the right,  
And would be strong in wisdom's might,  
And bow unto my own heart's law,  
And keep my heart from speck or flaw,  
That in its mirror I might find  
A reflex of the Eternal mind.” †

It seems best to the editor to gather together the lines from

\* “ To Poetry.”

† See “ Justin Martyr.”

various poems which are the only perfect comment and explanation of letters not withheld, though written before the poet's spirit had found the only freedom which could satisfy a heart such as his.

To JOHN MITCHELL KEMBLE.

*Naples,*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

*March 16, 1830.*

Still being without notices of you, I am sadly perplexed what to do ; and the more so, as I find it impossible to be at Munich before nearly the conclusion of next month. The only way of putting me completely at ease is if you will act altogether as if you did not expect me. Do not think of advancing to meet me, and either remain at Munich or proceed to Heidelberg, as you would have done if I had not proposed to join you. Do this, and pray believe that I will not defer the period of our meeting longer than is needful. I will not do it for my own sake, for I hope much from you and from Germany. Indeed, you are, between you, my only chance, and my last one, of unravelling the perplexed skein, though, it is true, I have no one to thank for its entangling but myself. You will easily understand the motives which prevent me from leaving my father and brother quite as soon as I had expected. You have, perhaps, yourself known that state of mind, when it is difficult to have sympathy even with the nearest relations, as such, unless one finds in them at least the comprehension of the feelings which engross ourselves. As this must be specially struggled against, it is important that at such seasons all the offices of love should be duly performed, and this I am the more anxious should be the case, as probably my stay in Germany will be prolonged far beyond the time which they expect, though I know not how I shall resist the desire to revisit England and "its undeseccrated household gods," which frequently is like a woman's longing upon me. I set off for a three weeks' tour in Sicily to-day, and am diversely carked and cared, so that my business and my happiness must together make up my excuse for scribbling no more.

During the tour in Sicily, at the end of March, Richard Trench made the ascent of Mount Etna, an expedition which left a deep impression on his imagination.

From JOHN KEMBLE.

*Trinity College, Cambridge,*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

*April 1, 1830.*

Hardly had I sent off my letter of direction to you how to join me in Munich, when I got a summons from home to return, on a ground that justified the step certainly, but which offered nothing to console me for what I left behind me in enjoyment and expectation. Lord —, and it was understood that he was not the principal in the business, had promised my father to help me up the hard ascent of our English Church, which if one does not indeed mount on one's bare knees, a step at a time, as they do the famous staircase at Rome, is at least as difficult of access to all who do not possess the seven-league boots of birth, parentage, and education ! So, in order to take my degree, be ordained, and inducted into the living which it might please God and the King to send me, I was recalled post-haste ; and, having come back through the severest cold I ever felt, to the muddy banks and intellects of reverend Camus, and B.A.'d with some other lambs in the Cambridge slaughter-house, I found myself unable to keep my divinity lectures till October, or be ordained till at least the end of the year. Two or three times the spirit of duty and submission has indeed represented to me that all things are ordained for the best, but it cannot shut my eyes to the painful perception that I am not ordained at all, and that I might have been far better employed in Germany with you, than I can be in England —by myself.

Sterling, as you, perhaps, are already informed, is installed as secretary to the Anti-Indian Charter Society, a place which probably furnishes him with plenty of active occupation and, I hope, money. The first is, however, the most important to him. May it dispel the evil clouds which the proud understanding flings upon his spirit ! Maurice has determined to put his shoulder also to the wheel, and to stand up in these later days as one of the watchmen and defenders. He has declared for the Church, and is gone down to Oxford for the purpose of getting a degree, and, I believe, a fellowship also ; and, if he only remains what I have known him to be, the Church will rarely have possessed a braver or a more protecting champion. He is a man of war in the panoply of intellect and will, and most deep is my joy that we shall be associated together in the greatest of human pursuits. I remember well enough, about a year and a half ago, when the desire of devoting myself to the Church

was first strong upon me, and when Maurice and I were in the habit of conversing on religious subjects, I said jokingly to him, on his expressing a wish to that effect, that I would make him my curate when I had a living, and he had taken to the Church. Either of these two contingencies was then as little to be expected as the millennium, which, they say, is already on its road to England; and now, what is to prevent, not only the two conditions, but the accomplishment of the whole joke as very good earnest? Only his own wishes, should they go against it, for I know no living man to whom I would more readily offer the guidance of myself and my people, or whom I should glory so much in joining with myself for such purposes. I hope for his sake, however, that when it shall be in my power to offer him this arrangement, a living may put it out of his, to accept my offer.

There are seven fellowships vacant this year at Trinity. This will, I hope, secure Martineau's election. He has been reading very steadily in town, and, I think, with every appearance of having profited by his labours, both in body and mind. O'Brien has also been reading very steadily somewhere in Ireland, and who knows what may come of that? C. Buller is in Parliament. He made a maiden speech the other night, which was evidently very comic, though infamously reported in the papers. As usual his hand seemed to be against every man, and among other things he compared Cobbett, the idol of a certain set in and out of the Houses, to the "brazen serpent" set up in the wilderness. You will see him make a figure some of these fine days, depend upon it. Not so —, except, indeed, it be in the pillory, for distributing of seditious pamphlets. —, who, like Caliban to this Stephano, would kiss his foot and worship him, raves about a certain piece of clockwork, called the "Rational Intuition," which his dam's god Setebos has just discovered, and with which he means to prove God Almighty a liar on the very first opportunity. There are wagers, however, that — will never be let through the gate of heaven to try the experiment. Conceive this precious associate of ours (before he went down to —, that he might put away the bold sight of men, and, in the enjoyment of the noble scorn which self-contemplation produces for the rest of one's fellow-creatures, *past* and to *come*, and particularly *present*, read and enjoy the soul-expanding poems of Wordsworth under rocks standing apart from one another in all the mystic majesty of self-existence) trying to introduce into the Apostles the preposterous custom of making three balls instead of one necessary for the exclusion of a member. As might be very well expected, this was rejected.

In return for the very few whom I have been able to love here, and who are away, I have added one or two to the list, whom I will share with all the rest as soon as I can. Hallam you already know, and, I hope, like. He is an excellent man, full of high and noble qualities, and is young enough to become a greater and better man even than he is. But you do not know either Charles or Alfred Tennyson, both of whom are dying to know you. The first opportunity, therefore, that you have of making their acquaintance, neglect it not. They are poets of the highest class. In Alfred's mind the materials of the very greatest works are heaped in an abundance which is almost confusion. Charles has just published a small volume of superb sonnets; and his brother and Hallam are about to edit their poems conjointly. One day these men will be great indeed. Donne shuts himself up at Mattishall, whither I shall shortly repair in person, and see if I can quiet in his company the restless and unsettled state of my feelings. If I could read mathematics with Blakesley, or sleep on the sofa with Hallam and Donne in the daytime, I might be a happier man. I do not think anybody can be happy in the spring; it is the eternal memento of new birth and fresh existence, an eternal, standing scoff against decrepit man!—ever growing older, ever approaching new life and new being, without having solved the mystery of the past, or seen one single gleam of light to reveal to him the condition of his own existence, the possibility of life and thought and infinity! This is all bad to write, but worse ten thousand times to think, and yet how escape such thoughts when the very existence of man has this poison lying at its root, that he must *think*? You are most blessed in your enjoyment of existence. May you ever be so, for the moment when you forget the good and beautiful outward forms, the moment you cease to love them as realities, and would translate them into beggarly symbols of things (NOT) within, you are lost. Stick by them, I beseech you, as you value your happiness!

This letter will reach you among God's most wonderful, if not His loveliest, creations, and will seem to you very bad, if not very wicked; but I cannot help writing, and now the mischief is out. It is not that I want a faith, an understanding faith, in religion, in the religion of nature, the religion of the soul, the religion of Christ. This I have, and too much of it, perhaps. But it is with this as it is with all my feelings, that I have used myself to contemplate them as separable parts of myself; not to be content with loving till I knew why I loved, not to enjoy pleasure till I could

discover why it pleased. And, as a due punishment, love remains to me only in the forms which my understanding first leads to, and pleasure only in the meagre skeleton of a metaphysical definition. I would give up my hopes of an eternity almost, if I could only fall passionately, ay, madly, in love at this moment. It might make my prayers pass out of the narrow sphere which binds them to earth, and lies like a thick roof between me and God. In reading over what I have written, I am ready to laugh with scorn and contempt and hatred at myself; I, forsooth, who abused Sterling for his self-abusing letters, and in the pride of my unfeelingness talked about calm minds and well-balanced spirits!

I have been reading Wordsworth, and am all the better for it. Poetry is religion, and so, if there be any truth in philosophy, must all the living powers of the soul be. Your "Ode to Sleep" is most beautiful; deep in feeling, and clothed in the living garb of poetry. For the sake of England and mankind, I hope there are more such behind. In admiration of it, we all concur most heartily. Blakesley sends you his most affectionate remembrances, and bids you not be so low-spirited. He will write you a long letter as soon as his examination for a scholarship at Trinity is over. He is the most equably minded man I know, and I revere him for it. Tennant is with us here, and sends you also all manner of kind hopes and well wishes. Farewell! God bless you, dear fellow, and keep you from the devil of ill thoughts. Write soon to me at Cambridge. My heart sickens to see you again, and to tell you how dearly I love you.

From WILLIAM B. DONNE.

*Mattishall, East Dereham,*

*April 29, 1830.*

I am afraid you deny us any hopes of seeing you for some time in England; why should you not, since you travel for the good of your soul, and England is little else than *body*, corporate, politic, and literary? Yet is there one attraction, since you left it, mighty to compel—Miss Kemble's impersonation of *Juliet*, *Belvidera*, *Portia*. I should be sorry if my admiration of her genius could satisfy itself with *any* words, but in such as I can find I will tell you that her performance of *Juliet* is an harmonious fusion of plastic art with poetry and spoken music. It belongs to sculpture, in its pure and severe dignity, in its rare ideal beauty; it is allied to painting, in

its warm glowing lights and bold awful shadows, and in the toneless melody that permeates them both; and these are blended and perfected by her delivery of the poetry, even as the fabled Prometheus kindled his new creation with a torch of virgin fire. The audiences are liberal in their applause, and the press runs over with it; yet neither one nor the other, to my feeling, have solved the problem of her genius, viz. her ideality of impersonation. I hope we may one day sit side by side in Covent Garden, and we will talk the matter over.

Poor Keats' sufferings were painful indeed. I have in my study a print of him, which I love to look at for its beauty and fire, and because it reminds me of you. Your "Ode" ("I cannot veil"), etc., was worthy of him or any poet, living or dead, for it was pure, strong-thoughted, and sweetly solemn poetry.\* I shall be uncharitable enough to wish you sleeplessness now and then, if such are to be the fruits of lying awake. Did you know *Charles* Tennyson at Cambridge? He has published a little volume of sonnets of great beauty. His imagination is of the right mould—a strong graft on Wordsworth, and a fine outgrowth of healthy feelings; but he wants your fine moral sensibility to the force and integrity of single words, the hewn stones of the arch, each supporting each, and all leaning on the *keystone*, the prime *idea* of the poem.

Kemble has been keeping terms in Cambridge. He wrote me a most affectionate letter to explain his sudden resolution of taking Orders, and his present studies and feelings with them in prospect. He will be a bright and burning light in God's Church; a resting-place and beacon for the many, who, having no delight in the slumber of orthodoxy, are driven on the contrary shoal of modern pietism. Thank you for wishing me to be with you in Germany, but this year it may not be. I have a spell upon me that you cannot solve nor I break; and, besides, I have two and twenty years of waste life to atone for, and study must be my portion for the present. Yet to see you again would be a pleasure like to few in store for me; so you must come to gladden me in England.

Blakesley is at Trinity, and has just gained a scholarship. I am not aware that Sterling's novel is yet in print; he was so kind as to show me a portion of it in the summer that I thought admirable, but we must not look that books modelled on popular literature of another country can ever be perfectly naturalized in our own. We have long sold our birthright to oblivion and neglect. Our rich

\* "Ode to Sleep," first published in "Justin Martyr and other Poems."



fountains of legendary tales and patriotic superstition are sealed up ; their echoes have died away on the lips of a manufacturing people.

Maurice I have not the pleasure of knowing, much to my regret. The only new book I have read lately is the life of Columbus. Had I not known beforehand what an Anakim he was, glorious and good, I should scarcely have discovered those qualities in him from Mr. Irving's history. It is as puny as Roscoe's "Lorenzo," and much less elaborate and methodized. Landor is the boy for writing English style ; his vigorous grasp of thought and manner carry me on. Irving the preacher is another, a proper fellow and tall, when he does not prophesy ; he is a man to stand up with Hooker and with John Taes for the martyr, and, like them, he would shrink not from the testimony even to death. I am delighted with your obliging expressions as to Sir T. Browne ; it is my best article, I believe, but too long, and too much preface. I shall recast it one day. Possibly I may go to town in a week or two, when I expect great pleasure from seeing Charles Lamb, who has invited me to Enfield. When I can write a criticism equal to his on Hogarth, I will call myself an *English* critic. He is the prince of drama critics, and nearly the only true humourist that steam-engines and Mr. Brougham have left us, so we must make much of him.

To JOHN KEMBLE.

Milan,

May 7, 1830.

I had been partially prepared for the news which your letter communicated to me a few days since, by an accidental notice which I had of you at Rome. I bear my (I believe I may say own) disappointment more equably as it will defer the period of our meeting very little, and will give me the sight besides of many friends *in esse*, and some which you promise me, to the knowledge of whom I look forward with no ordinary expectation of pleasure. Germany I have not the courage or the spirits to face alone, and I believe, as you say, much of my time would be lost, and from the rest I should not derive the profit I might have done under other circumstances. Moreover, I am thirsting for England, and disquieted with the thought of it, and what it is, and what it has, until I long to quit even this delightful land—a land so delightful that I sometimes think, if I grow much more selfish than I am, I shall take up my permanent residence in it, as I am sure the world has nothing more lovely than Florence ; but this one has no right to do, and I trample out the

thought. I hope to be satiating my eyes with the deep green meadows of England, and its magnificent forest trees (of neither of which is there a parallel elsewhere), before the end of this month. Let me find some notice of where you and the other *καλοὶ καγαθοὶ* are to be sought for. If I am in time I shall pay a visit to Cambridge immediately. Pray give my kindest love to Blakesley, and best remembrances to all others for whom you know I have friendship, more especially to Tennant and Hallam. So — has tried to betray the Apostles. A Judas! His measure was precisely the one which might have been expected from —, whose entire conduct showed that he could not, or would not, understand the principles on which the Society was based. I rejoice to hear the Society flourishes, and now you have cleansed it of that perilous stuff it should flourish more.

I envy you your visit to that happiest, and most deservedly so, of human beings, Donne. Pray strive to rouse him from his lair, and bring him up to London this summer. Give him my most affectionate love, and tell him how much I long to see him. The selfish devil, which is so surely ensconced at the bottom of one's heart, sometimes makes me feel not very sorry that you cannot keep Divinity Lectures till next October, when I intend to be at Cambridge too, and for the same ostensible purpose, though I have by no means decided that I can enter the Church. I must have a calm and studious year, which I hope will be the next, and then shall better know whether I can undertake the task. However, of these and all other serious subjects we will talk when we meet. For the present I will not bedevil you with my hopes and fears and doubts. This will we do; and will, notwithstanding, smile at things "which look grave in the suburbs."

Since any of my friends have heard of me I have visited that most wonderful and beautiful of countries, Sicily, which I do not wonder should have been the home and cradle of pastoral poetry. It contains, besides, many more ruins of the Greeks than even Greece itself—numerous temples, wherein, as in the plays of that extraordinary people, the severe and unyielding form is yet taken up into and becomes part of the spirit. You will smile at my rude attempt to explain what for my own mind exists with satisfying distinctness. You see that, like the fantastical Spaniard, Armado hight, I am already making vent of my journeys, that I may show to you that "I am a man of travel that have seen the world" (an you bequote me with Shakespeare, I, too, can retort), and that "I have swum in a

gondola." Which last, I can assure you, is most luxurious swimming. If I had been an unconnected man I from that moment should have formed a plan never to leave fair Venice. I visited the mad-house, the windowless, deformed pile, but could not hear the singing of Shelley's poor maniac friend, of whom he gives so pathetic an account.\* You will be yourself, I trust, in London this season with your family; pray present them with my best remembrances. I hope you are going to publish your translation from Kant, and something besides of your own, as I cannot agree with you that we have no business to be writing at our age. There are many things, if we do not write now, that we can never write at all. I coincide with what probably was your reason for saying it, namely, that works describing states of feeling are never written in those states of feeling, but from a remembrance of them. This remembrance, however, must be a near one—I do not mean in time, but there must have been few intervening states of mind. "Alastor," and most of "Christabel," were written before twenty-four, and Keats died at that age. "He the more fortunate." But I will not give way to these imaginations, and will beware the foul fiend. Farewell! Can I do anything for you or any of yours at Paris? If so, write to me there; if not, till we meet in England. Ever your affectionate friend,

R. C. TRENCH.

\* See "Julian and Maddalo."

## CHAPTER IV.

1830, 1831.

“ I gaze on that bright band,  
Who on the summit stand,  
To order and command,  
Like stars on high :  
Yet with despairing pace  
My way I could retrace,  
Or on this desert place  
Sink down and die.

“ As we who toil and weep,  
And with our weeping steep  
The path o'er which we creep,  
They had not striven ;  
They must have taken flight  
To that serenest height,  
And won it by the might  
Of wings from heaven.”

R. C. T., *Despondency*.

THE plan of meeting Kemble in Germany for the purpose of studying its language and literature having fallen through, Richard Trench seems to have yielded to his friends' desire to see him, and to have arrived in England about the end of May, or early in June, 1830. He found his friends, foremost amongst them Kemble and Sterling, on fire about a romantic and generous scheme, by which they hoped to set matters right on “the sacred soil of liberty ;” and it is needless to say that he, in whose heart to the last every chivalrous and disinterested aspiration found echo, was quickly taken into their counsels. To many readers the following letters would be unintelligible without a few words of introduction, which will be pardoned by those who are acquainted with Spanish history since 1815.

The King, whose second marriage is mentioned in one of the foregoing letters, was the same Ferdinand VII. who, after his father, Carlos IV., had abdicated in his favour, had, in 1808, been completely deceived and caught in a trap by Napoleon, who kept him and the rest of the royal family of Spain prisoners at Bayonne, leaving the Spanish nation in a state of confusion, dread, and distrust. A rising in Madrid against Murat, the French general in command, and Sir Arthur Wellesley's arrival at Lisbon quickly followed. The former was put down, with cruellest butchery of thousands in cold blood ; but on the arrival of the English, and the flight of King Joseph Bonaparte from Madrid to the frontiers, throughout almost all Spain the spirit of liberty awoke, and roused her people to arms. The supreme Junta of Asturias sent forth a bold and spirited call to the sons of Spain, saying, "Let all Spain become a camp, and her people a host of armed men." The Peninsular War followed, and in the interim between the battle of Vittoria in 1813 and Ferdinand's restoration in 1814, the Cortes of Spain laboured earnestly to improve the condition of the country and to frame laws on the principles of constitutional liberty. The Inquisition was abolished, in spite of the opposition of the Pope's nuncio and of most of the clergy.

On the return of Ferdinand VII. from his long captivity in France, his Cortes made him swear to accept and administer the tolerably well-constituted government which had been established ; but he did not long observe his oath, and, by the help of dissensions in the Cortes, dissolved the constitution and re-established the Inquisition. The consequence was insurrection following insurrection and civil war raging in several provinces in Spain. It was in October, 1819, that Shelley wrote his "Ode to the Assertors of Liberty," to which there is the note, "Written before the Spaniards had recovered their liberty" :—

"Wave, wave high the banner !  
When Freedom is riding to conquest by :

Though the slaves that fan her  
 Be Famine and Toil, giving sigh for sigh.  
 And ye who attend her imperial car,  
 Lift not your hands in the banded war,  
 But in her defence whose children ye are."

In 1820, a part of the army having joined the rebels, the Cortes again met, the Inquisition was once more abolished, and it was fondly hoped that Spain had "recovered her liberty." All this was but the beginning of fresh troubles, the peasantry being roused against the Cortes by the cry of the priests that the abolition of the Inquisition was an attack on the religion of the country, and fresh rebellion and disturbances arose, till, in 1822, foreign powers interfered, Austria, Russia, Prussia, and France demanding that the constitution should be annulled, and absolute power restored to Ferdinand. The Duc d'Angoulême crossed the Bidassoa with an army of a hundred thousand men to enforce these demands, established a Junta, declared that all power was lodged in the King alone, and, after taking several important towns, occupied Madrid, where he set up a regency, as Ferdinand had retreated to Seville, vacillating between his desire to oppose invasion, and enmity to the Cortes. The latter, on his refusal to join them at Cadiz, set up a regency of their own, which was denounced by that of Madrid, and was dissolved on the King's yielding to the request of the Cortes.

So the miserable struggle continued, until in October, 1823, the Cortes declared Ferdinand absolute King, and the Duc d'Angoulême, after receiving him with great pomp at the French head-quarters, returned to France, leaving, in accordance with a treaty agreed upon, a large military force in Spain, for the ostensible purpose of assisting Ferdinand until the Spanish army could be reorganized.

On the re-establishment of despotism, a large number of the Liberals left Spain, and took refuge in England. Richard Trench addresses a sonnet, written in 1824, "To the Constitutional Exiles of 1823," containing the noble lines—

"By suffering and endurance ye have bought  
 A knowledge of the thousand links that bind

The highest with the lowest of our kind,  
 \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 Yours be it to the nations to declare  
 That years of pain and disappointment turn  
 Weak hearts to gall, but wise to gentleness."

The King was himself inclined to moderation (mention has been made in some of the foregoing letters of his desire to avail himself of the services of the Constitutionals), and a plot was formed by the Absolutists to make his brother Carlos king. Bloodshed, disorder, and insurrections ensued, and in 1828 the French left Spain.

The difficulty and confusion of the situation were intensified by the death, in 1829, of Ferdinand's childless queen, and his second marriage with Christina of Naples, since Don Carlos had hitherto been Infant of Spain, and made sure of succeeding his brother. When, in 1700, the first Bourbon King of Spain, Philip of Anjou, ascended her throne, he established the Salic Law—ungratefully, since his claim as Philip V. to the Spanish monarchy was through his grandmother, the Infanta Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV. The Salic Law had been revoked in 1789 and re-enacted in 1812; but there had been such conflicting claims to authority between the various Cortes, that it was difficult to know what acts were valid or invalid, and as there had always hitherto been direct male heirs, the question had not arisen. Now, however, in case he should not have a son, Ferdinand resolved that the Salic Law should be absolutely revoked, and accordingly, in 1830, the decree of Carlos IV. in favour of female heirs was confirmed. On October 10, 1830, his queen gave birth to a daughter, Isabella Maria, and the exasperation of the Carlist party reached its height. Three parties seem to have existed in Spain about this time: Moderate Liberals, siding with the King, but utterly demoralized and untrustworthy; Absolutists, headed by Don Carlos, and strongly supported by the clergy; and the Constitutionals—strong Liberals, many of whom had been exiled, or had fled during the French occupation. "When I first saw London" (in 1824), "I

remember," Carlyle wrote, "those unfortunate Spaniards. . . . Daily in the cold spring air, under skies so unlike their own, you could see a group of fifty or a hundred stately tragic figures, in proud threadbare cloaks ; perambulating, mostly with closed lips, the broad pavements of Euston Square, and the regions about St. Pancras' new church. They spoke little or no English ; knew nobody, would employ themselves on nothing in this new scene. Old steel-grey heads, many of them ; the shaggy, thick, blue-black hair of others struck you ; their brown complexion, dusky look of suppressed fire, in general their tragic condition as of caged Numidian lions. . . . Of these poor Spanish exiles, now vegetating about Somers Town, and painfully beating the pavement in Euston Square, the acknowledged chief was General Torrijos, a man of high qualities and fortunes, still in the vigour of his years, and in these desperate circumstances refusing to despair, with whom Sterling had, at this time, become intimate." \*

Carlyle goes on to describe him as "possessing not only a language to speak, but manifold experiences, courtly, military, diplomatic, with fine natural faculties, and high Spanish manners tempered into cosmopolitan, . . . welcomed in various circles of society, . . . a valiant gallant man ; of lively intellect, of noble chivalrous character : fine talents, fine accomplishments, all grounding themselves on a certain rugged veracity, recommending him to the discerning. He had begun youth in the Court of Ferdinand ; had gone on in Wellington and other arduous, victorious, and unvictorious soldierings, familiar in camps and council-rooms, in presence-chambers and in prisons. He knew romantic Spain ;—he was himself, standing withal in the vanguard of Freedom's fight, a kind of living romance."

To him his poor exiled countrymen turned for every kind of help, and he and his friends, Sterling foremost amongst them, exerted themselves to the utmost ; but at best the life of the poor exiles was one hard to bear, and they had long urged upon Torrijos to make an end of this nearly seven

\* "Life of John Sterling," chap. ix.



years' banishment, and to lead them into Spain. They had often said in their despair, to quote Carlyle's words, "'Were not death in battle better? Here are we slowly mouldering into nothingness; there we might reach it rapidly, in flaming splendour. Flame, either of victory to Spain and us, or of a patriot death, the sure harbinger of victory to Spain.' Enough, in the end of 1829, Torrijos had yielded to this pressure, and persuaded himself that if he could but land in the south of Spain with a small patriot band, well armed and well resolved, then Spain, all inflammable as touchwood, might blaze wholly into flame round him, and incalculable victory be won."

So, during the winter days of 1829-30, the consultations and schemes ripened to a head in Sterling's apartments; Robert Boyd, his cousin, threw both himself and his fortune into the plot, purchasing a small ship in the Thames, and storing it with arms, in which Torrijos and fifty picked Spaniards were to sail for the new adventure of the Golden Fleece.

Such was the scheme in which Richard Trench found his dearest friends involved on his return to England in the May or June of 1830. It was one possessing every element with which to fire his poetic and chivalrous imagination, more especially the hope, doubtless set before him in glowing colours, of bringing substantial help to the country which from his boyhood had made a strong impression on heart and intellect, and now appealed to every poetic instinct and delicate sympathy of his nature. Won perhaps first by the music and magic of her language, of which he was wont to speak as the most majestic among the daughters of the Latin tongue, the romance of her history captivated him; and in her literature, too little known, he found a wealth of long-neglected charms. And now, returning to England with no certain quest, suddenly she appears to him, bound hand and foot upon the rock of despotism, appealing by her helpless beauty for aid against the utter destruction which menaces her. Shall he not swiftly descend, full of righteous wrath, to

break asunder her fetters, to achieve the adventure or to die? There could be but one answer from a heart like his, and he threw in his lot with those who decided, "not to give their money only, but themselves along with it." A noble error—if indeed, as the event proved, there was not ground to hope for regeneration to Spain after this fashion. His brother had evidently no knowledge of the projected adventure when, on June 10, he wrote to him from Naples, and Richard Trench seems to have confided his project only to one amongst his kinsfolk, and to have received in return discouragement, and even rebuke.

Meanwhile, the Spanish envoy in England had got notice of what was in the wind; and just before the evening on which the ship in the Thames was to have dropped quietly down to Deal, to take in Torrijos and his band, armed men sprang suddenly on board, and seized her in the King's name. That way of reaching Spain was closed to the adventurers; but, Carlyle tells us, "they got shipping, as private passengers, in one craft or the other; and by degrees or at once, arrived all at Gibraltar—Boyd, *one or two young democrats of Regent Street*, the fifty picked Spaniards, and Torrijos." The marriage of Sterling prevented him from joining the expedition.

To JOHN KEMBLE.

*Burlington Hotel.*

(*Undated.*)

I have seen Sterling, and dine with him at Mrs. Barton's this evening. He desires to be most kindly remembered to you, about whom he most anxiously inquired, especially whether you "steered right onwards" in the great cause. I have heard favourable Spanish news; the time and the hour we may anxiously expect now. T. Campbell has undertaken the editing of the Spanish Annual; his character with the mob (including all but the wise and good) will be advantageous for the work. These two last pieces of news must serve as an excuse for this illegible scrawl, notwithstanding which you will believe me your affectionate friend,

R. C. T.

The following letter was probably written after the seizure of the armed ship, and while lying at Southampton awaiting a passage to Spain :—

To W. B. DONNE.

*Southampton,*

MY DEAR DONNE,

*Monday, June 23, 1830.*

Fortune has thrown into my hands a letter of yours directed to Munich, and I will say she is a good wench for this gear, though I owe her many a grudge. Many thanks for the best criticism I have met on Miss Kemble's acting; indeed, the only one where her art is attempted to be illustrated by all other art. I have not seen her yet, and certainly shall not, if at all, until next winter. During a short residence in London I enjoyed all the delight of a renewed intercourse with her brother. He was increasing in stature wondrously when I left England, and, I am sure, will still make another great shoot. There is no man with whom I would more rejoice to be thrown among the events to which we are hastening.

You have heard, I know, in Norfolk that "the soldier-priest" and myself are wanted in Spain. The possibilities are that we shall be both hanged; however, "a man that is hanged shall fear no colours, in that he shall see none." If we escape suspension, it is our purpose to join the Constitutionalists, and, I hope, will not shame merry England there. You will say that all this is very foolish, but it is action, action, action that we want, and I would willingly go did I only find in the enterprise a pledge of my own earnestness. Pray let us hear often from you; we shall have need of all the love and affection of our friends where we shall be. Direct to me (that is, after you hear that we have sailed) to "J. Brackenbury, Esq., English Consul, Cadiz;" but do not make any allusion to our enterprise. As it will be possibly convenient that Kemble and myself should permanently mask ourselves under the show of English travellers (or, as the Ferdinandists will interpret it if they discover us, spies), "Méchin malicho"—"this means mischief."

Sterling I have not seen much of, as he is the prime mover of the conspiracy, and is engaged with the Junta all day. As usual, he is "labouring for his kind in grief." He reminds me often of Prince Athanase, especially in that core of despair, which only his nearest friends can discern. He has no hope. For myself, I believe I wear the aspect and the form of living men, and as I manage to get

through the shows of society with sufficient dexterity, do not excite much attention. But the future, the future—who shall question that? What will one be? What will this age be? Must one end in a worldling; and our age, will it prove the decrepitude of the world? Are we not gathering up the knowledge of past generations, because we are adding nothing ourselves? Do we not place the glory of our century in the understanding of past ages, because our individual energy is extinct, and we are ourselves nothing? After one or two revolutions in thought and opinion, all our boasted poetry, all, or nearly all, of Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth and Byron, will become unintelligible. When, except in our times, did men seek to build up their poetry on their own individual experiences, instead of some objective foundations common to all men? Even we, who inhabit their own age, suffer by their error. Their poems are unintelligible to us, till we have gone through that very state of feeling to which they appeal; as, for instance, none can entirely comprehend “Alastor” who has not been laid waste by the unslaked thirst for female sympathies; and so with the rest.

You have probably long ere this received the volumes of both the Tennysons. I would rather liken the sonnets\* to Keats than

\* By Charles Tennyson, who afterwards took the name of Turner. The following is the sonnet referred to, with Coleridge's note on it appended:—

“ON STARTLING SOME PIGEONS.

“A hundred wings are dropt as soft as one,  
Now ye are lighted! Pleasing to my sight  
The fearful circle of your wondering flight,  
Rapid and loud, and drawing homeward soon;  
And then, the sober chiding of your tone,  
As there ye sit, from your own roofs arraigning  
My trespass on your haunts, so boldly done,  
Sounds like a solemn and a just complaining:  
O happy, happy race! for though there clings  
A feeble fear about your timid clan,  
Yet are ye blest! with not a thought that brings  
Disquietude,—while proud and sorrowing man,  
An eagle, weary of his mighty wings,  
With anxious inquest fills his little span.”<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> “A sweet sonnet, and, with the exception of the one word ‘little,’ faultless. ‘Little’ may be a proper word, if man had been here contemplated positively. He is not so comparatively in his Eagle-relation to the pigeons.—S. T. C.” In this sonnet, as republished in 1868, “little” is changed to “mortal.”

to Wordsworth. He sufficiently modifies the objects of eye and ear by the shaping imagination, in which the latter is too often found wanting. The sonnet on startling the pigeons seems to me perfect.

“ Proud and sorrowing man,  
An eagle, weary of his mighty wings ”—

is not that surpassingly glorious, both in itself and the antithesis wherein it is set? And again—

“ When all the forests wear a ghastly stain,  
Caught from the leaden rack and shining rain.”

It seems to me rather the reducing of the image from one's own mind, where it had long wanted such a helping hand, than a new image. I think his brother may be a much greater poet even than he is, but his friends at Cambridge will materially injure him if he does not beware; no young man under any circumstances should believe that he *has* done anything, but still be forward looking.

I suppose you know we plan a very extensive migration to Cambridge next term. Kemble and myself—that is, if we return from among Geryon's sons—intend to assist at divinity lectures. Could not you be won thither, though in truth I cannot wonder at your choosing to remain where you are? If you would give me a letter soon—that is, in a very few days, for we momentarily expect sailing orders—you will add another to the many pleasures and advantages I have derived from your friendship. At the present time you will not wonder at my wishing to multiply as much as in me lies all pledges of the kindness of my friends. Kemble will take care of any letters for me.

Adieu, my dear friend.

R. C. T.

To JOHN KEMBLE.

*Chessel,*

*June 29, 1830.*

I cannot rest for hearing of the hum of mighty workings, and am very anxious, if there is any news, that you will give it me, and how soon it is probable that we shall be wanted. I am in high spirits at the prospect of our speedy hanging, as anything is better than to remain and rot in this country. We shall have need (as Danton said of old) of three things if we would prosper—“*de l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.*” I believe I did not tell you

that, in case of another Englishman being wanted, Horsman has offered himself, and his offer will probably be accepted. He is a man I have long known, and, I am sure, true to the core. If you have anything at all to communicate, pray give me a line by return of post. Do not trouble yourself with writing more, and believe me, my dear yoke-fellow in projected hanging, your affectionate friend,

R. TRENCH.

To FRANCES MARY TRENCH.\*

[*June*], 1830.

A book accompanies this letter, which, if you will thoughtfully peruse it, will place you among those more exalted thoughts and feelings, which alone can be your permanent abiding-place. The latter half of the "Aids" is far the most important, beginning with the axioms on Spiritual Religion. It is full of hard sayings, but they are worth revolving often. Indeed, I believe it impossible for one mind to communicate to another a great truth *all at once*, however by humility and earnestness that mind may be prepared to receive it. It must take root, and grow and expand like a seed cast in the earth, before it can attain its full dimensions. This, I doubt not, you have often felt when reading St. John or St. Paul. I wish I could have presented you with a copy of Coleridge's book, but it is out of print, and not to be obtained. This copy, however, you may keep as long as you please, and do not think of returning it, at least till you see me next.

From JOHN KEMBLE.

16, *St. James' Street, Westminster,*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

*Sunday Morning, July 4, 1830.*

Matters are beginning with me to assume a very positive shape. I leave England on Wednesday to visit old Tarif's landing-place, and with only one regret, that I leave it alone. What details of business I may have to execute I do not yet know; this I am to learn from T—s; † but generally, I believe, my going is to tell a few things to people out there. Hallam went on Friday to the Pyrenees,

\* Afterwards his wife. Eldest daughter of Francis Trench, second son of Frederic Trench, of Woodlawn, co. Galway, and next brother to the first Lord Ashtown. He married Mary, daughter of Henry Mason, of Shrewsbury.

† Torrijos.

so that if matters turn out well we may all meet thereabouts. Can you come up to town without inconvenience, that I may see you once again before I start? If not, and deal justly in the matter with yourself, we will hope for a happy meeting either on the other side the Bay of Biscay, or in the other world. You will not be long behind, I fancy; and if you are in the same state of fever that I am, you will think the less delay the better. At any rate, writing to me will be useless. I find that the general post does not go out on Sundays; this, therefore, cannot reach you till Tuesday morning, too late for you to start. All that remains, then, is to send you my most affectionate adieus. God bless you; till we meet, which I hope will be soon, I shall have no rest.

*To WILLIAM DONNE.*

*Southampton,*

*July 7, 1830.*

DEAREST DONNE,

In the excitement and embarrassment occasioned by other letters, I missed an important clause in yours of yesterday, wherein you requested me to inform you of the advisability of writing to Kemble. I think there are many reasons against it. The first you will perhaps think sufficient—namely, that he started this evening for Gibel Tarif, with some monitory despatches, and a letter arriving at his house could only cause some painful knowledges to his mother. I received a short and solemn letter from him yesterday; we shall meet very soon, if at all. If you have anything to say to him, and if the post permits you to get a letter by Saturday morning to London, enclose to me at the Burlington Hotel, Cork Street, and when we meet I will deliver to him what will be most grateful in the land and among the scenes where he will then be. Leave the superscription blank, and do not mention his name in the letter; for should one of us be compromised, he must not involve the other. The only regret to me is that Fortune has not thrown us together for good and for evil. For myself, I sail with the main body on Sunday. To speak frankly, I do not think our chances of success very great; and, after all, to inflict or suffer, which is preferable? Pray pardon this scrawl, and include among your wishes for me that I may henceforth write better English; but I am, as you may believe, so miserably jaded and harassed that I have no more wit than a Christian or ordinary man.

Farewell, my dear fellow ; God protect you and yours, and believe me in all your affectionate friend,

R. C. TRENCH.

Do not write to us, that is, in the land of Geryon's sons, till you hear from us, or at least decisively *of* us ; but in all this, however, you must use your own discretion.

*To the Same.*

*Portsmouth.*

(*Undated.*)

You behold what an unjust moiety of a sheet of paper Kemble has left to me. However, I believe he has done wisely, as he must have much more to communicate than myself, who only arrived here yesterday. The thought that I should find him here sustained me through a long and stormy passage, during the most of which I lay on the cabin floor. I am already half dead with the heat here, and look you that the armies join not on a hot day, for I carry but two shirts. We have got our Shakespeare here, and do little else but amuse ourselves with his humorous scenes, and have wished twenty times already that we were reading them with you, who are among the very few humourists the age can boast of.

I have regretted exceedingly we could not effect a meeting before I left England ; on one occasion, when I found four or five days during which I certainly should not have been wanted, I was near making a rush down to Norfolk, though I could but have remained for perhaps twenty-four hours. However, I feel that if anything should have precipitated the departure of the expedition, my reputation would have been shrewdly gored had I been out of the way, and was obliged to renounce such a very pleasant enterprise. We are now in daily expectation of the arrival of Torrijos, when we shall immediately proceed to action, and we shall be in God's hands, not in theirs. If we are taken, you will probably read in the *Madrid Gazette* that we died *como Christianos*, confessed, with tears in our eyes, that we had been all wrong, begged pardon of King Ferdinand, and on the top of the ladder exclaimed, "Viva el Rey !" You will easily believe that I am not always in this jesting mood, and, indeed, am now rather speaking out of the bitterness of my heart. I often, indeed, hardly wish to return to England, but when I think of the many affectionate friends who would regret this conclusion, I am ashamed of my selfish sorrows.



Believe me that among the first of these I shall ever number you my dear Donne. Adieu.

R. C. T.

Pray offer my best remembrances to your cousin, and to all in Norfolk who may be kind enough to take any interest in our proceedings. We shall live to smile at these things hereafter ; if not, why then——

*From* JOHN STERLING.

*London,*

*September 8, 1830.*

I have enclosed to you a letter for Torrijos, and another for Boyd, as also a few lines for Kemble, not knowing how else to have a chance of transmitting them safely. I am miserably anxious to learn what has become of them and of your companions, and not least of yourself. My discomfort has not been diminished by the contents of the letter you left for me. But these are insane thoughts born of overpowering distress and perplexity. You will not, however, doubt that from me you must always have the warmest sympathy, and the most profound affection. Would to God that we could again talk to each other of all that interests us, as we were formerly in the habit of doing. As to public affairs, I know nothing from abroad but what is favourable. I have to thank you over and over for your exertions, and for the means which you left with Gouger. They were of the very utmost value. Your brother has been in London, and inquired for you. He suspected what you were about. Of course I did not say no, but I endeavoured to tranquillize him as far as possible. I can tell you nothing new of any of our friends. As to myself, I can think of little but the question on which so much of all I most value in life is staked. The arrangements for my marriage and future life remain as undecided as ever.

What has Kemble been about ?

*To* W. B. DONNE.

*Gibraltar,*

*October 21, 1830.*

Why do you not write to us, my dear Donne? The packet arrived this morning and brought no letter from you, and ever since I have been plotting revenges, swift and terrible, against you. As Postumus says, I will do something. If we had you in Spain, I

would delate you as a Royalist, and then it were pity of your life, for we shall, I fear, be an awfully bloodthirsty set. There are many amongst us who would say, "Pshaw! a trifle. Give my roan horse a drench." I know not what I can tell you of the progress of the good cause, and its prospect of ultimate success. That we are still here will speak volumes of discomfort. The whole opposite coast is set with armed watches, and there are half a dozen small and great Spanish cruisers in the bay. How to set foot on the opposite coast, and be able there to support ourselves till joined by some friends there, is the labour of our present thought. When General Torrijos came out here, it was in the firm belief that all had been already arranged by the Junta here, they having told him so long back as last May that nothing was wanting but his arrival. They turn out—at least, it seems so to me—a rout of the most lying imbeciles that ever formed that most imbecile of all associations, a Spanish Junta. All has had to be begun from the beginning since the General arrived, which has been the reason of our dreary and miserable delay—most miserable, indeed, to the families of those persons engaged here, who, as Sterling tells us, are nearly starving, and he is unable to procure any funds for their support. He writes that he is quite broken down in health, so that he is unable to write his own letters, and I fear me much our still prolonged delay will add grievously to the killing anxiety, which, together with overwork, is the cause of his illness. I am miserably anxious about him, and sometimes tempted to wish that Spain were at the centre of the earth, or at least this Revolution, which I foresee will be linked to innumerable tragedies. You know he is going to be married. I do not think you are fortunate enough to know the lady. However, ask Blakesley about her. By-the-by, Blakesley was a good boy, much better than you, and wrote me a long letter, which I received this morning. It was kind and subtle and mournful—a shrewd knave. Indeed, I look upon himself and you as the only two among us who will not be broken-down traders before we are twenty-six.

*October 24.*

Thus far had I proceeded when I determined to proceed no further till I could give you some assured knowledge of what we were doing. This is now in my power. In less than twelve hours we strike. I shall carry this letter with me, and if I am still in the land of the living, you will find the result in a postscript. I assure you the end is sufficiently dubious. The state of our prospects is nearly

this. We are promised the co-operation of most of the subaltern officers and soldiers who form the small corps of observation on the opposite coast. They are to arrest their superior officers, and join us immediately on our landing, which will be at midnight. We land, a party of rather more than a hundred men, well armed, of course, and, as a gallows is behind us, desperate enough. The majority are general officers, and, I believe, the flower of Spain. For Ferdinand, this "push will cheer him ever or dis-seat him quite." If these men, educated by the war of independence and the constitution, are cut off, there will remain no hope for Spain. Not that I believe there is much even now. However, let her have a fair chance, and her misery and degradation, if she must be miserable and degraded, lie at her own door. You would scarcely believe what a dead, stirless pool my mind is at the present moment; I feel neither enthusiasm, nor hope, nor fear, nor exultation. When the moment comes I suppose I shall hold out my iron as the rest. I have two or three dreary tasks to accomplish in the next twelve hours, some letters to write which I recoil from, with a feeling of helpless unwillingness. However, they must be written, and I shall goad myself to the task. All I wish now is that a man might know the end of this day's business.

But we will talk a little of other matters. Pray tell me in your next letter what you are doing, and what the literary outlines before you are. Besides being interesting as concerning yourself, they are always matter for me full of thought. You cannot dream how earnestly I long to sit myself quietly down, and ordinate for myself a plan of continuous and connected study. I have been writing very little. I do not feel either that outward or inward calm and harmony, without the last of which, at least, it is an insult to the majesty of poetry to attempt composition. Blakesley tells me he sent you my "Tradition of the Alhambra." Do not think I am vain and foolish enough to believe it is a ballad. It is rather an elegant, but a very puny weakling, which has evidently been nourished on pap and sago instead of mother's milk. Saving Tennyson's "Oriana," I do not think I could name a *mere* ballad which this age has produced. Lyrical ballads enough, and very beautiful. I do not know any book that I lay down with a feeling of such utter despair as Percy's "Reliques."

I have very much to do, so for the present farewell, my dear, dear friend. Kindest greeting to all yours. One of my first duties on returning to England will be to come and see you, for we have

been too long without changing our souls in talk. But I am warned to leave room for our bulletin.

Should anything disastrous happen—I mean should we all be cut off—for God's sake, go to London immediately and be with Sterling. I have shuddering apprehensions of how he may receive the news. He will accuse himself as the cause of all. Pray do this.

*October 25.*

I want words to express to you the bitterness of feeling with which I take up my pen to announce to you the present failure, and, probably, entire wreck of our hopes in this part of the country, and all without a gun being fired. Do not demand of me the recital; I am too much overborne by overpowering distress. I feel that I shall have the sympathy of our friends in England, and this somewhat upholds me. The twenty-four hours which yet must elapse before the packet sails may be pregnant with results. I will keep my letter open till the last moment. *Adios.*

*October 26.*

The mail closes in a few hours, but I have nothing to communicate. We have received official news that the Constitutionalists have entered Navarre. It is vexatious enough that we should be the last in the field. As soon as anything is done, believe that yourself will be among the first whom I shall rejoice to make partakers of our good; or, if "austerer glory of suffering remains for us," to unburden our calamities to you, of whose sympathies I am assured.

*To the Same.*

*Gibraltar,*

*November 17, 1830.*

In the wreck of our own hopes, we had need, my dear Donne, yesterday of some sustaining delight, some reflection from the happiness of a friend, and we received a surprising joy from your letter. I have not seen Kemble since it arrived. He has been in the Bay for the last two or three days on business, but he was thoughtfully kind enough instantly to send it to me. Long has it seemed to me that our only hope of lightening the burden and solving the mystery of the unintelligible beauty of the universe, which I have sometimes felt to lie upon me almost like a curse, reposed in women's love, and that the key to the cypher-writing was here locked up. If this be a truth, how must I congratulate you, to whom so

many things are becoming clear, and so many intelligible. Few and (when I count back the months) too far removed from this present were the days of pure delight which I passed at Mattishall, yet even in those I saw enough of her whom you have made yours, to exult especially at this conclusion ; and you, too, while you receive, give likewise what is good and noble. Often do I recur to those glorious evenings which we speeded, feeding upon the loftiest thoughts of old and of modern poetry. It would be well for us if every day in our lives we read a great poem, and saw a fine picture (for me it should be most days a Claude, whom in this southern land I am beginning to believe), and heard some beautiful music ; and yet all is too little to sustain the mind at its fitting pitch. The yearning after, the unslaked thirst, for power and majesty, is the curse of our nature, and, I believe, particularly of this unhappy age, wherein we, for some antenatal transgressions, have been born. When shall we discuss these things, and the good and ill which it affords for the nourishment of the lofty mind ? You must not, now you are married, hate us youth. Kemble says we are sun-burned, and may sit in a corner. Heigh-ho !


I might, by scribbling more trash, defer the moment when I should lay before you the melancholy situation of our affairs ; but arrive it must, and, though loth to cast any gloom on you at this moment, I may as well arm you for the worst that may befall. There no longer remains any hope of effecting a revolution, at least for the present, in Spain. Almost all our friends in the country, who have attempted to fulfil the promises they made to us, are prisoners or fugitives ; our own attempts, either to make a lodgment on the other side, or to secure the ships of war in the bay, have been thrice baffled. If we enter the country it is to our sure destruction. We have not, as our friends in the north, a certain retreat in our rear ; none, indeed, but this single rock and the ocean ; therefore marvel at nothing. Had our career been one of prompt success and conquest, I should assuredly have retired from it early. Many, many are the reasons which prompt me to a return to England. By my absence I am hazarding the happiness of my life. But I am bound by every principle not to withdraw my aid while any of the crew think the good ship may avoid the rocks. My own opinion I have stated already ; therefore, by all the immortal gods, do not let — come out here, as he seems to hint may be his intention. We are quite enough for misfortune and disaster. Neither be surprised if the date of my next letter is Falmouth or Marseilles. Should General Torrijos

be convinced that no rational hope remains, that the people of Spain do not desire a constitution, he will not urge on a movement which must entail so much evil, even if successful, and so unmingled and uncompensated evil, if otherwise. Pity me when I look around upon the Spaniards gathered here, with some of whom I would rejoice to exchange the name of friend, and ask myself what is to become of them. They have renounced the pittances they received from foreign Governments; they have exhausted their means in equipping themselves for this expedition; they are far from their temporary homes; they have irritated the Spanish Government so far that they can now look for no amnesty; and, worst of all, they see deferred, perhaps lost for ever, all hope of renouncing the withering estate of exile. What is to be the end of these things, God only has ordained and knows. All our latest accounts of Sterling have been most afflicting and alarming. I have not heard from him for more than two months, and I hear now that he is too ill to write. The failure of this business, as he will receive it to himself, will nearly, if not altogether, kill him; and under these dreary auspices his marriage has taken place. At any rate, I rejoice that he is no longer his own, and will not now attempt anything mad and irrevocable. Nothing, however, from that quarter would now take me by surprise. In him I should lose a friend to whose shaping intellect during years of familiar intercourse my mind is indebted for the very little which it possesses. I owe him an unpayable debt.

*November 21.*

Thus far had I written a few days since, when I deferred concluding my letter till the moment that the packet should sail. "A chink of hope," as Mina says, is still ours. An officer has devoted himself, and has departed for Cadiz to make an appeal to the soldiery there, whose general disposition is said to be excellent. Give us Cadiz, and the contest will then remain to be fairly fought, and I shall not fear for the result. But unless Cadiz or some other stronghold declares for us, the chances of a successful termination are very few. For myself, I am sorely perplexed what conduct to pursue. I have faint glimpses of hope that, returning home, I might, as you have done, secure for myself a prize for life; and yet, amid danger and difficulty and distress, I cannot leave my friends. Altogether "a weary, weary way I go." Of one thing I rest assured, that in all I shall have your lovingest and sincerest sympathy.

Your partial friendship does me wrong, when you would have me



dedicate myself to verse. I feel that I have had at some moments a tolerably clear intuition of what the end and aim of poetry is, and of the means by which they are to be attained, but never accompanied by a conscientiousness of a correspondent power in my own mind, rather by a painful sense of weakness. The poet should be all-knowing, and possess the ends of the earth and all that it embraces in fee, in his own individual life; the past should be a pledge for the future. Pray make my kindest remembrances to your wife. You have my earnest prayers, which you cannot fail to meet.

From ARTHUR HALLAM.\*

*Trinity College,*

*December 2, 1830.*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

I cannot let this letter go without saying one word of affectionate [word torn] to you and Kemble. I heard with great joy that you were safe on the 21st of last month, but I earnestly hope to have soon the greater pleasure of knowing you returned, and really safe in England. I had hoped and believed till the very last for the success of the noble cause for which you are struggling; but in spite of Kemble's sanguine letters, I can hope and believe no longer. The game is lost in Spain; but how much good remains to be done here! The country is in a more awful state than you can well conceive. While I write, Maddingley, or some adjoining village, is in a state of conflagration, and the sky above is coloured flame-red. This is one of a thousand such actions committed daily throughout England. The laws are almost suspended; the money of foreign factions is at work with a population exasperated into reckless fury. I do not, however, apprehend a revolution, as the intelligent part of the community are tolerably united, and the present ministers seem prepared to meet the emergency. I know not whether Blakesley has told you anything about the Tennysons. Alfred went, as you know, with me to the south of France, and a wild, bustling time we had of it. I played my part as conspirator in a small way, and made friends with two or three gallant men, who have been since trying their luck with Valdes. I found too many signs of that accursed jealousy which has since broken out; and a certain friend of yours was looked upon with no very amicable eyes. La Fayette I was delighted with. Kemble's anti-Gallican propensities may be damned; there is sterling stuff in that man. I must bid you farewell. God of His mercy preserve you both. Pray remember me most earnestly to Kemble,

\* On the sheet of a letter from J. W. Blakesley.

and think of me as of one who sympathizes heart and soul in your cause, but who strongly doubts, or rather, altogether disbelieves, the practicability of success, and would therefore fain have you back again in old England and old Cambridge.

*From the Same.*

*Trinity College,  
March 6, 1831.*

The tidings I received of you this morning were most welcome. Thank God, you are in England, and amongst us once more. Your letter is full, however, of sadness, and, indeed, though some of it may fairly be laid to the account of those annoyances which after a voyage of a fortnight will have changed into disgust most people's "reverential fear of the old sea," I cannot but feel you have reason for your mournfulness. You have failed in your purpose, and, after enduring the fever and turbulence of the means, you have missed that end which might have given you actual peace and a satisfied retrospection. Still, you have not laboured in vain, although Spain is, to use Kemble's expression, "willingly and exultingly enslaved," and although you have gained nothing with the world by your enterprise, for you laboured in a rightful hope, and believing better things of men than they have laid claim to in the event. I am grieved that Kemble is not with you. He waits, you say, till the end. What further end, in the name of wonder, can there be? Is it possible that Torrijos has yet a party? And will Kemble consent to join himself to the precarious actions of a fruitless bravery, rather than return to his natural home and the clear course of ordinary duties? I cannot think you have done wrong in returning, nor do any of your old and good friends, as far as I know, think so, for whose judgment I should, of course, expect you to care more than for mine. But I do not wonder you should feel these misgivings and backward yearnings of mind. I only trust you will find England is not yet so sunken but that many duties, many privileges, and many hopes remain for her sons.

*From JOHN STERLING.*

*Knightsbridge,  
March 31, 1831.*

MY DEAR TRENCH,\*

You will guess what I am thinking of from the mistake of the name. I have heard from Boyd, and all is over in the south

\* In the original letter "Boyd" is written first instead of "Trench," and crossed out.



of Spain. He says that if any one had put himself at the head of the people at Cadiz the question was settled as to Andalusia, as the town was for twenty-four hours without a government, which simply means, I suppose, that there was an interval before the appointment of the new governor. From blundering as to the signals, the troops at La Isla supposed the constitution proclaimed at Cadiz, and declared themselves. They were repulsed in an attack on the Cortadura, and then, to the number of eight hundred, sallied out and went to Vejar, where, instead of marching on Algesiras, they remained till Quesada surrounded them and forced them to lay down their arms. The two hundred who were in the Sierra under Manzanares, and who had gone out from Gibraltar, are also all destroyed. Manzanares killed the two spies who betrayed him, and then fell on his own sword. Torrijos is in Gibraltar, and Boyd with him, who thinks that he will probably determine upon going to France. Boyd himself had enlisted the party of Manzanares, and their wives and children now come to him constantly for bread. He has been dismissed from the Indian army, and I have the comfort of knowing that the whole is my doing. He does not mention Kemble. I am very thankful that you, at least, are in England. God bless you !

## CHAPTER V.

1831.

“Thou hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathom'd, no man knows ;  
I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for Thy repose :  
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be  
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee.”  
WESLEY, *from the German of TIERSTEGEN.*

TO FRANCES MARY TRENCH.

*London,*

MY DEAR COUSIN,

*March 28, 1831.*

Having escaped the wide destruction which I fear has involved all my friends, and some of them very near ones, who had remained in Spain, I am about to proceed to Ireland, but cannot deny myself the pleasure of seeing on the way my uncle and aunt, and likewise yourself, and hope to find myself at Bath on the day after to-morrow. I have had a bitter undeception of all my vain imaginations, and quite suffered enough from my own feelings of disappointment and self-dissatisfaction, to escape any further rebuke even from you, who used to tell me so much and such unpleasant truth, and for which I have always felt sincerely grateful. Pray give my best love to my uncle and aunt, and believe me, your affectionate cousin,

RICHD. CHENEVIX TRENCH.

This one note from his ill-fated comrade was preserved to the end by Archbishop Trench :—

*From* ROBERT BOYD.

*Gibraltar,*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

*April 18, 1831.*

I take up my pen in despair. Nothing new has occurred since my last ; we are now occupied in the old project of cutting out

the gun-brig opposite, but as we have nothing but Genoese, and Gibraltar barbers, I am afraid we will make a bad fight. You have by this time, no doubt, seen my friends in Ireland; and since they will not condescend to speak of themselves, perhaps you will. Should I ever return to Ireland I shall avail myself of your kind offer. The British Islands are in too quiet and organized a state for a man who in the agitated and troubled regions of the continent must look for a precarious subsistence. Would to God it was otherwise.

In the mean time you must consider this as a letter, and you must send me a long one in return. For the present adieu, and believe me, my dear Trench, ever yours sincerely,

ROBERT BOYD.

*From* JOHN STERLING.

*Knightsbridge,*

*May 14, 1831.*

I have been involved ever since we parted in one difficulty after another, and often two or three at a time. First I was a good deal distressed by the application of Torrijos for more money, which I could only answer by stating the despair of every one here on the subject of Spain, and the consequent impossibility of raising a maravedi. I am still in the thick of these disturbances, and in the midst of them all I have had to carry on my preparations for a residence across the Atlantic. You will see, therefore, that I have had enough to do, independently of the worrying and depression, which would tame a wild beast or drive a tame one mad. The best fortune that has fallen to me has been a visit of two or three days from Maurice, who came from the bed of a dying sister—as wise, excellent, and delightful as ever—and returned some time ago to a home which will, I fear, before many days, be made desolate by her death. I have been getting together a few books, among which are the original numbers of *The Friend*, bound up, the works of Pico of Mirandula, and the “*Summa Theologiæ*” of Aquinas—an enormous folio, in good condition, price 7s.\* Circumstances as to property make it likely that I shall not have so long a Transatlantic leisure to read them, as I supposed formerly. But as to this I am, of course, very uncertain. I shall certainly, I think, sail on Saturday, the 21st inst., or Monday, the 23rd. Is there any hope of seeing you before

\* They were all lost in the awful tornado which laid waste the island of St. Vincent. Sterling writes, August 28, 1831: “No money would repay me for the loss of my books, of which a large proportion had been in my hands for so many years that they were like old and faithful friends.”

then? At all events, I will write to you as soon as I arrive; and I suppose I had better direct to you at Brockley Park. I am in tolerable health, and my wife very well, and I dare say we shall get on well enough when we reach the tropics, provided we steer clear of the albatrosses.

*From* JOHN KEMBLE.\*

*79, Great Russell Street,*

MY DEAR RICHARD,

*May 28, 1831.*

I have at length followed your example, which might have given me courage sooner if I were less subject to foolish and false fancies of my own. Thank God, however, the step is taken. I am here in the bosom of my family, and very resolute to shut my ears to the voice even of the wisest charmers that shall tempt me again to leave it. Poor Boyd remains in Gibraltar, and, indeed, I hardly know what he could do were he to leave it. Yet he is, I think, quite as hopeless as myself for the event; at all events, I am sure it is not the infatuated confidence of Torrijos, which, marvellous to relate, only increases with every fresh misfortune that imposes upon him. But he feels that for him the die is cast, and that he must sink or swim. At this moment our friends have not an armed man in Spain on their party, and many thousands armed against them. All the Spaniards in Gibraltar Bay have been arrested, and sent, at their own request, to Algiers; so that in the garrison no one remains but Torrijos and some four or five friends, whom, for his sake, I could wish farther from him.

*To* JOHN KEMBLE.

*Brockley Park,*

MY DEAR JOHN,

*May 29, 1831.*

I had a letter written and directed for you at Gibraltar, which I rejoice especially to find that yours of this day has rendered useless. Believe me (and in saying it I am not consciously swayed by a personal interest) that you have chosen the loftiest part in returning, for though unfortunately there is no more worthless stake that *we* could hazard than our lives, yet, with such a mother and sister as you possess, you ought not further to have put in jeopardy their peace and happiness. During my brief stay in town, most of which

\* Directed to Brockley Park, Stradbally (in the Queen's County). Richard Trench's father had given up his home near Southampton about two years after his wife's death, and had established himself in Ireland, intending to remain permanently amongst his kinsfolk.

I was confined in my room by illness, I called several times at Russell Street, but was not fortunate enough to see your family more than twice.

I have now been in Ireland for more than a month. Would you like to know what we are doing here? Christianity, or rather the Church establishment, which should be the chief machine of civilization, is nearly powerless for that end here; it is not the "mother of form and fear," but, wielded as it is by the Catholic Jacobinical clergy, disorganizes society altogether. This clergy opposes any education which is worthy the name. The Protestants are selfish, and divided and violent; selfish, for they will not permit the establishment of a poor law, which might at any rate palliate the extreme misery of the people. Yet, with all this, they are quite willing to give up the Protestant Church, thinking either that they will share the spoil, or that it will be a sop to the demands of their antagonists. Soon, very soon, we may expect to hear of the recognition and payment of the Catholic clergy. Would not Baxter or Milton have sooner cut off his hand than offered it to such an unworthy compromise? The tone of society under present circumstances, you may believe, is not very delectable. Politics much too nearly affect a man's life and property to let us differ very amicably. I do not open my mouth on them, but stand and mark. Then we have religious controversies in plenty, "to feed the simple and offend the wise," and these intruding among the sanctities of domestic life. The fact is, as you will guess, that Ireland is not the place for me. I have been too long in England, have formed too many associations there, I respect and love it too highly, ever to account any other my country, and yet, oh grief, that earth's best hopes rest all with it.

You must wonder, after the wreck of our late hopes, what new object or aims one can have for one's studies. I give myself pretty assiduously to modern history, and attempt to hear the flowing of the great stream of tendency, though I cannot say with much success. From it, more than aught else, I feel that there is a hollowness at the heart of all things, which conviction one is unhappily too apt to entertain without the aid of these studies. I collect notes after my indolent fashion for "*Antonio Perez*," but have not plotted a tragedy on the subject, though you hold out to me a strong temptation. I would rather make it an illustration of the character of that sad intelligencing tyrant, who mischiefed the world with his mines of Ophir. Watson imagines that he has explained his character when he has called him a bigot, though I believe Philip was very remote from this character.

You tell me very scanty tidings of our friends in England.

Where is Donne? I have not heard from him for ages. I am determined to see him soon, and look what sort of animal a married man is. If I do not go to Cambridge next term, which is very probable, I shall pass the winter in Germany. I had already heard of Tennyson's loss. I saw him for a few hours at Cambridge, and heard recited some of his poems, which were at least as remarkable as any in his book. Are you in communication with any wise or good? If so, put me into their remembrance, and tell them if I had wherewith to fill a letter I would do it. Do not write a novel on the subject you propose; the history of those events is too satisfying. Not even your powers could make anything more beautiful than the truth. Read Barante's "Burgundy" on the subject, or Turner, and I am sure you will agree with me. Maurice's novel, I rejoice to say, will certainly be published. Sterling's I do not think will appear at present. I do not think it is quite worthy of him. The moral of it, as it appears to me, viz. that everything is nought, is not very satisfactory, even if true. Your letters have all of late been written in the like spirit, which grieves me much, though I cannot well see how it could be otherwise. However, I trust much for us all to the healing influences of family affection.

To W. B. DONNE.

*Brockley Park, Stradbally,*

*June 6, 1831.*

How is it that we have so long intermitted writing to one another? Do not let us widen that chasm between our mutual thoughts and feelings which, when we meet, we shall at all events find sufficiently difficult to fill up. I know that you are now independent of us poor solitary pilgrims; but yet take pity on us, till we have found a home and a resting-place. You have heard, probably, from Kemble—at any rate of him; he is no more the Prometheus of that rock *χθονὸς ἐς τηλουρὸν πέδον*. I rejoice exceedingly that he is returned. I hope that last apostle of liberty shook the dust of Spain from his feet, as he turned from that unworthy land for ever. You do not know, you unfortunately have never been in frequent contact with, that merest *lamina* of humanity, a southern Liberal, who turns to France and its philosophy and its politics, as Caliban to Trinculo: "I prithee be my god; thou bearest celestial liquor; let me kiss thy feet." There is no line short enough to fathom the depth of his shallowness. Far, far superior to him in the dignity of humanity is

the Spanish Royalist, who, with all his superstition, possesses two ideas—those of his King and his God. The system of the other seems to be that the State should have the least possible claims upon any individual in it, and God none. Of a *nation*, as anything different from a horde of human beings, aggregated together for mutual interest, they have no conception.\*

For lack of more interesting subject matter, I believe I must talk to you a little about myself. After two years of very troublesome existence, I at length find myself in possession of repose and leisure ; of the latter I attempt to profit as I can, but lack encouragement, an object, and an aim. Anything like a progress of education which should include many and co-ordinated studies I have long since renounced. It is, perhaps, too late ; at any rate, I have not the strength of will which would uphold me through it. I am content to amass, or rather to scrape together, a little, and tumble it all together in a heap. Verse-writing I am no longer addicted to ; save half a dozen sonnets I have written nothing, prose or rhyme,† for the last twelve months. I had a mind to put into verse a long ballad of a Catholic martyress which I bought for something less than a farthing on the walls of Seville, but on looking at it again I find it too good to spoil ; it is the story of Santa Genoveva. I am quite rich (I do not mean that I have made them mine save outwardly) in their legends and visions and mystical divinity, in which last, I guess, the chief wealth of Spanish literature lies concealed alike from the eyes of natives and foreigners.‡ By-the-by, I have been

\* See a note at p. 478 of "Notes on the Miracles," in "The Cursing of the Barren Fig-tree" (12th edit., 1884), where "succours of Spain" is mentioned as a proverbial expression, meaning "unhelpful help."

† "Then I remembered that from thy lips fell  
Large words of promise, how thou couldst succeed  
All darkest mysteries of life to spell ;  
Therefore I pleaded with thee now to read  
The riddle that was haffling me, with speed,  
To yield some answer to the questioning.  
Something thou spak'st, but nothing to my need,  
So that I counted thee an idle thing,  
Who, having promised much, couldst no true succour bring.  
And I turned from thee, and I left thee quite."

From the lines "To Poetry."

‡ Later, he explored this mine, making its treasures his in every sense ; especially the writings of Luis of Granada, John of the Cross, and Teresa of Avila. He was wont to speak with great admiration of the classical beauty of St. Teresa's writings, apart from their theological value.

reading the theosophic cobbler of late ; he is certainly obscure, as every one must be who goes as far back as the perverted will, and does not, as most of our divines, deal merely with the visible outgrowth of evil actions or evil thoughts which fall within the direct consciousness. There is a passage where he describes his first seeing into the life of things, which I wish we were reading together, and how in after times, when he had set down what he beheld, the sun would hide itself, "and then I knew not nor understood my own labour."

I am just concluding Pascal's letters for the first time. What an immeasurable superiority his irony has over that of Gibbon ; for it has the foundation and the vantage-ground of earnestness. For my own part, I look upon a man who attacks everything with ridicule as a moral monster and contradiction ; for without reverencing something, I cannot understand how one can ridicule aught. To the moral indifference of Gibbon or Voltaire there can be no contrast or antagonism. I do not know whether I make myself intelligible, but I have a meaning to myself, or at least seem so.

Do you know anything of one Henry Vaughan, or when he lived, or if his poems are to be bought ? I have met one or two stanzas from his "*Silex Scintillans*" which have given me an especial desire to get his book. This is one, on the promising subject of a piece of timber :—

"Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,  
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,  
Past o'er thy head ; many light hearts and wings  
Which now are dead, lodged in thy living towers."

Is not that last line and a half noble ? And, again, on a rainbow :—

"When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,  
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;  
Rain gently spends his honey drops, and pours  
Balm on the deft earth, milk on grass and flowers."

I am sure, if you have never seen these lines, you will be obliged to me for enriching my letter with them, and will not grudge them their room, even if you have.

I can give you no news, at least which deserves the title, of any of our friends. I heard from Sterling two or three days previous to his departure ; he wrote with all the annoyances of business on him, but in tolerable spirits. I hope and believe that his estate in St. Vincent will turn out profitable, or at least so far as to exempt him from the drudgery of getting his bread, and leave him at liberty to



turn to what studies he pleases. Maurice's novel has been bought by Colburn, and will be probably published this summer. I only heard one chapter of it, on the growth of a young man's political opinions. I have not read anything equal which this age has produced, save, perhaps, some chapters in *The Friend*. Pray tell me what you are writing, and your literary plans; for you trace out magnificent ones, and of which I envy you much the conception, though my indolence would prevent me from ever going through the execution of anything which demanded continuous labour.

From W. B. DONNE.

*Ilfracombe,*

*June 9, 1831.*

Now that I have at length found you out, I will not suffer mine eyelids to slumber, nor will I open a book or think a thought until your just claims upon me for a letter are satisfied. At first, my not writing to you in Spain when last I wrote to Kemble, was laziness; afterwards I could not learn your address.

How very happy was I to learn that you had returned from your hard and harassing sojourn for a hopeless cause! I could not tell you of my feelings at your embarking in it a year since, for you cautioned me of writing explicitly and directly, for fear of the letter's miscarriage. I felt deeply and bitterly the mockery, at that time, of saying anything; but of my thoughts and admiration of yourselves, and my fears and anxiety and *self-sorrow* for the indefinite absence of two such near and dear friends—all this was forbidden me; and I only trust you knew enough of me not to consider me as cold or insensible, because I studiously avoided all direct mention of your circumstances, and nearly all expression of my own feelings. To write, I assure you, such a letter as I felt obliged to send was a most bitter mockery and masking of my spirit.

May I hope, my dear Trench, that the hopes you hinted at are not unfruitful, and that a yet happier season of life is opening upon you than any former experienced one? If I read your words aright you will understand me. They were very few, but they were of such weight and meaning as only an anxious and zealous friend can tell. You have no common intellectual duties upon you—a sacred call from poetry, and a severe charge from the wise master-spirits of men in every age so to cultivate yourself as that they may not have lived in vain for you; and the corner-stone in the life-weal of a scholar and a poet, his steady and unfading bliss in a world of change and

effort, is a wife. The "fever and the fret" which follow labour; the obstacles from without that flesh is heir to, and from within; the false whisperings and flattering motions of *self*, winning us to intermit our care with false-named relaxation, even when we ought not to loosen, but to bind up more strongly our wills for yet nobler things, are soothed and removed from our way, are hushed, and gently though firmly, chidden, by that kind and faithful ally. If you have this prospect, you shall have my earnest wishes and prayers for your constant happiness, and even well-being of life.

What have you been doing since you left Spain? and what intend you for the service of God and man? The poet in any circumstances moulds objects to his purposes, and I am sure even in your painful sojourning at Gibraltar your thoughts and shaping spirit were not idle. When and how can I see its fruits? Blakesley sent me three sonnets: "What Maiden gathers;" "O dowered;" "The moments."\* The two first are most delightful—worthy English sonnets; the second, of her who has chosen "the better part with

\* The first of these was published in the first edition of "Justin Martyr and Other Poems," but omitted in later editions. It is dated in the note-book "August, 1830," and is as follows:—

" *To F—*.

"What maiden gathers flowers, who does not love?"<sup>1</sup>  
And some have said that none in summer bowers,  
Save lovers, wreath them garlands of fresh flowers.  
O lady, of a purpose dost thou move  
Through garden walks as willing to disprove  
This gentle faith; who, with uncared-for hand,  
Hast culled a thousand thus at my command,  
Wherewith thou hast this dewy garland wove.  
There is no meaning in a thousand flowers.  
*One* lily from its green stalk wouldst thou part  
Or pluck, and to my bosom I will fold—  
One rose, selected from these wealthy bowers,  
Up-gathering closely to its virgin heart  
An undivulged hoard of central gold."

The sonnet, "O dowered with a searching glance to see," is amongst the published poems, as is also the third sonnet mentioned by Mr. Donne, "The moments that we rescue and redeem," dated in the note-book "October, 1829."

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<sup>1</sup> "Qual es la niña  
Que coge las flores  
Si no tien amores."

*Spanish Ballad.*

Mary and with Ruth," in its conduct, diction, and the exquisite beauty of the close, ought to be heedfully inserted when you give your poems to the world's eye, as the last of this triad gives us hope you will. I do not mean to exclude the others, but to mark "O dowered" as especially admirable. I hope you will write to me very soon and tell me your plottings in verse and prose.

I have heard from Kemble, and my joy for his safe return is unspeakable. He writes in bad spirits, but I hope that is only casual and temporal. Good-bye, my dear friend.

To JOHN KEMBLE.

*Brockley Park,*

*July 16, 1831.*

MY DEAR JOHN,

Why do you not write to me and tell me what you are doing, or intend to do, and likewise where our friends Hallam and Tennant are; for I wish to write to both, if anybody would prate to me of their whereabouts? It is a long, long while since I have heard from England, which I take particularly ill, as one is here in a sort of exile. What do you intend to play on this humorous stage of the world? I cannot find a part to suit me, but one must fill up some or other. We have traded long enough in self-conceits, and a few months ago became both of us sheer bankrupts—what remains for us? Luckily, the world is going to pieces, and perhaps when it forms again we may find ourselves in more satisfactory situations. I have given over despairing, and reading Shelley, and am beginning to acquiesce in things just as they are going on; in brief, to the great satisfaction of all my friends and relations, subsiding into a very respectable worldling. In good truth, one cannot make a concordance either of the universe without us, or within, and we only set ourselves a-jarring and bring our contradictions into more open day by the attempt. Are you not now satisfied that I am a rascal, as I begin to justify myself? I do not do much now, save read French memoirs and such like, which, as they never imagined the possibility of any other state of society or development save their own, do not disturb by vain graspings and pantings after loftier states of existence. I wish that you would find out for me whether the "Memoirs of Villeroi," foreign secretary to Henri IV., are in existence, likewise whether those of Du Plessis Mornay are published, as when I return to England I wish to look over both for some illustrations of A. Perez. Would you, too, inquire whether the life of this latter worthy, who certainly was the greatest and cleverest scoundrel that the world

ever knew, has been written by Llorente? You recollect that this latter, in his "History of the Inquisition," expresses an intention to do so.

Where shall you be at the end of August and beginning of September? for I shall quit Ireland then, and indeed, if my brother returns from England, sooner, and shall not return to it for some time.

Since I commenced this letter, which was two days ago, I have heard from Donne; he is at Ilfracombe, and writes cheerily, and sends me some very beautiful verses of his own, which, however, I am too lazy to transcribe. Where is Torrijos, and Boyd? Have you lately heard from either? I wish to write to them both; any news about either would be very grateful. What can you be doing at the British Museum, which Milnes tells me you frequent? Not, I trust, studying Provençal or any of those fooleries. It is time for us to put away those childish things. By-the-by, have you seen Southey's "Old English Poets"? It is a wretchedly printed volume, and does not contain a remark of his worth a jot, but holds many poems which do not easily come in the way of one who does not command a library. I have been reading Lord Brooke for the first time; he is stronger thoughted even than Daniel. I only speak of his treatise on religion. If you have not read it, pray read it; and if you have read it, read it again. Would that we had such thinkers now. I was disagreeably surprised, on taking up Sophocles a few days since, to find that I had forgotten well-nigh all my Greek, which never was much. I am now reading a portion of Pindar, whom I love for his Dorian staidness and his reverence for whatever is ancient of days and worthy of reverence—*αἰνεῖν αἰνέτα*, as himself says. Would it be possible to translate him into blank lyric, or rather, is it not the only metre in which he could be faithfully rendered?

What are your notions about the Reform Bill? I confess myself much alarmed, and do not look at it with that eye of favour which everybody seems to expect one should. If anomalies are once to justify alterations, there is no reason why we should stop till we have got everywhere an equal proportion of population returning the same number of members. I wish that we had a Burke or a Sully, or any one who loved to stand on the ancient ways, to arrest them in their march. However, this country will go to wreck before England. I hate the Orangemen, who are sanguinary and violent, and yet I see in them the last hope of Ireland. Exasperation will lose Ireland, conciliation will lose it equally; we are in a dilemma of destruction. Did I possess any property in this country, I would sell it at any loss

whatsoever, and am trying to persuade my father to do so. However, he thinks, perhaps rightly, that the acres will stick by those who will stand by them.

Where are the Bartons? Pray, answer me soon, and all my questions.

TO WILLIAM B. DONNE.

*Brockley Park,*

MY DEAR DONNE,

*August 7, 1831.*

It is certainly no easy thing to begin a letter even to one's best friends, as I find to-day, having had this sheet of paper before me for more than a quarter of an hour, seeking in vain for subjects worthy of communication. You, I suppose, are still at Ilfracombe, or, at all events, a letter directed thither will reach you. Have you seen Blakesley, who is at Tiverton, a place, I believe, in North Devon? I cannot guess what he is doing there, unless reading for a fellowship, or purposing to get up a counter-revolution in the well-boroughed counties of the west. I warn him beforehand that I will not meddle in another conspiracy. I sometimes reconcile myself to the Bill from the considerations of its inevitableness, and its necessity. Every constitution that has a fair development must end—some sooner, as Athens (which was prematurely ripened for it by the unwise institutions of Solon), others later, as Rome and England—in a democracy. This is better, for its progress insures a longer period of glory and prosperity and outward expansion, than the other alternative, which awaited Sparta and Venice, and some of the middle-ages cities, such as Nuremberg, namely, a wolfish oligarchy. The bow of the first became too broad; they did not recollect what is assuredly true in politics, though perhaps not so in the strictness of words, that unless you exclude something, you can include nothing.

However, it is a vain wisdom to philosophize on the subject; though, lacking action, one is irresistibly impelled to do it. We are fallen upon evil days. Happy are they who, like you, have withdrawn from the sorrow of the time. England does not seem to guess what is coming upon her, but still sits alone like a queen, and says she shall know no sorrow. None will pause and listen to the beatings of "the prophetic heart of the great world, dreaming of things to come." Do you ever consult the auguries of time for Poland? I yet look very hopefully upon them and their struggle. They have the incalculable advantage of a history full of great and glorious deeds and men, and

of a nationality strongly and distinctly expressed, and they are not so far advanced in our civilization as to hold these things as nought ; to them and their religious convictions they seem chiefly to cling as their strength and their support. France is willing to abstain from the struggle which must come upon her, just till the moment when her intervention will cease to be of any avail. She will then perhaps mischief the world again for another quarter of a century.

I have been tempted to begin to translate a small volume of curious Spanish memoirs. They are of Antonio Perez, private secretary to Philip of Spain, afterwards his mortal enemy. He broke prison, escaped to the court of Henri IV., from thence to England, where he found refuge and friends, and laid bare the secrets of the court of Spain ; and it is, indeed, a wondrous revelation of that sad intelligencing tyrant, that mischiefed the world with his mines of Ophir.

Have you heard lately from Kemble ? I want to persuade him to edit Chaucer, for, save the Canterbury Tales, all the rest is detestably done. What an extraordinarily elaborate *artist*, regarding the composition as distinguished from but not opposed to the poetry, was Chaucer, sometimes perhaps too apparently one. To me there is nothing so enjoyable, nothing to which one can recur with so unsated a delight, as the introduction to the tales, save some of the humorous scenes of Shakespeare, and perhaps some chapters of "Don Quixote." Southey says in his "Poets" that it is certainty he wrote rhythmically and not metrically, and therein, to my mind, errs, as he does in most of his judgments regarding our old literature. Have you seen his volume of the old poets ? It is detestably printed and punctuated, but gives one Davies on the Immortality of the Soul, and Browne's "Pastorals," and Daniel, and, greatest of all, Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, for whom my admiration is waxing every time I peruse his treatises. I have two or three ancient grudges against Southey. He calls the theosophic cobbler, Jacob Behmen, a mad shoemaker, and despatches him in this very summary fashion. I dare say Robert, who has not half so many titles to our respect as Jacob, would cry out, and very justly, if any one finished him off as a turncoat laureate with nothing more of appreciation.

I shun speaking of Irish affairs ; they are so miserable and full of despair. I therefore have nothing to gossip of save literature. The translation of Niebuhr's second volume must by this time be nearly ready. I see it is reviewed in the *Foreign Quarterly*, probably from the original. In that man's death, literature sustained a greater loss than it has endured for many a day, yet he had some

faults. He was too ethnic, and took too merely a human interest in the great on-march of society. Sometimes, too, he would seem to think that Rome had only existed that a German professor might write its history, instead of having fought and suffered and conquered that the world might be taught by examples the lessons of all political wisdom, and that by one great military state the northern tribes might be fended off from the south till classical Europe had fulfilled its appointed civilization. I should much like to talk with you of Rome, and what it has established for the world and what put out. The balance in favour of the good it has done, weighed against the uncertain benefits which it precluded, would be found enormous.

Of Hallam I know nothing. If I knew where he was I would write to him. If you can inform me on this point, pray do. Some one told me that he was reading history with his father, who, I suppose, supplies the facts, and Arthur the philosophy. I have left myself no space in this letter more than to thank you for your exquisite poem, which I have read many times with cheerful renovation, when the sickness and weariness of this unprofitable strife have hung about the beatings of my heart. But I will not exhale my annoyances on you, though every day, as the burrs stick closer on one, one finds it more true that this weekly-day world is full of briars. For my part, I think the Sundays are all out; but this is nonsense. Adieu.

To JOHN KEMBLE.

*Oxford and Cambridge Club, London,*

*September 16, 1831.*

I arrived here yestreen, and saw Blakesley, who quitted for Cambridge, where he is to sit for, and I trust to win, a fellowship; he, at any rate, resides next term, as I do, and we shall yet have cakes and ale, if not the *noctes cœnæque deum*. Are not the Poles redeeming this age? You, who were so delighted of old with Danton and the Septembrizers, must be in ecstasies at the *coup* which they have struck in hanging the Russian agents. But, save that very slight stain, there has been nothing like this struggle in modern times, and the less so when one considers that it must be successful. Thank God, it is not easy to *put out* a nation.

To FREDERIC D. MAURICE.

*Trinity College, Cambridge,*

*October 10, 1831.*

Since I saw you I have been reading many of Irving's books, which drive one into new worlds of thought. Do you think that he is right in his discourse on parables, in as far as he attempts the fixation of the one thing in nature to its correlative in the spiritual world? Are not her goings on given as a common stock from which each may *variably* appropriate the symbols which may interpret his own inner life? Hence do we derive the multitude of omens which we either find or make, to accord with the wants or desires which are at the moment predominant. For myself, I have been often startled to be, as it were, accosted by the counterpart of the idea struggling for birth within my own mind, when Nature has seemed to lend a helping hand to evolve it, or even has come forward with her idea to meet mine. To this, too, must be referred our consciousness, however we strive against it, that rightly selected analogies from nature are more than illustrations—are truly arguments. Am I intelligible to you, and, if so, am I talking nonsense? I have before myself very distinctly what I mean, and in what I find Irving wanting. He has shown me the one-sidedness of the Evangelicals, which I always felt, but never could tell exactly where it lay. They are certainly as much the worshippers of expediency, which, if not the god of this world, is the god of this age, as any other class; for any truth to be acceptable to them, they must discover its immediate reference to their own personal being.

You will, I hope, remember some time this term that Cambridge was your first love, and pay us a visit. After my troublous and disordered existence of the last three years, it is a very soothing thing to find myself on the close, smooth-shaven green of our courts, and to discover that I am far more attached to Cambridge than I had thought. There are very few here, if any, whom you know—Blakesley and Hallam, both worthy to be known, and others who will make it very difficult for me to keep my determination of withdrawing myself altogether from the small and irritating intellectual excitement of the place.

Could you give me the key to a system of theological studies? My genius or *daimon* is at the present moment rather amusing himself with my struggles; having me securely in his meshes, he lets me go, as a cat does a mouse, a few paces ere he sets his paw upon



me. Pray excuse all this talk about myself, and this heap of crudities which you have been inveigled into reading ; always know that you could do me no greater favour than writing to me, and believe me, my dear Maurice, affectionately yours,

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

*To FRANCIS TRENCH.*

*Cambridge,*

*November 17, 1831.*

I do not know whether you have heard lately from my father ; if so, and there is any news, I wish that you would communicate it, for I have not received a letter from him since I arrived at Cambridge. I have some purpose of going up to London for a day with Hallam, for we are both very anxious to hear the tongues at Irving's church. How is it that one would most probably be gratified ? or are they going on every day ? It is rather remarkable that I have seen in one of his books, published about a year ago, a distinct statement that he momentarily waited for the revival of the gift. At any other time than this it would have made a mighty stir, but cholera and reform do not leave people much time to attend to spiritual goings on. The ground upon which the present Ministry stands seems narrowing every instant ; they are obliged to present a double front, and defend themselves against the two enemies that attack them on either side. It is my earnest trust that we may yet avert a civil war, but all is very ominous. My own mind is made up with regard to the side which a gentleman (I use the word in its highest sense as one belonging to the natural aristocracy of the country) and a Christian ought to take, though I apprehend much it will be the losing one, as the stream is too strong to pull up against. To me it seems that an aristocracy is necessary as the representative of the continuity of the consciousness of a nation. Unless there is something in a country not embraced by the birth and death of the fleeting generation which at any moment may compose it, you may have a horde, you may have a sovereign people, but you cannot have a nation. If it be a nation, it must look before and after. This, as of an individual, is its highest humanity. And there is no way that we can be called off from the demands of the ever-importunate present ; there is no way of binding it with indissoluble links to the past and future, unless you preserve this body, in whom, after a manner, is involved the history of the past and prophecy of the future. Believing this, I would welcome the fiercest civil war before a government of clubs and unions.

Do you think that you could pay us a visit here? If so, manage to be here on a Thursday evening, and I could perhaps make you hearer of an excellent debate. If you would tell me beforehand, I would try to get Thirlwall and one or two other persons whom you would like to meet at my rooms. I do not progress in my reading as I ought. I am among some of the German theologists. They are a dull, clumsy set of rogues, with lots of malice, but neither the wit of Voltaire nor the boldness of Tom Paine; all that recommends them is their extraordinary learning. ✓

To W. B. DONNE.

*Trinity College, Cambridge,*

*December 6, 1831.*

Hallam has just given me some notices of you, and I am about to scribble you some and a very few lines for this purpose, that, after so long a period since we have met, I cannot be thus near you without making some effort to see you again. Will you tell me if any time during this month it will be *quite convenient* for you to see me during a few days? In the same unhesitating spirit in which I offer myself, I doubt not you will put me off, should there be any, the slightest, reason to make this offered visit unseasonable. I trust to your friendship that you will not hold your peace in such a case; indeed, had I not this confidence, I would never take the liberty of making this proposal. Hallam desires me to thank you for the letter which you wrote to him, and to say that he will answer it as soon as he has time, but is now reading for his degree. Do you share in the general despondency of wise and good men at the present aspect of the world? To me it seems that the political vantage-ground which we lately occupied must now be abandoned; the infidel democracy can be no longer opposed there. All that remains is the inner sanctuary (I do not mean the Church of England, but the *ecclesia*); and when that is profaned, as I trust it never will, we shall hear the voices of our departing angels. I live in the faith of a new dispensation, which I am very confident is at hand; but what fearful times shall we have to endure ere that! We must pray earnestly not to be swept away by the great torrent, for its semblances will be goodly and specious to look at, and it will come with signs that shall well-nigh deceive the elect. What think you of the St. Simonians? To me they seem the most perfect expression of the spirit now at work. Primogeniture, aristocracy, heredity, all that rested on a

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spiritual relation, which relation will no longer be recognized, must be swept away before the new industrial principle, *à chacun selon ses œuvres*. Excuse this miserable, hasty 'scrawl. Pray make my best remembrances to Mrs. Donne. Remember what I write on the first page, and the confidence which I put in your candour, and believe me yours affectionately,

R. C. T.

## CHAPTER VI.

1831, 1832.

“ I say to thee, do thou repeat  
To the first man thou mayest meet  
In lane, highway, or open street—

“ That he and we and all men move  
Under a canopy of love,  
As broad as the blue sky above ;

“ That doubt and trouble, fear and pain  
And anguish, all are shadows vain,  
That death itself shall not remain ;

“ That weary deserts we may tread,  
A dreary labyrinth may thread,  
Through dark ways underground be led ;

“ Yet, if we will one Guide obey,  
The dreariest path, the darkest way  
Shall issue out in heavenly day.”

R. C. T., *The Kingdom of God.*

IN the lines “To Poetry,” from which extracts have already been made, the following occurs :—

“ And I turned from thee, and I left thee quite,  
And of thy name to hear had little care :  
For I was only seeking if by flight  
I might shun *her*, who else would rend and tear  
Me, who could not her riddle dark declare :—  
This toil, the anguish of this flight was mine,  
Until at last, enquiring everywhere,  
I won an answer from another shrine,  
A holier oracle, a temple more divine.

“ But when no longer without hope I mourned,  
When peace and joy revived in me anew,  
Even from that moment my old love returned,  
My former love, yet wiser and more true.

\* \* \* \* \*

My love of thee and thine ; for earth and air,  
 And every common sight of sea and plain,  
 Then put new robes of glory on, and wear  
 The same till now ; and things which dead had lain  
 Revived, as flowers that smell the dew and rain :  
 I was a man again of hopes and fears,  
 The fountains of my heart flowed forth again,  
 Whose sources had seemed dry for many years,  
 And there was given me back the sacred gift of tears."

These lines are quoted here because they are a fragment of spiritual autobiography, which is indeed one of the most precious things in history, when the writer is perfectly sincere, as well as deep and strong in heart and intellect. To add any words to his own is as needless as it would be inharmonious. "The world's riddle was solved for him, and solved in the light of faith ;" and his life henceforth is the record of faithfulness to the answer which he had won at last from the Divine oracle ; no longer fleeing, to use his own words—

"From thoughts that would delight no more,  
 From books whose power was dead ;"

but filled with strength and insight to use all written lore for the spiritual help of others, till they, too, should know all that he had learned—

"Of hope and joy, of life and death,  
 And immortality through faith ;  
 Of that great change commenced within ;  
 The Blood that cleanses from all sin,  
 That can wash out the inward stain,  
 And consecrate the heart again ;  
 The voice that clearer and more clear  
 Doth speak unto the purged ear ;  
 The gracious influences given  
 In a continued stream from Heaven ;  
 The balm that can the soul's hurt heal ;  
 The Spirit's witness and its seal."

*From ARTHUR HALLAM.*

*Sunday, February 12, 1832.*

. . . I thank God that at so critical a moment of my life He has brought me into daily intercourse with you. I feel more benefit from it than I fear I ever can repay. However, let us consider one

another to provoke unto love and unto good works, not forsaking the meeting together, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as we see the day approaching. . . .

Perhaps the usual prejudice against prayers for special earthly gifts has gone a great way to remove faith out of the Church, by destroying the sense of nearness and filial relation to God. It is true there are many errors and superstitions to be guarded against in taking this course, but it is not perhaps on the worst roads that the devil puts the most thorns.

Thinking this, I will end this serious talk with an *ora pro nobis*. My hopes of earthly happiness, or if there be any word more appropriate to our pilgrim state, which at best is a "looking to a city which hath foundations," remain unscathed, but liable to many and terrible contingencies, which at times make me very wretched; but I thank God, Who has bestowed on me some measure of faith.

Now, to pass to lighter, at least less personal matters. The country seems in a strange, precarious state of suspense. I have spoken with persons from London, who have reported that the ministry is *in extremis*, and — thinks so. They are cemented only by the Reform Bill. At odds among themselves, they are assailed nightly by a well-trained, compact Opposition. While in the lobby on the Russian loan division, they thought themselves beaten, and congratulated one another, it is said, on being *forced* to resign. The Archbishop of Dublin was here last week. He said Ireland grew worse every hour, and talked strongly, to my surprise, of the absolute necessity of asserting the law with a high hand. Next day came the account of Lord Grey's speech on tithes, which was all of a piece with the Archbishop's discourse. I suspect the gift-bearing Greeks have an eye to seducing the Tory lords by a show of vigour, which in their hearts they believe will be of no avail.

The sad news of the Torrijos tragedy in Spain did not reach England before the close of 1831. The revolution of the Three Days in France, in the previous year, had encouraged General Mina to fresh guerilla resistance to despotism, privately assisted by the new French democracy, in the north of Spain, while Torrijos could do nothing but sit within the lines of Gibraltar, chafing at his inability to support his friends. Even this refuge he was obliged to leave, upon receiving an

intimation from the British governor that it was impossible to harbour within the English lines explosive preparations against allies at peace with us. The end is told in few and striking words by Carlyle :—

“It was on the last night of November, 1831, that they all set forth ; Torrijos with fifty-five companions, and in two small vessels, committed themselves to their nigh-desperate fortune. No sentry or official person had noticed them ; it was from the Spanish consul, next morning, that the British governor first heard they were gone. Spanish guardships, instantly awake, gave chase to the two small vessels, which were making all sail towards Malaga ; and, on shore, all manner of troops and detached parties were in motion, to render a retreat to Gibraltar impossible.

“Crowd all sail for Malaga, then ; there, perhaps, a regiment will join us ; there—or if not, we are but lost ! Fancy need not paint a more tragic situation than that of Torrijos, the unfortunate gallant man, in the grey of this morning, 1st of December, 1831, his last free morning. Noble game is afoot, afoot at last ; and all the hunters have him in their toils. The guardships gain upon Torrijos ; he cannot even reach Malaga ; has to run ashore at a place called Fuengirola, not far from that city ; the guardships seizing his vessels, so soon as he is disembarked. The country is all up ; troops scouring the coast everywhere ; no possibility of getting into Malaga with a party of fifty-five. He takes possession of a farmstead (Ingles, the place is called) ; barricades himself there, but is speedily beleaguered with forces hopelessly superior. He demands to treat ; is refused all treaty ; is granted six hours to consider, shall then either surrender at discretion, or be forced to do it. Of course he *does* it, having no alternative ; and enters Malaga a prisoner, all his followers prisoners. Here had the Torrijos enterprise, and all that was embarked upon it, finally arrived.

“Express is sent to Madrid ; express instantly returns ; ‘Military execution on the instant ; give them shoving if they want it ; that done, fusillade them all.’ So poor

Torrijos and his followers, the whole fifty-six of them, Robert Boyd included, meet swift death in Malaga."

We are told that Sterling's friends were all warned never to mention the name of Torrijos in his hearing, so great was his misery at the catastrophe and the fate of his cousin, Mr. Boyd, who vainly, at the last, pleaded British citizenship. Only his dead body was given to the British consul for interment. "I hear the sound of that musketry," Sterling wrote to his brother; "it is as if the bullets were tearing my own brain." Words which surely too well expressed Richard Trench's feelings when the tidings reached him in the first days of the new year, 1832. Those who know his power of apprehending the tragic element in men's lives, and of suffering in others' suffering, can in some measure understand how vividly imagination must have pictured to him that last scene—his fated, gallant friend, Torrijos, Robert Boyd, and others "ranked to die on the explanade at Malaga;" piteous end of the sea-king adventure, an end to all, the Golden Fleece unconquered! But of all this there is, as Carlyle wrote, "now left next to no remembrance, for Sterling never spoke a word of this affair in after-days, nor was any of the actors much tempted to speak."

*From JOHN STERLING.*

*St. Vincent,*

*February 19, 1832.*

Both your letters have given me great pleasure, and the last (November 23) has been some consolation even under the pressure of a good many melancholy events, and of that miserable one which has terminated the career of my friend Torrijos and my victim Boyd. This last is not a subject for us to write to each other about. I would rather turn to the one permanent and all-including theme of religion, on which you have said much that fills me with the deepest interest. So far as it is possible for two men to compare notes, I should say that I agree with you in all essentials. I feel with you that the great difficulty, and the one the solution of which would end all others, lies in the will; and there is no resource but obedience, patience, and prayer. As to your view of our nearness



to the end of this dispensation, I have often been inclined to entertain it, but I know that this belief is a ready means of self-delusion, and leads to the drawing innumerable worldly passions into the service of religion, where, of course, they are but disguised enemies. Every man's life is to him the latter times, and every man's death-hour to him the dawning of the day of judgment. Moreover, I cannot see my way to any such certainty as Irving derives from the prophecies ; and I have scarcely the trace of doubt that the unknown tongues are the familiar and easily intelligible language of mere human vanity and superstition. Of the changes in the relations of society I think nearly with you. They may all be traced to the increased facility of communication and combination, without a corresponding increase of knowledge and morality. But I do not see that the line is yet outwardly so plain and broad between the white and the impure, the faithful and the rebel spirits, as to warrant us in looking for any speedy and final manifestation of the Person of Christ.

With St. Simonism and some of its disciples I am tolerably familiar. They tried to convert me at Paris a few years ago. I was taken suddenly to one of their meetings, where I was the only Gentile, and the first thing I heard was that religion is one of the fine arts. In discussing the doctrine of the sect with some of its leaders, I rested my arguments entirely on the truth of Christianity. There is one obstacle to their success which will meet them throughout Europe, and more especially in England, viz. that potent spirit of individuality which may be regarded as the shadow of the Gospel extending to vast regions and millions of minds altogether ignorant of the substance. Ages ago the Chinese were St. Simonists in theory, and that is as much as any man or people ever can be.

Of the details of English politics, happily I do not hear much. On the whole, I think the chief European governments rather less wicked and foolish than usual. Colonization and education might, I suspect, even now save England from revolution ; but it will soon be too late, and I fear the Church is already doomed. You do not tell me whether you still incline to take Orders. I often think of doing so, and if nothing unforeseen should happen to change my views, and if I can leave this in two or three years, I shall probably go to Cambridge, and unless I find myself too obnoxious to the ecclesiastical authorities, I may still be ordained before I am thirty.

The landscapes around me here are as noble and lovely as any that can be conceived on earth. How, indeed, could it be otherwise in a small island of volcanic mountains, far within the tropics, and

'perpetually covered with the richest vegetation? I have hitherto been too busy to explore much of the scenery, but I certainly shall do so, and hope to send you an account of my ascent of our volcano. The moral aspect of things is bad enough, but, if we had time, would be far from irremediable. On the whole, the Anti-slavery Society are much nearer the truth than their opponents. The negroes are by no means so poetical a race as you seem to suppose. The African traditions that you speak of having seen were probably collected several years ago. But even if the slave-trade were still carried on, it would be difficult to collect here any trait of negro character and belief so wild and curious as those which have been communicated by our travellers in Africa. So far as I see, the slaves here are good-humoured, cunning, deceitful, and idle, without any great aptitude for ferocious crimes, and very little scruple at committing others. But I have seen them much only in very favourable circumstances. They are as a body decidedly unfit for freedom, and if left, as at present, completely in the hands of their masters, never will become so unless through the agency of the Methodists. Both I and my wife are in good health, our children as well and strong as possible, and, as far as domestic ties can give happiness, no one in the world has more of it than I.

*From ARTHUR HALLAM.\**

*March 20, 1832.*

Alfred † I was most glad to find better than I had apprehended. I see no ground for thinking he has anything really serious to ail him. His mind is what it always was, or rather brighter, and more vigorous. I regret, with you, that you have never had the opportunity of knowing more of him. His nervous temperament and habits of solitude give an appearance of affectation to his manner, which is no true interpreter of the man, and wears off on further knowledge. Perhaps you could never become very intimate, for certainly your bents of mind are not the same, and at some points they intersect; yet I think you could hardly fail to see much for love, as well as for admiration. I have persuaded him, I think, to publish without further delay. There is written the amount of a volume rather larger than the former, and certainly, unless the usual illusion of manuscript deceives me, more free from blemishes and more masterly in power. I have been as little studious, since we parted, as you repre-

\* Postmark, Spilsby; directed to Brockley Park, Stradbally.

† Tennyson.



sent yourself, or, I might say, as a man well can be. I inhabit a corner of the world where politics are never heard of, and cholera excites scarce the shadow of an alarm. I see a newspaper very rarely, and can tell you nothing at all. I am most impartially ignorant respecting Irving and St. Simon. Pray write again soon, and tell me what news you can about the stirring world out of which I live; indeed, I sometimes feel ashamed, as though I were a deserter. Farewell.

The following letter contains congratulations on Richard Trench's engagement to his cousin, Frances Mary Trench, second daughter of his uncle, Francis Trench, and sister to the second Lord Ashtown. She had been early left an orphan, and lived with her eldest uncle, Lord Ashtown, who was childless. This letter is directed to R. C. Trench, at "Lord Ashtown's, Crescent, Bath."

*From W. B. DONNE.*

*Mattishall,*

*April 28, 1832.*

You never sent me a letter so welcome as this one, and I will allow of no delay in thanking you for the great joy and happiness which you have given to us both. You have, indeed, our most earnest prayers and wishes and affectionate congratulations. The delight I experienced in receiving and communicating the intelligence was a sure pledge and a just measure of my esteem and friendship for you; and among all the friends your worth and high qualities have made or shall hereafter gain, none, be assured, are more truly attached to you, more anxious for your well-being, and more alive to joy or sorrow on your account than myself. While you were with us at Cromer, I felt and lamented my incapability of lightening any portion of the burden which then lay upon you. I would have consented to suffer much could such sharing of it have lessened the main grief. Such times are now gone by; and I trust and feel that, though the world must now and then cast its shadow on every man's life, you have chosen well and wisely the only permanent happiness which it cannot overcast. I rejoice not only for your sake, that by this event two are made hopeful and happy; but for my own, and the world's sake also, that we may now look steadily onward to the performance of those promises which power and intellect have long since made for you. The great cast of life well

thrown, you will now be strong and cheerful to redeem their baptismal vow. They were willing sponsors, and must find in you their free and full acquittal. Once more, my dear Trench, accept our united congratulation and entire agreement in these hopes and expectations.

I shall, indeed, be glad for our monthly correspondence to continue, and I feel it as no common pledge of your esteem for me that you remembered it just now. See what a strange man you are ! I pictured you to myself fighting with "kerns and gallow-glasses," or chasing hairy men over wild moors ; when, behold, you are saying to yourself, "*Nullus in orbe locus Bais præluet amœnis.*"

From ARTHUR HALLAM.

(Undated.) \*

God may chasten those whom He cherisheth by taking from their grasp the blessings of time, but from no believer can He take away those of eternity. "He that hath the Son hath life." Already, and in the act of his appropriating faith, are folded as in a germ all the glories of His saintly kingdom. In that kingdom there will neither be marrying nor giving in marriage ; yet I think there will be wedded affection ; for though the nature be glorified, yet it is human nature still. The more cheering aspect of your affairs encourages me to say a word respecting myself which I have hitherto withheld, from no want of confidence, but from a feeling that I had no right to intrude the subject.

I am now at Sowerby, not only as the friend of Alfred Tennyson, but as the lover of his sister. An attachment on my part of near two years' standing, and a mutual engagement of one year, are, I fervently hope, only the commencement of an union which circumstances may not impair and the grave itself not conclude. My father imposed a very unpleasant, but a very natural, prohibition not to come here till of age, so that it is but just now that I have been able to reap in actual enjoyment of her society any fruits of that assurance which a year since poured a flood of hope on a mind much depressed and benighted.

To FRANCES MARY TRENCH.

London,

May 1, 1832.

This morning I attended Irving's chapel, and with such advantage to myself, that I shall not be absent any day during my stay here.

\* Arthur Hallam came of age in 1832.

The service commenced at six, when there were about two hundred persons present, most of them apparently in the upper and middle orders. Extempore prayers, reading with expounding, and singing of psalms, which rightly occupies a very prominent place in their liturgy, were alternated for about two hours; there was a pause after each portion of the service, in case any present should be in the Spirit and speak with tongues, but nothing of the kind occurred. One of the chapters which Irving expounded was that in the Ephesians which explains the true constitution of the Church according to the analogy of the body. I bore away with me a renewed conviction of his holy earnestness, so that I could do no less than return home and pray, as I often will, and ask you to do, that he and his have not been sent a strong delusion to believe a lie; that, if they have, they may soon be led again into the truth. It is a large and inexhaustible charity which we may exert in praying for others, and which is the best protection against that spiritual selfishness that so easily besets us; therefore exercise it often on my behalf, for I have need of it all.

Armstrong has been lately preaching at Cambridge, and telling the students to burn all their unlawful books of Greek and mathematics. He has made a great impression there, and six or seven have gone to the extreme length of obeying these injunctions. I have no doubt that he has done a great deal of good at Cambridge. Simeon is worn out, and, moreover, spoiled by being at the head of a set who have fed him with that religious adulation which is the least suspected, and yet most puffing up of all kinds of flattery. Besides, his doctrine is low, compared with that of men who have recovered so much from oblivion that goes to the fulness and completion of the Church. For these reasons the presence of a man like Armstrong must have been very opportune.

*To the Same.*

*London,*

*May 4, 1832.*

I have dined with the Hallams once, and passed an evening with the Kembles, which is all my goings out. Kemble's sister seems to estimate things at their right value, which in one who is placed in so false a position for forming a right judgment is very remarkable. She has apparently no sympathy whatsoever with the shows and vanities wherein she is mixed. I suppose that I shall have affronted

all the family by not being present at her benefit, which took place last night.

You have probably seen in the papers the decision of the Presbytery against Irving; consequently, he will not be permitted to preach in that chapel any more. "They shall cast you out of their synagogues," was long ago the reward promised to faithful preachers; and it has been wondrously fulfilled in him, in Campbell, and many others. There was a prayer-meeting held during the time that he was making his answer before the Presbytery, at which I was present. Those who spoke, or rather prayed and exhorted, availed themselves well of the circumstances under which we met, and I felt that it was good to be there. I find it very, very difficult to realize in my thoughts or conversation the intellectual belief which I hold, that we are fallen on the last days. I sometimes ask myself, "Do I really believe it?" for, if I did, what manner of conversation would be mine? Yet though I do not feel it more influential on my life, I am confident it is the duty of every minister to preach not merely the Gospel, but the Gospel of the *kingdom*. I observe, in Matthew xxiv., the extended preaching of it under this aspect is put among the signs immediately preceding the end of the world. Is not this prediction finding its accomplishment now, when the kingdom that is the reign of the saints on earth, and not in some vain, shadowy world of which we know nothing, is once more, after fifteen hundred years' neglect, becoming a living truth of our faith, and not a dead article? I have been reading four sermons of Horsley on the subject of whether the Apostolic writers considered the destruction of the world as nearer at hand than the event has proved; they are not perfectly satisfactory, but have thrown much light on those passages where our Lord seems to mix up the destruction of Jerusalem with that mightier catastrophe which it typified.

*From F. D. MAURICE.*

*Ryde,*

*May 18, 1832.*

I did feel the most real joy at hearing of your expected happiness; and joy is a thing of which I know so little, especially the joy of sympathy with others, that I am indeed your debtor. You may take my feeling it as a proof that a better blessing than mine rests upon you; for that pleasure, I know, did not grow out of a soil which bears nothing save nettles and briars, but sprang up,

fresh and living, from a living root which is nourished by living springs.

I shall not soon forget the impression which your cousin's manner made upon me in the short time in which I had the pleasure of seeing her. I thought at the time that the grace which imparted a blessing to chance interview was of a particularly settled and permanent quality, and that there was one person I should particularly like to partake of its continual influences. That wish is now, I hope, on the point of being fulfilled, and I cannot see anything in the state of the world to which you advert that should make me wish to revoke it. The world is, indeed, becoming more confirmed every day in its rebellion against truth and love. But is not the aspect of its rebellion fierce and truculent beyond all former examples, against those affections and those unions which typify and involve our higher, more absolutely spiritual relations? Are not men beginning to suspect that there *is* a mystery in them, and to hate them, as if they actually knew them to be what they are—parts of that transcendent mystery? And are you, then, and such as you, doing any worldly deed, stepping even for a moment aside from your path, in doing homage to a thing so much despised by those with whom you are wrestling? I know not whether the Apostles did not mean to put a certain slight upon marriage according to the idea of it which their converts then had; but while they so sedulously strove to inculcate its deep meaning, they give the most wonderful dignity to it after it should have become one of the very acts of Christianity and Churchmanship. And it does seem to me that they who enter upon the relation with understanding, loving minds, are as honest assertors of the Church principle against its impugnors as if they were preaching or fighting for it.

I am delighted with what you tell me of Sterling. That he is destined for good, and the best good, I feel a strong faith, shaken oftener by what I have experienced of myself than by anything I have known or heard of him. When one is cheerless and dark in one's own views, it seems impossible that there can be light enough to guide any one else over the deep; but, as the answering state of mind to this, there is the comfortable assurance that the light which could disperse my gloominess is strong enough to dispel the thickest from the soul of my dear friend. Surely light and love are wondrously connected; and, thank God, the darkness and the selfishness *cannot* comprehend (get down into itself) either the one or the other, though it tries hard. I have thought much about

St. Simonianism and kindred subjects since I heard of you ; that is to say, more than I could bear, though very little to what I feel I have need to think about them. I had not enough of the *inward* to support the strong conceptions I had formed respecting the outward world. I have several times thought, with shame, of the rash and conceited way in which I have spoken of mystical Christians. A depth of spiritual Christianity, such as I knew little of, is, I think, necessary to sustain the sight of the descending avalanches. I do not mean that it overpowered me with its awfulness for want of this ; but rather that I contemplated it too much as a spectacle, and scarcely had any personal expectations or human sympathy answerable to my conviction. There is much sadness attending this discovery ; but I neither doubt the truth of my former opinions, nor the necessity of dwelling upon the subject, nor the great blessing intended me in this exhibition of my unpreparedness for an undoubtedly approaching crisis of the world.

Richard Chenevix Trench and Frances Mary Trench were married on May 31, 1832, at the Abbey Church, Bath.

*From* ARTHUR HALLAM.

*67, Wimpole Street,*

*June 6, 1832.*

You must have thought me very slow in answering your kind letter, if indeed you have had leisure for any thoughts about me, which I can hardly presume. I would have written sooner, and would now write at greater length, were it not that I feel incapable of writing cheerfully, and I would not be such a brute as to write otherwise to a friend so happy as I think you now are. Yesterday I saw your brother, who told me he had been present at your marriage. He spoke so joyfully of it, and looked so like you, that I felt as if I saw your joy. And you are at Malvern ! I don't remember that you expressed any intention of going there when I saw you ; it must be an afterthought, and a bright one, for I know few more delightful places than Malvern. I passed two months there in the year '29, scrambling about those glorious hills, writing bad verses, and musing bad metaphysics. You have, fortunately, a fair chance of better employing your time. Do you not agree with me that the extensive landscape on which you look from Malvern has something of an Italian character ? It seemed to my eye (a short-sighted one, to be sure) to resemble parts of Lombardy. I have not been since



at the place itself, but last year I saw the old hills from a distance, and, though it was but for a moment, that second association with Malvern is likely to be more durable in me than the first, for I was not alone, but in the company of one who makes all that comes near her holy to my imagination. However, I know not why I should say this to you, who have been married now the enormous time of ten days, and may think yourself entitled to laugh at romantic young bachelors. I wish with all my heart I could see any prospect of being laughed at, or anything else, by your proper self in presence; for I find daily how much I miss the assistance and support of your conversation and example. I am left much to my own thoughts in London, and they are but too apt to follow a gloomy track of their own, unfavourable to sound thinking and courageous living.

But I will say no more of myself. Of our mutual friends I can give you little intelligence. Kemble is still in town, and talks of taking chambers in the Temple, on the expectation that his father and sister will leave England for a time. He continues to pursue etymology keenly, but, I think, nothing else. Monteith and Garden were very eager about going to Italy this summer; but a veto seems to have issued from the authorities at Carstairs, and they submit indignantly. I know no more politics than our lords and masters, the press, chose to inform me of. To-morrow the wretched farce will be brought to a close. The King is expected to give his assent in person. This the Queen's party are said to oppose, which I think foolish and factious, for what can it signify? What do we gain now by giving ground for complaint of the King? I agree with you that the Conservative peers have taken the right course in seceding. Many, however, are of a different opinion, and Peel, I see, of the number. I don't believe Earl Grey can stand long. It seems out of the question (if anything is so with a Whig) that he should obtain peers after the Bill is carried; yet the unparalleled *Times* says it can see "no objection in principle or precedent to a large creation for the sake of securing a general sympathy with Government"! Let me hear from you when you have leisure for writing; tell me of your intended movements, and believe me ever, my very dear friend, affectionately yours,

ARTHUR HALLAM.

Before long the young couple were in Ireland, for the next letter is directed to Brockley Park. It appears that Richard Trench had now quite made up his mind to take Orders.

*From* JOHN STERLING.

*At Sea,*

*August 31, 1832.*

You will be surprised, I doubt not, to find that I am on my way to England with my wife and child. I do not, however, contemplate remaining in Europe for more than a twelvemonth, as I shall then probably think it right to return to St. Vincent on account of the unhappy negroes under my control. A whisper reached me across the Atlantic that you were on the point of being married, and I trust that before now you are a happier, and in a fair way to be a better, man than in former days. The prospects for your future life which this event presents to me are a great and substantial consolation. As to the character of your wife, you must have so intimate a sense of the good you have attained as to make anything I could say about it a mere impertinence. But I have a somewhat longer experience than you of the benefits of marriage to a man whose heart and principles are scarcely or very recently fixed in the line of practical Christianity. I write on this matter with more confidence and gratitude than I could have expressed a very few months ago ; for I seem to myself of late to have entered decidedly, and for the first time, into possession of those blessings which are offered to all in Christ's redemption ; and among the many means which, under God's good providence, have helped me so far forward, I regard my marriage and the birth of my child as nearly, if not quite, the chiefest. I also feel that I owe the deepest gratitude to Coleridge, and, though not quite in the same extent, to Edward Irving. I have read the "Aids to Reflection" again and again, and with ever new advantage ; and in the "Sermons, Lectures, and Discourses" of Irving (all I have of his), although his unceasing vehemence makes me dizzy, his polemical violence repels me, and I see much rashness and presumption and (as I think) some positive error, I yet feel throughout the love, faith, and hope, the life, though not always the light, of a richly gifted and regenerate man. Aided by these, disciplined by many grave events, some of which you also know too much of, and not, I trust, unguided by the Holy Spirit, I have begun of late to read the Bible with diligence and unfailing interest ; I have in some degree learnt by experience the power and advantage of prayer, and enjoy what I never knew before, and even now is chequered with many fears—a lively and increasing hope that I may be able to overcome the world.

You must, I think, know the hesitation and reluctance with which

one writes in this way even to one's nearest and dearest friends. But it is the subject that now perpetually fills my mind, and I think you will not wish that I should have gone out of the way to seek for other more amusing and impersonal topics. It is not in consequence of this change of mind and (I hope) heart that I am on my way to Europe, but partly on account of Susan's health, and partly that I may take more effectual steps than I could do by letter for finding and sending to St. Vincent a schoolmaster for the negroes. Had I not learnt better, I should consider my connection with the West Indies a heavy burden; but it was not of my seeking—rather, indeed, the contrary—and can, on that and other accounts, be borne with cheerfulness, if not pleasure. My present views, on which, however, I do not attempt to decide, are to spend the winter in England—I think probably with my father in London; though perhaps I may be driven to the milder sky of Devonshire or France, to go for a few weeks in the early summer to Bonn, that Susan may see her relations, and to return in autumn to the West Indies. But I should have known from Shakespeare, if not from the Bible, that I cannot “shape my ends.” I shall probably, before my return to St. Vincent, sink a part of what little capital I have in books connected with the study of the Scriptures; and in choosing them I must get you to help me. When or how we are to see each other of course I do not know, and I have not the slightest guess as to where you are, so that I cannot send this to you until I reach London.


*From F. D. MAURICE.*

*October 1, 1832.*

With respect to the world, I feel disposed, like you, to be gloomy; but my feelings are against my conscience and conviction. So long as institutions can be maintained to tell the world that there is something invisible and permanent of which it will take no account, I would desire to be in the number of those who strive, each with what powers are given him, for their preservation. Though they be of doubtful birth, yea, though some of them may be the manifest fruit of a shameful concurrence between the royalty of heaven and the sensualism of earth, yet while they last, like David, a good man should fast and weep and pray for them; and for not doing this I would take all shame to myself. But when they are gone, he should wash his face and eat bread, assured that out of this evil a greater good shall come; that the destroyers, though they think not so, are doing God's work; that truths hidden and buried shall, by the

breaking of the cask that contains them, come into naked manifestation. Even the most tender-hearted of all the Apostles, and he whose affections were most wrapped up in the Holy City, was permitted to behold its overthrow, because it was given him to see what its glorious fabric had concealed—"the New Jerusalem coming down out of heaven as a bride adorned for her husband." Surely the law "that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die," is the law of all creation ; death and resurrection the key-note to the harmony of the universe ; and if we hear this note in that primary and central melody when it strikes with such joy upon the ear of sinful man, why should we dislike to have it repeated to us in every winding and intricate, and but for this inexplicable, passage of the music ?

Before I would dare to enter into communion with the advocates of gifts, I would wish to see more clearly than I now do that they are seeking that power which the Church [possesses?] to witness against the usurpations of sense, and not rather one which, by an opposite road, will tend to confirm these usurpations. I have a respect approaching to reverence for some of the believers ; but when I see such violations of order as are implied in the fact of women speaking and ministers keeping silence before them, I cannot believe that the Spirit of order—Who has constituted the Church for this end especially that it may testify against the disorder of the world, and Who by the mouth of Paul has especially confirmed the principle of the subordination and silence of females as sacred, immutable law, to which nature itself in the customs of nations bore witness—can be therein discovering Himself. I do not say these gifts are of the devil ; and if not of the devil, they are of the Spirit, sent, as I conceive, in answer to prayer ; neither wholly faithless, nor yet right in themselves—prayers like the murmurings of the Israelites for flesh, and in like manner answered by gifts which soon come out at the nostrils of them to whom they are permitted, as a merciful chastisement, not an angry punishment, of which opinion Baxter and Brown seem to be striking confirmations. But between a gift of the Spirit, which all so-called *natural* gifts are, however exercised, and a manifestation of the Spirit by the human race, which some suppose these to be, there is, of course, the widest difference. To the latter class these, for the reasons I have mentioned, do not seem to belong ; and if they belong to the former, being tried in the scales of reason and Scripture, they are certainly less prized than any that can be thought of. If this opinion be not erroneous, I desire that I may see it to be so ; and I hope I could cheerfully bear all the contempt which the world,



infidel and religious, bestows upon Irving and his followers. But not even that contempt, argument though it be to a certain extent weighty in favour of an opinion, can outweigh strong internal evidence against it.

I rejoice that you are going into Orders. I should like to talk with you about Unitarians and Unitarianism, in the midst of which I was born. I believe there are many grievous errors committed in the treatment of them. But I must not detain you with any further remarks, especially as I cannot give up the hope of seeing you next week.

## CHAPTER VII.

1832, 1833.

“ Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell ;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before.”

*In Memoriam.*

ON October 7, 1832, being the sixteenth Sunday after Trinity, Richard Chenevix Trench received Deacon's Orders in Norwich Cathedral, at the hands of the aged Bishop Bathurst, of Norwich.

*To his Wife.*

*London,*

*October 10, 1832.*

You will regret to hear that the clergyman who was to have made room for us, having been disappointed in the living which he expected, has refused to stir. The circumstances of the place seemed so favourable, that this would have annoyed me a good deal, had I not felt that to be vexed at any outward disposition of events is so far to deny God's love, and that such feeling is to be resisted in little things like this just as strenuously and watchfully as in weightier matters. It is the Bishop's expressed intention to provide for me as soon as he can, though curacies are just now very scarce, and we may have to wait two or three months or more.

Now, you must not think that your apprehensions are realized, and that I am altogether given over into the hands of Irving and his friends ; on the contrary, the opposing influences which I encounter are at last as strong. I have had a long interview with Coleridge, who speaks of “ poor dear Mr. Irving,” and says it makes his heart break every time he thinks of him. “ The old man eloquent ” has been suffering very much, and is very infirm—waiting for the redemption of the body, longing, as he told me, to be redeemed from the body of this

death ; "for in this we groan," he added, with mournful earnestness. He seems full of hope and faith, and uttered lively oracles in our hearing for more than an hour. He altogether dissents from the scheme of prophetic interpretation which I have adopted. I have noted down, principally for your perusal, the principal reasons which induce him to think that the Book of Daniel was written in the time of the Maccabees. Sterling, who was with me, was quite convinced by his arguments ; me he did not shake in the slightest degree. I should be sorry that you spoke *indiscriminately* of these opinions of his ; he did not bring them forward until pressed on the subject ; and in these evil-speaking days of the Church it would speedily be reported that he rejected the entire prophetical canon. He has finished his great work on St. John—the labour of his life, and which will probably be the greatest acquisition which Christian literature has received for the last century and a half.

I paid a visit to Armstrong this morning. I had a long conversation with him, in which he made no attempt to introduce the subject of the gifts, until, before we parted, I pressed it upon him. He is to introduce me to Irving to-morrow, and to other members of their Church ; the Lord give me to discern the spirits. I attended a preaching of Irving's this evening. It was held in an open space under Cold-Bath Fields prison. It was entirely on the love of God—how beautifully the true Gospel, God's Gospel in opposition to man's gospel, is declared in those two verses of Luke, "that we, *being delivered*" (or rather, "having been delivered") from the hands of our enemies, might serve Him in holiness and without fear." It seems to me impossible to dwell upon this too much, that justification is the starting-place, and not the goal of the Christian's course. When Irving had concluded his discourse on this matter, and was speaking on some technical arrangements for future times of preaching, he was interrupted by one of the gifted sisters, who was sitting on a bench immediately behind him. For a minute or more it resembled something between a moan and a cry of pain ; she then spoke in English. There was nothing revolting or at all displeasing in her utterance ; it was a deep mournful tone, something like what one has heard imitated by the best tragic actresses, and it well became the burden of the woe which she delivered, relating almost entirely to the far more exceeding terribleness of the judgments coming on the earth than it has entered into the hearts even of the denouncers of coming woe to conceive. It was too dark for me to see the working of her limbs or features ; but certainly the intonation and

manner had nothing displeasing to the natural man, as I had laid to account that it would assuredly have.

I quite agree with you how difficult it must be to feel even for a moment of time that the warfare is accomplished. I am certain, if I thought so of myself, I should lie, and the truth would not be in me; but we should yet look that ever and anon through the sackcloth garment, through the covering of sinful flesh, should break through and become translucent the glory of the resurrection life, as it looked through the likeness of sinful flesh which our Lord assumed. Life out of death, or resurrection, is the great key-note to the harmony of a redeemed universe as distinguished from one standing in the goodness of its creation. That which thou sowest *must* die to the end that it may be quickened.

I have just received an invitation to go this evening to Mr. Perceval's, and regret much that I am already engaged. I heard Drummond speak this morning, and two others; it was exceedingly appalling, and shook my whole being through and through. None spoke more than for a minute or two, and always in English. I will not tell you more about it as yet, for I do not see my way. Sterling and Maurice, with whom I have spoken much and earnestly on the subject, are decidedly opposed to the belief in these gifts. The latter thinks it is quite changing the everlasting ordinances that an angel of a Church should keep silence and be interrupted by women.

*To the same.*

*London,*

*October 15, 1832.*

I have not failed any day since I arrived here in attending Mr. Irving's church one or more times. I am not at all convinced; for though I heard nothing but what from my heart I believe to be the truth, and often truth in a very high form, yet the voices did not commend themselves to my conscience; I had not the answer of my spirit to their spirit which I looked for. I pray that I may not be a stumbling-block in the way of others, if it be the Spirit's work, and I will therefore give you as many data as I can for forming your own judgment.

The keynote of one of the first utterances which I heard was from Malachi: "He shall sit as a refiner;" and the burden was—the need which believers had of yet more thoroughly purging out the iniquity that was in them, that the Lord might not have to do it. This utterance certainly did the appointed work in convincing me of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment to come; and I felt, as it



were, the necessity of going back and trying my whole way, and proving the foundations of my faith, whether they were built in with gold and precious stones, or with hay and stubble. This was the effect; but I know not whether the powerful appeal of a preacher might not have had the same result. On another occasion, a very remarkable incident occurred, which has staggered me a good deal: a woman spoke for the first time, and the spirit that was in her was tried. To the first question put by Mr. Irving, namely, whether she confessed that Christ was come in the flesh, she made a full and satisfactory answer. He then demanded, "Dost thou confess, O spirit, that Christ cometh a second time in the flesh, to take vengeance on His enemies, and to destroy the works of the devil?" She answered, "He cometh the second time without sin unto salvation." This was very noticeable, because his demand was not a Scriptural text, and it is nowhere required that the spirit should acknowledge His coming to take vengeance on His enemies, etc.; and to this part of his demand no answer was made. I cannot say how much this has perplexed me; but, on the other hand, there are circumstances which induce me much to question these goings on. I could never overcome a feeling that it was changing the everlasting ordinances for a woman to break in on the service, and the angel of the Church to hold his peace before her—often to be interrupted in his reading or praying by her. Mr. Taplin spoke while reading and expounding the Scriptures, and generally at times when he had been animated and excited by his exposition, and I thought that I could trace a blending in of the natural and spiritual utterance, whereas I looked that they should be quite distinct. The women, too, mostly spoke (but this was not a general rule) at seasons when they arrived at parts of the service which were earnest and exciting; and there appeared something catching in it, for sometimes, when two-thirds of the worship had proceeded without interruption, then, if one spoke, another and another would follow, so that the regular service could scarcely proceed.

I have been invited to private meetings at Mr. Perceval's and Mr. Irving's, which I have declined for reasons which you will quite appreciate. In Mr. Armstrong I have been very agreeably disappointed. He has nothing—at least, in conversation—of the fierce intolerant spirit of the "Morning Watch," but seems full of love and holiness and prayerfulness; indeed, they all seem to continue in prayer. Mr. Drummond seems to unite with all this the most polished manners of the world. He is the ablest man among the

prophets, and his utterances are perhaps the fullest of meaning. I should have expected that the weak things of this world would be appointed to confound the things that are strong: they say that the Lord uses every vessel according to its capacity, and fills the larger with more than the smaller. This is not satisfactory—at least, to me. I have kept a tolerably copious journal of all which I have seen and heard, and I have heard much well worth recording—not, indeed, as much as I could have desired of Him Who loved us, and gave Himself for us, and washed us with His blood, though of this something, and much of the glories of the kingdom which is about to be revealed.

From F. D. MAURICE.

*Morse's Lodgings, Holywell, Oxford.*

(October 16, 1832.)

I received your letter, which has travelled through London, this morning, and wish much to finish our conversation respecting the duties of a clergyman in the event of a national overt act of apostasy. Also, I want to consult you about the propriety of taking Orders without the certainty of an immediate cure, and with the strong conviction that my call is to remain at Oxford. A kind friend has sent me a title and all the formalities, and wishes me to stay with him only in the vacations. But my conscience still sticks, and the more because I almost feel as if I ought to undertake the semi-secular work of writing a diatribe against Locke. I am so overwhelmed with an impression of the mischief he has done and is doing; I see so completely that in this age he is the upholder of that horrible theology of *propositions* which the Jewish doctors in the time of our Lord's sojourn upon earth, and afterwards the Aristotelians at the Reformation, set up against the faith in a living God, that, in despair of seeing the work begun by another, and assured that God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the wise, I feel mightily tempted to take a stone out of the brook for the head of this Philistine. On this point I shall count upon your advice. I fear you will say the time is too short; and I am not sure whether some direct exhibition of Christianity may not be more serviceable than any mere book against excess.

From ARTHUR HALLAM.

I am very remiss in not having sooner written to you, especially as you were kind enough not to forget giving me some account of yourself. Frere's letter, on the first page of this, has given me an

opportunity which I am not quite so reprobate a correspondent as to neglect. His proposal does not seem very tempting. However, as he seemed desirous you should know it, I may as well convey it to you. It is the only one I have heard of, except that Spedding, whom I saw a little while since, said he would inquire whether the curacy I mentioned to you near London was still vacant; but I have not heard any result. I keep on the look-out, however, and if all your friends do the same, it is hard if something does not offer soon. Yet it is a disadvantage certainly that you should be so far off; curacies are snapped up long before a post can travel to Stradbally. I do most heartily wish you were well out of the doomed country in which you live. A few days ago I saw in the papers an account of a dreadful murder, committed, I fear, on one of your father's household, residing perhaps under the same roof with yourself. I shuddered to know blood was spilt so near you. I trust you do not put yourself forward more than is unavoidable as defence, in opposition to these irreclaimable banditti or their employers.

I have mislaid your letter, and have no distinct recollection of its contents, except one announcement, of which I give you joy cordially. You and Donne will nearly start fair in the course of educating a child to become a good citizen in evil times. Your plans will be somewhat different; I hope the result may be the same. I am very hard at work now, slaving at the outworks of my profession. I do not dislike it much, further than my natural indolence indisposes me to labour of any sort. I am laid up to-day with a severe cold, a circumstance to which you owe this letter and its stupidity. I know nothing of any interest about any of our friends. Of course you agree with me in execrating the Dutch war. A pretty mode of keeping the peace of Europe, to bring a Prussian and a French army to stare at each other over a frontier! Bets are even that the French are not in the citadel two months hence. If not attacked from the town side it is almost impregnable. God bless you!

*From F. D. MAURICE.*

*Oxford,*

*December 1, 1832.*

The report of your diligence makes me ashamed in the spirit and envious in the flesh. I wish very earnestly to be doing some work, yet, without some ground of confidence that it would not be carnal working, I have not dared to stir. There has been much

contradiction and perplexity in my mind upon this subject, which I ought not to have tolerated, and which I now see to have arisen from allowing my thoughts, for which I am solemnly accountable, to be above their master. Sterling told me, with a faithfulness which I can never sufficiently be thankful for, that he thought the understanding had the upper hand in me ; and his rebuke has proved, I trust, "excellent oil." A far more subdued spirit, and far greater simplicity than I have even almost wished for, I see must enter into the composition of that *ειλικρίνεια* which is required of a Christian man. The great thing, I fancy, is to hope and pray for a complete deliverance from all selfish bondages, a complete emancipation into the glorious liberty of desiring no glory but God's, in which liberty is realized that perfect subjection to a law of righteousness so coveted by David. But, then, it seems to me that the selfish striving after perfection thwarts this wish. The Church is to be spotless and wrinkleless, and each man, so far as he can see himself, a Churchman, brought by the Spirit to desire his brethren's welfare as much as his own, because he is taught, after a hard experience of the misery of all selfish wishes, fleshly or spiritual, that salvation consists in the humiliation of the creature and the exaltation of the Lord. On this point I desire much to converse with you. I have been led to perceive that the ascension of Christ to the right hand of the Father brought the Church into a condition of which, owing to its habit of self-seeking, it has no imagination, and something stronger than a doubt has occurred to me, whether those who desire the *effects* of that ascension in themselves, without first calling upon the Church to recognize its actual position in its head, are not doing exactly what the Reformers would have done, if, instead of asserting the justification of a sinner *in* his *risen* Head, they had preached only the gracious consequences of that doctrine in making men better subjects, fathers, etc.

As far as I see at present, I quite agree with you about the Church. If the religion of the Liturgy be a sort of family, domestic religion, it is, I think, far more in tune with the highest and most spiritual worship than that intermediate form of intellectual social worship which has been most in vogue since the Reformation, so that the complaint of its being popish is not much to the point. Schism in myself I know is sensual, and that knowledge is sufficient to keep me in the English Church as long as I can stay there.

I do not understand the Dutch question. It is a shame not to take an interest in that and every other matter concerning one's

fellow-creatures and this nation, but I know not exactly how to begin. I hope to have some instructions from you.

It is certainly curious, in these days, to know from the letters to Mr. Trench after his ordination, how quickly curacies were then "snapped up." The last letter to him in 1832 is directed to Brockley Park, so that he did not begin any ministerial work for more than three months after his ordination. The Rev. Hugh James Rose, the friend of John Henry Newman long before the "Tracts for the Times" appeared, is a well-remembered and revered name. Archbishop Trench was wont, in his latter days, to speak of him as "my master, Hugh James Rose."

To WILLIAM B. DONNE.

*Leicester,*

*January 8, 1833.*

Your last letter made me very much ashamed of myself and my remiss habits of correspondence, especially to youward, who deserve anything else at my hands. I am sure you will be glad at once to know of my plans and purposes, therefore I will at once begin to speak of self. I fear that our lot will not be cast so near to yours as at one time I had hoped, though, at the same time, it might be much further, and I do not think that it is at all beyond reasonable expectation that we may be able to effect occasional meetings. There was some difficulty which prevented my obtaining the curacy of Shelton.\* Rose, the Christian advocate, offered me a like situation at his living at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, which I have accepted, and am now proceeding there, and hope, God willing, to arrive at the end of this week. By referring to the map, you will see that I am sixty or seventy miles on the road to you, and that we are within reach of one another; at least, I flatter myself with such hopes. You know, by report at least, of my rector, who will reside in the parish, and whom I esteem myself very fortunate to be under. He is a Christian and a gentleman, and an able scholar to boot, and, though somewhat too much of the old Tory school, of sound politics in the main. We shall be very dependent on his family for society, as there is but little in the neighbourhood.

\* A parish about twelve miles from Norwich, and about two from the little town, or large village, of Stratton. The Bishop of Norwich had intended that Richard Trench should go there immediately after his ordination as deacon.

You may imagine that I am rejoiced to be fairly quit of Ireland. You probably saw in the papers the account of the devilish murder of our steward, and every day that I was in the country I felt that I carried my life in my hand. A few days before we left, there were a couple of graves dug in our lawn, with a coffin traced in the sod between them, being a sort of very lively *memento mori* to my father and self. Altogether, Ireland is waxing worse and worse ; and I, who receive the whole of my small income from that country, consider that it may altogether cease upon any day, and that it certainly will cease sooner or later, and that it therefore becomes one now to possess as not possessing anything.

Have you any anticipations of what will be the measures of the new Parliament regarding the Church? I consider the State as reprobate now, and as well-nigh written over with names of blasphemy, and that all we can now seek to do is to save ourselves ; and therefore, though no State is lawfully constituted that is not consecrated by a State worship, I would gladly see our connection with it dissolved.\* Do you not think that the roll of prophecy is unfolding very fast, and the vision that at the end will speak and not lie? Another blow is now striking at the power of the Turks, and I saw in yesterday's paper that the Jews of Poland are even now making preparation to return to their own land. We, I fear, are rapidly fitting ourselves to follow in the wake of France, when she shall again lead up the dance of hell. Is not this whole attack upon Holland most opprobrious? In these days, when everything is dwarfed and ignoble, the attitude which the King of Holland has assumed has something of commanding in it, and I hope that arms may stand on his side.

Do you know aught of private news concerning the Apostolate? Blakesley has taken Orders ; the Lord make him an able minister. He will, I think, take his place, and find the work which is fitting for him to do. Spedding has lately gained some university essays,

\* It is interesting to compare with this view Mr. Keble's feelings at the same time. In a letter from Hurrell Froude, August 14, 1833, to Rev. and Hon. Arthur Perceval, written just after a visit to Hadleigh, he says, after mentioning the chief points to be brought forward in the "Tracts for the Times," "Newman and Palmer add, but Keble demurs: 'iv. We protest against all efforts directed to the subversion of existing institutions, or to the separation of Church and State.

"'v. We think it a duty steadily to contemplate and provide for the contingency of such a separation.' Keble demurs to these, because he thinks the union of Church and State, as it is now understood, actually sinful."

but which I do not remember. Of Sterling I heard about three weeks ago. He is well, and intends to keep next term at Cambridge. What have you been reading lately? I, nothing, or nearly nothing. The works of Howe, the Puritan divine, have been published in one volume, which I would commend to your having. There is a little volume of Peter Sterry's (chaplain to Cromwell) called "The Kingdom of God in the Soul of Man," lately republished at Oxford. If you have not yet heard of it, I am certain you will thank me for commending it to your notice. Pray make my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Donne. I hope that my godson flourishes, filling your pleasant home with love and light. My wife is well, and, of course, with me. We have not the least guess what accommodation we shall find at Hadleigh—whether we shall be able to put a house over our heads or not. Pray write to us there, and believe me affectionately yours,

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

*From* JOHN STERLING.

*Knightsbridge,*

*January 28, 1833.*

I was delighted to get your letter announcing that you and your wife are safe at Hadleigh. I have not happened to see your brother, but had heard from Blakesley that you were on your way to Goshen. My book, indeed, has been published, and is received with a pretty general sibilation, which, however, I can well bear, as Coleridge professes to like it much. I have seen him often, and may say that I am rather intimate with him, to my exceeding comfort. I have been allowed to copy his notes on Pearson on the Creed, which you shall see when we meet, and I am much mistaken if, in spite of a good deal to startle, and something, perhaps, to distress you, you do not regard them as forming one of the most interesting books you ever read. Much of his comment hinges on his view of the inspiration of Scripture, from which I think you would entirely dissent. He has given me, in the course of one of his conversations, an illustration of the pentad relating to this subject, which I will add here:—1. Prothesis—Christ the Lord. 2. Mesothesis—the Spirit. 3. Thesis—the Church. 4. Antithesis—the Scriptures. 5. Synthesis—the Preacher. If I were to be longer here I have no doubt I should get hold of some more of his manuscripts, but as I am going to Cambridge in a week, I should hardly have time to copy them. I am myself so little a follower of Armstrong that I have lately bought the works of

Luther and Melancthon, those of Liebnitz, some of Origen, etc., and shall probably buy others in Germany, whither we propose to start about the middle of May. In spite of your account of your quarters, I must contrive to see you before we cross the water, and shall put up some day at your village hostel. If you do not write before, at all events let me hear from you at Cambridge, whence I will write whatever strikes me as marvellous in the Thebes that did our weak, unknowing youth engage. We often condoled at your exile in Ireland, and now congratulate each other on your escape. We still look forward to an emigration more distant, though not so perilous; but be assured I shall not go to the West Indies without a clear calling thither. God bless you. I live in hopes of soon seeing you.

*From W. B. DONNE.\**

Though I lost you as a neighbour, I felt very glad that you had escaped from the curacy of Shelton and the society of your brethren—not one of whom, to my knowledge, *near* Stratton could have met you in mental fellowship—and exchanged them for the certainty of intelligence and learning in your present rector; and I fear we should have found eleven miles of sorry road, for a good space of the year, a bar to our frequent meeting, at least as family men; for *we* have no means of conveyance except a pony-gig, which is bad work for ladies from October to April. This, at least, was the form of consolation which my philosophy assumed on reading your last letter. Now, when you come to see us, you must travel, like the patriarchs, with your household, and tarry many days. I know Mr. Rose as a preacher at St. Mary's, where I generally attended his sermons. He had some wrong notions about Mahomet, but I admired his language as eloquent and scholarly, clear and powerful. I read also one of his pamphlets about the Germans; but at the time I was not competent to enter into his doctrine, and had, I remember, an unlucky hankering for the notes; for Vipian sat at my right hand. These same notes were extracts from the neologists, and savoured of a more liberal school than my present orthodoxy quite approves.

I deplore with you the present state and the prospects of Ireland. Laws may create a polity from the strong ferment of barbarism, but cannot cure the lingering debility of an outworn people, and, what

\* Undated; endorsed by the Archbishop, "Feb., 1833."



is worse, the spreading of inveterate decay. The Irish possessed a pure and spiritual Church, and an enlightened Church government when Columban went forth to the Western Isles and the Rhine as a missionary. They forewent the privilege, and their present condition is one of the countless proofs which history gives that the palmy state of a people can never return. Those nations had a milder and happier destiny whose greatness, like that of the Samnites and Umbrians, is inferred from the struggle of their conquerors, and whose crimes are lost in the night of time.

*From* JOHN STERLING.

*Knightsbridge,*

*February 27, 1833.*

I have seen a good deal of Coleridge, who treats me with very great kindness. I hope some time or other to be able to show you the transcript I have made of some of his manuscripts. The printed book I have read of late that has interested me most is Baxter's memoirs of his own life, which I hope you will look at as soon as it falls in your way. St Augustine, for the little I have read, disappoints me; there is so much elaborate trifling and quibbling as would conceal, if anything could, the man's genius and ardour.

*From* ARTHUR HALLAM.

*67, Wimpole Street,*

*March 25, 1833.*

You must almost have forgotten my handwriting. However, I trust the substance of this note will show that I have not left off thinking of you. A friend of mine, Gladstone, the new member for Newark, has made me a *half offer* of a small living in Buckinghamshire. I don't mean it is in his gift, but in that of a lady whom he knows. He will write by to-day's post to mention you, and *if not already disposed of*, which is possible, but not likely, he has little doubt it may be yours. All this, of course, must be subject to your option. The place is called Mursley, near Winslow, seven miles from Buckingham. Gladstone wishes me not to mention the name of the patroness until he knows the result of his application. Perhaps, on your part, you will write me a line to say whether you feel inclined to make the change; and I will communicate to you, of course, the answer to Gladstone's recommendation.

TO FREDERIC D. MAURICE.


*Hadleigh, Suffolk,*

*March 27, 1833.*

I have delayed from day to day to answer your letter in the expectation that I might be able to announce to you my wife's confinement, which I can now do. She has brought me a little boy two days ago, and both mother and child do well. Would that the forward-looking thoughts which such an event suggests were somewhat more cheerful. I know that we should have our hearts established, and not be afraid for the things which are coming on the earth, yet still the overflowings of ungodliness do make me afraid.

I am much beholden to you for your kind consideration of me, and your proposal with regard to the curacy in Somersetshire, but I am already fixed with Mr. Rose, the late Christian advocate at Cambridge, of whom perhaps you may remember something. He is a scholar and a gentleman, and a Christian to boot, though he was moved to somewhat unnecessary choler against the neologians of Germany, or at least he called them many hard names—not more than they deserved, but which left them and their wickedness just where they were before. Our situation here in this little nook of England is quite out of the highway of the world, and we scarcely see anybody, so that I shall not be very sorry to change at some future time, the more so as I feel that I could do better at some place where I was alone. There are three of us here, and though we do not work and counterwork, the one pulling down what the other builds up, yet I still feel that this is not the right constitution for a Christian Church.

I have not yet been able to acquiesce in the powers manifested in the midst of Mr. Irving's Church, though, if at any time I should do so, I trust I may have the grace to follow out my convictions faithfully. Sterling wrote to me about three weeks ago. He had been seeing much of Coleridge, who, I trust, will not spoil him with vain philosophy. There is a reticence about Coleridge's published works, which one discovers from his private conversations, that is very painful, as causing mistrust and a constant doubt whether he does not mean much more than he says. I must now have done, for I believe that my wife would have me write to all her kith and kin. I trust that we may soon meet, though I see not how nor when.



From J. W. BLAKESLEY.

Blackheath,

April 1, 1833.

I was very happy to find by the newspaper that you had attained the paternal dignity, of which I wish you all manner of joy, and hope that the young eagle may inherit the qualities of his sire. I suppose that there are many claimants to be preferred to me at present, but, if you go on increasing in numbers at Hadleigh, perhaps you will allow me the honour of standing godfather to your fourteenth or fifteenth, with the proviso that, if a boy, it shall not be named after me. I begin to feel very old in seeing so many descendants of my *ομήλικες*, and, were it not that I always disregarded the fashions of the day, should be almost tempted to avoid singularity by committing matrimony myself. I have not yet seen Sterling, and am not certain that he is in town. Alfred Tennyson is in town with the professed purpose of studying the Elgin Marbles. He has a sister with him—the besonneted, not the betrothed one—of a noble countenance and magnificent eyes, as far as I could judge from a very short visit by candlelight. Hallam is fatter. O'Brien is looking thoughtful and thin. Martineau reads law hard, and keeps up a morality suitable to such a profession. But the most astonishing of all the wonders of this wonder-producing age (not even excepting Lord Brougham) is —. I have heard from others, although I have not seen it myself, as the chorus in the *Philoctetes* judiciously observes of Ixion, that — has been met in his way to Norway declaiming against the irreligion of every one in general and the French nation in particular, and avowing his own intention to enter the Church himself. This versatility is amazing. *Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus ; omnia novit !* Pray let me hear from you soon, and tell me more about yourself, unless you intend to follow the usual plan of married men and cut your bachelor friends. I shall be interested—no man more so, and few women—in everything which concerns you.

I must not forget to tell you that Tennant is flourishing as a master of the London University School, which procures him the double advantage of increasing his disposable capital and diminishing his disposable time ; the consequence of which is, that he is much less disposed to pick holes in institutions or theories, and confines his sport, as he used to do in his golden time, to puns and paradoxes, which is a harmless recreation and hurts nothing but the patience of the audience. Spedding has returned to Cambridge, and

will remain there till October. Kemble is there also. He is likely to obtain a grant from the syndicates of the press towards the publication of the Anglo-Saxon translation of the Gospels, which, it is supposed, will be a great treasure to English philologists.

From F. D. MAURICE.

Oxford,

April 2, 1833.

I can offer you nothing but unmingled congratulations on the birth of your child. If I said I did not understand the note of sorrow in your announcement of it, I should lie. Alas! I understood it far better than the cheerful and thankful language which I am sure the occasion warrants, and in which I could wish to speak of it. But the feeling is not the less unreasonable and wrong because we have few of us a right to cast the first stone. Is there not a new spirit born to increase the joyfulness of the everlasting kingdom? What if it has to experience a little of the darkness of this world, in order to make its welcome to light more keenly delightful, or to accomplish some work which its sisters of light are rejoicing in the prospect of. For that it is born an inheritor of the world's night is a devil-sent imagination which should no more be allowed to shed a shade over your mind than that you are one yourself. The devil tells you that you both belong to this gloomy and desolate system of things, but he is a liar and was so from the beginning. The spirit and the body say "Come" to that child; and what have you to do, or "man or boy," or "aught that is at enmity with joy" to do, with thinking that they do not mean what they say? I am sure you do not disbelieve them; and, if not, if it be only that some holy fear mingles with your pleasure, that seems to me a necessary element of all pleasure, something without which it does not deserve the name.

It is right to hope against hope, and I think also it is right to speak to another against all the current of one's own feelings and dispositions. I could easily fill a sheet with complainings responsive to yours if my heart would bear its part in the burden right well and sincerely. Yes; and I could tell you, even within the exceedingly narrow circle of my experience, that I am daily hearing similar groans, differently uttered, according to the age, or sex, or gifts, or disposition of the person, but all set to the same tune. Is this fresh cause for despondency? Is it not rather great matter of encouragement? *Gemebant et superabant*, says Luther, speaking of the

times immediately preceding the Reformation, the Church lay at the feet of Antichrist, wailing and crying, and its cries entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. And what answer did He send? Gifts of tongues? Shrieks in churches? Talking women? Miss Cardales? Mr. Baxters? No; He sent them deliverance. They asked for bread, and He did not send a stone; no, though they might in their ignorance ask for stones, wishing for bread. He sent them a deliverance out of Egypt, out of fleshly tyranny, the yoke of sense; a deliverance into glorious liberty, if not into the perfect freedom of the children of God.

Our bondage is different; but we are men as they were, and the God of the fifteenth century is the God of the nineteenth. We are crushed by the spirit of this world, by the horrible Babylonian oppression (are not Babel and Babylon the same?) of contradictory opinions, strifes, divisions, heresies, selfishness. We feel this spirit around us, above us, within us. It cramps our energies, kills our life, destroys our sympathy. The spirit of *the* man, of manhood (see 1 Corinthians ii. 11), within us frets and fights, conscious of its degradation, hating its slavery, and yet unwilling to believe that the slavery is in itself; that Christ has borne the sin of the *world*, has overcome the world, and that in Him there is peace. For, fancying that we have received this truth once in reference to our own particular individual offences, there is a mighty resistance to learn it and receive it over again, when we have learnt that we are more than *individuals*—are *men*, and that the sin of the world, of the *κόσμος* around us, the spirit of evil in our brethren, is cleaving to us and assailing us, each in his own heart and understanding. And to cut the knot, we imagine that Christ bore not the sin of the world, as St. John affirms, carrying the grief and anguish and excruciating sense of man's *transgressions* in His heart and conscience, even as He carried his *death* in His body, and sustaining both burdens by the intensity of love; but that He had a sinful flesh, thus excluding the possibility of His sympathizing with other men, or seeing that flesh is necessarily individual, and doth never sympathize with flesh. And to match this, we suppose an individual Spirit coming down to inspire particular individuals with particular gifts. But is it such a Spirit *we*, who feel the burden of this world's Spirit, need? Is it not the Spirit that came down at Pentecost, the Spirit of love, of union—not the *signum*, but the *significatum*? Did the **Jews want** another Mount Sinai, fresh thunders, or new fires, when they came out of Babylon? Or did they want the Everlasting Law, their

Temple, weepings and supplications, pure worshipping or united worship? So neither do we want the signs of a Spiritual Presence but the Presence Himself. And how should we seek it? Can we in any other way than by seeking more to understand Christ, in Whom alone we can behold Father, Son, and Spirit, without Whom our idea of the Father is little better than of a Ζεὺς, a Lord of Nature; of the Spirit little better than of an *anima mundi* or Delphic Apollo?


You long for a Urim and Thummim—a holy wish, and surely one which will be heard and answered, for it is written, “He shall be called Counsellor;” and I have known one who so apprehended him in that character that, at the age of twenty-three, her clearness and subtlety of understanding were beyond what I have ever seen in any man’s, though all was acquired upon a sick bed, in exquisite pain of body. But, alas! my dear friend, are not too many of us longing, not for a Urim and Thummim, but for a Pythia? From all such dreams and expectations, good Lord, deliver us! May the Day-Star so arise in our hearts that all these mists which precede and betoken His rising, but yet fill the atmosphere with a clammy coldness, may be scattered. Surely as He is man, and man known among us, the hum of oracles will cease, even as they are said to have ceased at His birth into the world.

But I must not detain you longer than to congratulate you on your position at Hadleigh under such a man as Rose, and to leave this question for your consideration—Whether, if the spirit of Babel be the spirit of confusion, we are not most fleeing out of Babylon by abiding in the Church of England, endeavouring to bring all men to see that there is a point of union in the belief of a Personal Christ, which there never can be in any Articles, which is presumably the faith of our Church.

*From ARTHUR HALLAM.*

*April 3, 1833.*

I am sorry to have no satisfactory tidings to send you about the living. Gladstone’s friend has written to say that she wishes to have a clergyman from her own neighbourhood. I am much disappointed, as from what he told me I was led to suppose his recommendation would have been effectual. However, if I cannot congratulate you on succeeding in this respect, I am truly glad to find from your letter I have to congratulate you on the



addition of a unit to your superabundant population. Sterling has had the start of you by some weeks, but I have not yet seen the young lady. If she resembles his eldest hope she will be a fine, chubby Englishwoman. John Mitchell \* has sent me an article of his, published in the *Philological*, and separately printed for the sake of private friends and enemies. I rejoice to hear he is spoken of in the highest terms by our best Saxon scholars for real learning and capacity for his subject. Politics I am so tired of and hopeless of, that I wish to write or think little about them. I am glad the Coercion Bill has passed, yet I cannot look without indignation at the whole series of acts on the part of our Whig rulers which has rendered *necessary* such a suspension of political and personal liberty. I have not heard any of the recent debates. Stanley seems to have risen in everybody's estimation, and Althorp to have fallen proportionably. A more disgracefully imbecile leader of the House has never been known. Macaulay has sunk into the background. Peel, Stanley, and O'Connell are beyond question the first speakers—the two former as representatives of the old English style of debating; the latter as a Chamber of Deputies man, a proper organ of an assembly itself organic. Have you seen *Baxter's* book? It is one of the most curious I ever read. Pray get it, if you have it not.

To W. B. DONNE.

Hadleigh,

MY DEAR FRIEND,

April 5, 1833.

I take great shame to myself for having so long delayed to write to you; but, having had to write to many of my own kith and kin, I put off from day to day to communicate news to you which I am very certain will give pleasure to you and Mrs. Donne, which are that my wife brought me last week a little boy, and that both mother and child do well. The latter is hale and lusty, and does not cry more than his hard-hearted nurse says will exercise his lungs. Have you ever considered Baptism as the basis of all Christian education? I know that in this age, when men walk by sight and not by faith, and have no faith in the operation of God, that this Sacrament is lightly esteemed; but to me it seems that all our efforts to educate a child to be a child of God, and not a child of this world or of the devil, must have reference to and be grounded in its baptism; and we are called not to doubt, but earnestly believe, the Father's good-

\* Kemble.

will towards it, and from that moment entreat it as one regenerated. Surely the heathen who said, "*Maxima debetur pueris reverentia*," had entered more into these truths than any of our education-mongers who call themselves Christians. As I suppose that you have not the latest intelligence concerning our common friends, I will give you such news as is in my possession. Kemble has been publishing in the *Philological*, indulging, as is his wont, in a little petulance and personality against some of his fellow-labourers; but, as I am glad to hear, spoken of in the very highest terms by competent Saxon scholars for capacity and knowledge of his subject. He wants a curacy, which when he obtains, Anglo-Saxon will, I trust, give way. Blakesley is going abroad at the beginning, and talks of remaining on the Continent for about a year; more concerning him I know not. From Hallam I heard this morning. He had lulled me some days back into a delusive dream of a small living in Buckinghamshire, from which to-day he rudely awaked me, and I find myself still likely to remain junior curate in this most detestable county of Suffolk. Tennant has got a mastership in one of the London University schools, and is probably much the happier for some such regular occupation, and less inclined to pick holes in systems and institutions. Sterling has got a little girl in addition to the boy that went before. I do not much imagine that he will return to the West Indies, but think that he will more likely remain in England and take Orders.

By this time your indignation, as mine is, must be nearly wearied out with the men who have taken upon them to remodel all our institutions. It would be better for us if the open enemy were in power; for then we might be on our guard, or, at least, the imminence of the danger would rouse those to exertion who now seem determined that till themselves are attacked they will yield everything. We are a cowardly generation.

Do you know much of the men who once adorned this town, from which the word of truth sounded out through all the east of England? I mean Bilney and Rowland Taylor, of whom the latter here resisted unto blood. There is a beautiful epitaph on him in the church, supposed to be written by Dr. Goad, who assisted at the Synod of Dort. These are a few lines of it:—

"King Henry's and King Edward's days,  
Preacher and parson here,  
He gave to God continual praise,  
And kept his flock in fear.



“ And for the truth condemned to die,  
 He was in fiery flame,  
 When he received patiently  
 The torment of the same.

“ And strongly suffered to the end,  
 Which made the standers by  
 Rejoice in God to see their friend  
 And pastor so to die.”

These lines to me are like a trumpet summoning to the battle with the world. Poor Nathan Drake has written another epitaph in all the cumbrous pomp of modern poetic phrase well laid over the meaning, if it ever had any, which makes a very curious contrast. My time is just now very much occupied, so you will excuse my writing more. I trust my godson is well. May he grow up to be a tree in the garden of God—that “ garden enclosed ” and fenced in, which is the Church of God.

*To his Wife.*

*London,*

*May 1, 1833.*

To-day I went with Sterling for a quarter of an hour to the grand annual Bible meeting ; but Gurney’s canting voice drove us both out ; and the clapping jarred very strangely on one’s ear, and the talk about the Bible, as if it were God, instead of being a small part of the revelation of Himself, was painful enough. The whole affair was quite secular, but altogether rather imposing, and I was glad to see that the ladies had the decency, if nothing more, to abstain from much outward adorning. Francis and I are going this afternoon to hear Irving. I have read Baxter’s book, which is passing strange. The Lord give us the spirit of love and a sound mind. At the present moment Irving seems to me certainly to have erred much on the matter of our Lord’s Nature, though not more than many of his opponents ; and, after all, I know not how much of high imagination which needs casting down there may not be in all that he has written concerning holiness in the flesh ; and there are some dangers that we shall bring Christ’s holiness down to that which we can attain, instead of raising up ourselves to His height. Surely our faith has done (or, I should say, is doing) its work when it teaches us, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, to live soberly and righteously in this present world, and not when it presents to us such things to be believed as that the generation of Christ and the regeneration of believers puts

them exactly into the same position—articles of faith which the great majority of humble Christians, the poor to whom the Gospel is preached, can never comprehend, and which, comprehended, would not bring them a whit nearer to the likeness of God.

Kiss little baby boy for me.

It was during this summer, probably early in August, that Mr. Newman (as he then was), Hurrell Froude, and Rev. and Hon. Arthur Perceval, went to Mr. J. H. Rose, at Hadleigh, for what Archbishop Trench, in a letter of June 23, 1880, calls "the Great Conference." He was himself present, "but," he said in after years, "I was a young curate, and only *listened*." He was often wont to speak of it, saying how little those concerned knew of what it was the beginning; that to them it was but a quiet meeting of a few clergymen to consult as to some remedy for evils which they perceived. He said that he remembered taking a walk with Mr. Newman, but that he thought of all who were there he was most impressed by Hurrell Froude.\* Probably they spent a Sunday at Hadleigh, for Archbishop Trench writes, in the letter mentioned above: "I have a vivid recollection of poor Arthur Perceval's sermon beginning, 'I stand where Rowland Taylor stood;' otherwise I have not a very clear remembrance of what it was about."

From W. B. DONNE.

August 24, 1833.

Your letter was a most welcome one in all respects, and especially in that it alleged no just cause or impediment why we should not all meet, and that soon. Had there been no help for it, we would certainly have received you in singlehood; but we can with the greatest pleasure receive Mrs. Trench's sister (you philosophically despise names and dates, which obliges me to use your own periphrasis) as well as yourselves. I mentioned the straitness of room while my cub was here, to explain why we had seemed in past times so churlish as never to say "*Come*." But with the sad

\* A letter from H. Froude to Mr. Perceval, dated August 14, 1833, alluding to this visit, and laying down the lines of the "Tracts for the Times," is published in "James Skinner, a Memoir" (see first chapter).

prospect of your removal before us, rather than plead narrow quarters as inability, I would hire a travelling tinker's cart, and make the servants go into it, as an ark, while ourselves reposed in the garrets. But there is no occasion for such desperate shifts ; therefore I look on your coming as certain. Probably you might be admitted to worship the yellow curtain in China, with fewer preliminaries ; but we, living under a republic and not in a monarchy, must take the general sense of the assembly. I hope that it clearly appears that you are not to think of leaving any one, guest or infant or servant, at Hadleigh, and that you are to choose the 9th or 16th, whichever seems good in your own eyes.

I was very glad to hear from Kemble that Mr. Trench had been prevailed on to quit Ireland. How much fearful anxiety must have been taken off your mind ! I am by nature unwarlike ; and though theoretically no disliker of conquest, or lover of universal peace, while the world contains such folks as the Portugals and Africans and Cathayans, yet I should ill suit with pistols in the saddle, or with buff coat and bandeliers on my person. But rather than allow a state of society wherein cunning and number prevail over subtle order and government of a few, I would exchange my morning gown and slippers, with good heart and hope, for cuirass and greaves. Certainly a violent shaking of the branches, even with the crash and fall of some main boughs, is to be chosen before a swamp at the roots. Yet while separation and selfish independency is the idea of the age, and not final union after severe discordance, I see little to be hoped for. In the great world-rockings hitherto the principle of schism has ever been "union." In the present scuttling of the state vessel the aim seems to be so to sink, as to render all future floating impossible, simply because they will drift easier at the bottom, below the tides and nobler gulf streams. How noble an antagonism do Hooker and Milton present of opposite ideas, or, more properly, of opposite images of one idea ! Each lifted up his voice for one Church to modify and contradict the varying modes of human politics, and each would arrive at the same consummation of an apostolic unity, though one would sail round the Horn, and the other by the Arctic Sea. But now the strife is for man to stand alone neighbourless and Godless in the might of nonentity—for man alone is such.

With regard to mystics, *we* who can read Greek need not be vexed for the interpretation. Only render it "the initiated," and let the world ring its riddling changes on it with as much jangling and

mirth as it will. The false mystics of the sensuous eye, who would deal with matter alone and generalization, who would be lynx-eyed ere they are couched, are welcome to puzzle and perplexity and the caricatures of mist. I still hold with the backward face of Janus, as the true prophetic index of times. What has been, shall be; only that despotism waxes weaker in its change from units to many. There is a religious harmony in even a lawless monarchy; a true idea of authority embodied, though congealed, in Venice and Sparta. Even the pope and conclave of cardinals is not an absolute form of falsehood; but the dividuous level of many is the most abject and forlorn condition of humanity.

We are all "thinking long" to see you and yours. I am most glad to hear your little boy is thriving. He and mine are like to have a bad world to jostle in, with fewer living footmarks of truth than even we had.

*To his Wife.*

*Hadleigh,*

*September 24, 1833.*

I was very thankful to receive so good an account of you all as I did this morning. Please in your next letter not to be so succinct, but to give me a little more general intelligence concerning baby and Emily\* and yourself, also about Elm Lodge,† and everything else. I told you, I believe, that Mr. Rose preached his farewell sermon on Sunday from Proverbs: "My son, if thy heart be wise, my heart shall rejoice, even mine." What an exquisitely beautiful verse it is! The beauty of the Scripture is so equable that one does not remark the especial beauty of each part till one sees it as a fragment standing alone. More than half his sermon was taken up with an address to those lately confirmed; of the rest part was personal, and as you may imagine from his power of pathos, very affecting. He said a few words that were pleasant to hear concerning his estimation of the labours of those upon whom he had been obliged to devolve nearly

\* Hon. Emily Trench, sister to Mrs. R. C. Trench, died unmarried in 1843. After her sister's marriage, her home was frequently with her cousin brother-in-law, by whom she was deeply loved and valued. Her singular beauty, of mind and body alike, and the saintly charm of her character have remained a vivid family tradition even amongst those of a later generation, who, like the writer, cannot remember her.

† His father had, on the murder of his steward, given up for ever his Irish home and returned to Elm Lodge.

all the care of the parish ; to whom he said both they and he owed a debt of gratitude of which the amount could not be known till the day when the secrets of all hearts should be disclosed. This was pleasant, though it is one thing to be accepted of men, and another of God ; and now at this moment I am often filled with much shame and sorrow to think that I should not have more fulfilled my ministry, and that neither in quantity nor quality my works have been as they ought, perfect before God. However, the future is our own, and I trust that we shall both be strong to labour more, both in prayer and in the Word, for the people among whom we may hereafter be placed. I intend next Sunday (D.V.) to preach on Jude 21, 22, which, since I have fixed upon them, I have found to be the Second Lesson for the evening.

To W. B. DONNE.

*Elm Lodge, Southampton,*

*October 9, 1833.*

I did not think to have written to you so soon, and very much would have rejoiced if I had no need to do so ; but it is, I am sure, better that you should know the great and common loss we have sustained, and indeed our whole generation. Our dear and delightful friend, Arthur Hallam, who had for some time been travelling in Germany, has not been permitted to return. The fatal event took place at Vienna ; the immediate cause, as you may have anticipated, pressure of blood upon the brain. His father was with him. I have not been able to learn any particulars, but fear that there can be now no doubt of the truth of the intelligence, having heard it from two quarters. I little thought that when, the morning we parted, we spoke of him and of our common friends, and how they had been all spared to us, even then we were so mournfully mistaken. I am sure we must all feel very deeply for his family, and especially for poor Miss Tennyson. We must give them what we have, which are our prayers, that their hearts may be comforted, and that she may find rest and consolation in Him Who can alone give it.

It remains for ourselves that we lay these things to heart, and that they be not lost upon us, but that rather they should be an incitement to holy thought and the active service of faith ; that, being sadder, we be likewise better men. My own conscience rather accused me on the day when I left you, and remembered how much we had spoken of other matters, and how little of the common salvation and

the hope which is full of immortality, provoking one another to love and to good works.

You may imagine that I can have no heart or inclination to write on other matters ; when I know more, you shall hear from me. For the present farewell. May the Lord bless all your household. My own has been kept in health and prosperity.

*From W. B. DONNE.*

*Mattishall, East Dereham,*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

*October 23, 1833.*

Your letter was indeed a severe shock to me. I did not write in reply, for you were sure of my fellow-feeling with yourself and with all our friends ; and had the case admitted of any consolation from without, I had no sources of it in myself, with which you were not already more fully supplied. I am anxious to know how the most afflicted at this heavy time bear themselves, poor Miss Tennyson and Mr. Hallam. I am not aware whether he has another son, and even so, hardly of equal promise with him who is taken away. You suppose me to have guessed at the cause of his death. Was he, then, liable to a determination of blood to the brain? Most dearly do I prize a very few letters written by him, and he had been most kind and courteous in sending me what he printed. And I had fondly hoped, some day, to have renewed and increased my brief acquaintance with him, which, personally, has been but for an hour or two at most. Hallam had not come to Cambridge until just before I went away. I have never been there since, and only when visiting James Spedding in London in '29 have I ever been in company with him. I cannot therefore claim so entire a sorrow as you and others feel ; yet I am truly sensible of a heavy loss to myself and to our generation. We must be more earnest workers, since the labourers are fewer.

We were delighted in being able to detain you even for the short space of your late visit. But I still feel some regret that for yourself it fell upon so unfortunate a season. You could not have been more welcome, unless indeed Mrs. Trench had come with you ; but your welcome would have at another time been unalloyed with sad circumstances on our part. But I can assure you that your company and converse did me much good. I can admire without emulating your deep and full thought, but I would copy, if it be possible, your earnestness and singleness of aim.

*From* FRANCIS GARDEN.

*Nice,*

*November 26, 1833.*

I was very glad to hear from you in Paris, as I had sought you out in London in vain. The loss we have sustained was made known to me in Cambridge, and I longed to talk with you of him whom we shall see no more in this world of vanity and disappointment. I had hoped to find him returned when I got to London, and to spend some pleasant time with him. What expectations we had all formed of him, and how little did we think that it was not here that he was to ripen and bear the abundant fruit, of which his uncommon powers gave promise! For the last four years there is no one of my friends whom I have more regularly and constantly seen from time to time, and now the thought constantly surprises me that all this is over, and I feel as if it were incredible, instead of what we might well have calculated on. When in London I saw a letter from poor Alfred Tennyson. Both himself and his family seem plunged in the deepest affliction, which I trust is to end in their discovering what true joy is, and where it is to be found.

## CHAPTER VIII.

1834.

"To leave unseen so many a glorious sight,  
To leave so many lands unvisited,  
To leave so many worthiest books unread,  
Unrealized so many visions bright ;—  
Oh ! wretched yet inevitable spite  
Of our brief span, that we must yield our breath,  
And wrap us in the unfeeling coil of death,  
So much remaining of unproved delight.  
But hush, my soul, and vain regrets, be stilled ;  
Find rest in Him who is the complement  
Of whatsoe'er transcends our mortal doom,  
Of baffled hope and unfulfilled intent ;  
In the clear vision and aspect of whom  
All longings and all hopes shall be fulfilled."

R. C. T., *Sonnet*.

THE first letter in 1834 is from John Sterling, who was ordained deacon at Chichester on Trinity Sunday in that year, and in June settled as curate at Hurstmonceux. Carlyle says that "already, in September, he begins to have misgivings." The significant words at the end of the following letter, written five months before his ordination, expressing disbelief in the Divine organization of the Church, sufficiently indicate these misgivings. He never received Priest's Orders.

*Trinity Hall, Cambridge,*

*Sunday, January 5, 1834.*

I heard yesterday from my mother that you had been good enough to call in Knightsbridge, and I write this in the hope of its catching you in London, but I direct it almost at hazard to the Burlington. I conclude from your being in town that you are on your way to Colchester ; and as you are not to be at Hurstmonceux



I am heartily glad that you are to be employed elsewhere, with a fair prospect of comfort and usefulness. At the same time my conscience, or something softer about me, often reproaches me that you are not to be with Hare, where I seem likely to be established so much to my satisfaction that I cannot but imagine how well the situation would have suited you. I wish still more earnestly that I could at all hope to bring to my new employment your zeal and singleness of purpose, to say nothing of your experience. I was for three days at Hurstmonceux the week before Christmas, and spent my time very delightfully. The rectory and library I was prepared for, and in a good degree for the pictures; and I confess that it makes to my mind a very considerable difference in the prospect of residing in a village away from public collections to have the hope of borrowing from such stores as those of my future rector, to say nothing of his society. I sometimes venture to dream that with even two or three hours' leisure a day, and access to a good philosophical and theological library, I may prepare myself, in the course of a few years, for writing a book on ethics, which would help to raise men's minds to nobler views of Christianity than they can get from Locke and Paley. But this must, of course, be a matter of long training and premeditation. Here I have lately read little but the books for my degree, of which I was before shamefully ignorant, and even now do not know much. I heard Merivale preach on Christmas Day, and liked his sermon, only that he called Christ the Son of Jehovah. On the whole, my residence here has given me much more favourable views than I had before entertained of the course of mind of the more active of the members of our former circle, and the strong practical tendency and keen conscience proper to our country will always, I trust, keep them from wandering into the Pantheistic theories of the Germans. I do not know (I should be delighted to hear) what your views may now be as to the *external* requisites of a Church (I believe there are none) and the succession of the clergy.

To W. B. DONNE.


*Colchester,*

MY DEAR DONNE,

*January 22, 1834.*

You will, I dare say, be surprised to receive a letter from me, bearing the above superscription, and I thought, indeed, myself that I had quite left this corner of England. We, however, only rough hew, and Another shapes our ends. I was not in the south offered

any curacy which I liked, and when I began to grow tired of being idle, and of those who only stand and wait, I received an invitation from Mr. Carr, of whom I had known much by favourable report during my residence at Hadleigh, to come and help him here, and I have now been established here for nearly three weeks. My parish, St. Peter's, contains nearly two thousand inhabitants, and though it has had for nearly fifty years an uninterrupted succession of faithful ministers, contains multitudes ignorant and out of the way. At Hadleigh there was too little profession ; here, as might be imagined from the circumstances, there is too much. However, the people are very kind and pleasant, and there is society superior to that of most country towns, and one or two possessors of good libraries. But you must come and see us—not now, when days are dark and ways are mire, and when, as yet, we have not a house in which we can ourselves pack without some inconvenience, but in the summer, when I shall rejoice to see the growth of my little godson, and likewise to show you my little boy. He has been a great blessing to us, is never ill, and flourishes greatly. Pray let me hear soon of yourself and of Mrs. Donne, and of your least one, that he, too, is doing well, filling your home with love and light ; and of your studies, what you are reading and of what thinking. I have so much to do that I cannot read more than for the current expenses of the day, and live quite from hand to mouth, so that I cannot reciprocate with you in this respect ; but this makes me the more glad to hear and learn something from them who are laying deep bases underground. Oh, how I feel my want now of the bones and sinews of knowledge, instead of the little infirm flesh and skin which one has ! What would I give now to have lived a year or two on Aristotle and Aquinas ! The first of these I am determined to study, though I cannot see from what end or corner of the day I am to piece off a daily hour, in which I purpose to submit myself to what Dryden called “the greatest-tyranny that ever swayed.” I have not heard lately from any of our friends. Kemble keeps his state, and will not answer my letter, and I solicit him no more ; he is going to give lectures on Anglo-Saxon, and there are many of the most distinguished men of the university that will be his hearers. Sterling is about to become Hare's curate at Hurstmonceux, an extensive and desolate parish in Sussex ; he has lately been in England alone, and by this time has, I believe, returned to Germany to fetch home his wife. Maurice I had the pleasure and advantage of seeing many times at Southampton ; he is to be ordained at the conclusion of this month, and has a curacy in



Warwickshire, and the tutorage of some young nobleman, that I hope will turn to his profit, as he is not rich ; and though I do not wish for myself or any of my friends that we should be so, I know how sorely hampered we are by being poor. Have you heard anything of the family of the Hallams ? I heard of the poor father that his heart is smitten down and withered ; he was an ambitious man for his son, and, of course, had high hopes from him, and not, alas ! those hopes which can bear to be transplanted to a better soil. Tennyson has, I hear, so far recovered from the catastrophe in which his sister was involved, as to have written some poems, and, they say, fine ones.

I have written a letter which is hardly worth sending, but if it succeeds in provoking one from you it is well. Pray commend me very kindly to Mrs. Donne, and I send my blessing to my spiritual son. Believe me, I retain a most pleasant recollection of the few days which I last spent at Mattishall. For the present I remain affectionately yours,

R. C. TRENCH.

*From W. B. DONNE.*


*Mattishall,*

*March 10, 1834.*

I shall certainly come within the terms of the interdict you have issued against Kemble for similar delinquency if another week passes without a letter in reply to your welcome one. We most heartily rejoice that you are again within a few hours' distance, and that you will be able, without let or hindrance on either side, to bring Mrs. Trench and your little man, at no far-off day, to Mattishall. If things hold their course, we shall probably, when the fine days come, amuse ourselves by turning the house out at the windows, wash it, hang it up to dry, and begin the Augean-work of painting a room or two. These I shall keep for company, and report the rest as haunted, so that we shall in future live with great credit and handsomeness. I hope that our vows not to settle at Mattishall, nor indeed in Norfolk, were not registered, otherwise we are in danger of perjury. An ugly notion, called duty, hinted that if we remained in England, it would perhaps be well to keep in our own parish. You are so modest a man in speaking of yourself, that you are not to be believed. Some minds extract from an hour's reading, and from the snatches and fragments which an active life allows for study, more solid and wholesome food than the close diligence of others collects in whole days, and this must be your case ; for that you have

little leisure for study I can easily understand, and I can *witness* that you are well appointed, and ready, whenever the results of study are required. How is this managed? I have often tried to solve the riddle of our forefathers' learning, when Spenser, Hooker, and Milton were students, for that of German erudition in our days is more readily resolved. But the English great men were not content with single perfections in science and arts, but thought their course unfinished and unworthy till the orb of knowledge was rounded. If we exclude the mathematical studies which are so advanced, whether pure or experimental (and Chaucer's treatise on the astrolabe and Milton's plan of education show that they were no mean portion of instruction even then), we must take into account the scholastic divinity, the logic, and rhetoric, which were not then mere names on examination papers. I am inclined to think that the very difficulty of their elementary learning, which we are daily smoothening and shortening, was not without its use, and turned up more surely the virgin soil of the mind, and made it more capable of yielding fruits an hundredfold in after-years.

Yet it is doubtful, I think, whether the study of Aquinas be worth reviving. In his age, ignorance was active and crushing; it required main force to keep it off. The mind must be intrenched and on garrison duty, and what better could be contrived, in the lack of generous matter, history, language, poetry, and physics, than the strong drilling of the schools? But the objects which had with them substance and reality, must be consciously assumed, for debate's sake, by us. *We* cannot, though they were able, wrangle heartily on what we care not for. The study of Aristotle is quite another affair, and I hope you will find an hour to probe his deep things, and for Aquinas read Demosthenes, whose closeness in argument, method, and subtilty were never exceeded by a seraphical or angelical doctor of them all, and whose eloquence is an art which they dream not of. My studies, not to leave a kind query unnoticed, are and have been Suetonius, Tacitus, and the Augustan poets; my digression, Chaucer; and my exercise, cutting down trees, and amputating the arms and shoots of shrubs, from the hyssop to the cedar. The marvellous completeness of Tiberius's portraiture by Tacitus, the chasm in the history of Trajan, no longer allow me to wonder that the history of the Cæsars has never been accomplished. Perhaps Tillemont, having collected every fact, verified every date, and fingered every medal (*comme un savant, mais pour le philosophe !*), has done it in the only practicable way. Yet it



is the history of an "inorganic period," such as ours is perhaps becoming, and could a mirror be held up beforehand, it would be well; but I remember—"quid valeant humeris." My little ones are well; the eldest sturdy and saucy, somewhat "sudden and quick in quarrel," but easily reconciled, and, I think, very generous in his temper. The younger is thriving, but he is of finer elements than his brother, and has had winter, instead of summer and autumn, to gain growth in. Does your boy begin to speak? Let me hear from you long before the dog-days, and, indeed, soon.

Before April, an obstinate cough, interfering with his work in church and amongst the people, gave much anxiety to Mr. Trench's friends, and he was persuaded to meet his father in London, in order to obtain the best medical advice.

*To his Wife.*

*London,*

*April 11, 1834.*

I wish I could tell you that my cold is much better, but the weather for the two last days has been so unfavourable that any amendment could hardly have been expected. We have keen north-east winds and sleet yesterday and to-day. I saw Mrs. J. Sterling, who was just on the point of setting out for Hurstmonceaux, whither her husband had gone before her a few days. They seem much pleased with the place. Her little boy looks like a little, stout, sturdy waggoner. Mr. Rose is in town, at Joshua Watson's; but I have not yet seen him. I am going to call this morning. Will you visit a girl named S. French, whom I think you have heard me mention, and also Mrs. Feaks? They may both, perhaps, need assistance.

I trust the dear little child has been kept from all accident and sickness. I often wish I could more attain to that which David marks as one of the signs of the believer, "He shall not be afraid of evil tidings;" but, parted from home, I find it very difficult. I have been reading Law on "Christian Perfection," which, like his other works, convinces one of worldliness in a thousand things, wherein before one thought oneself quite clear. We have all need to watch and pray against this temper of spirit, especially in its more unsuspected forms.

From JOHN STERLING.

*Hurstmonceaux, near Battle,*

*April 17, 1834.*

Your letter gave me much both of pleasure and pain ; for neither of them, however, had I been left without preparation by my wife, who had talked to me both of having seen you and of your ill health. My thoughts have often recurred to you with gratitude for your remembrance and much sorrow for your illness. Do, my dear friend, be more careful of yourself. You will not permit yourself, and ought not to believe that your life is of much importance beyond your own private circle ; but there you must know how precious it is, and must feel the cruelty of needlessly paining those so deeply dependent on you. May God grant you perfect restoration and strength to perform the active duties, without which you would doubtless perceive a melancholy void in this life. I have myself been leading for several months a life of unprofitable bustle, which withdraws one more perhaps from any higher objects than vice itself ; for it occupies the mind with some real and many supposed duties, and rather lays the reason and conscience and spiritual affections to sleep than calls them out into vigorous exercise against declared enemies. I hope to be able to spend the few weeks before I am examined for Orders in study, which, though not (as mine never is) very continuous or profound, is yet far more satisfactory than travelling in stage coaches and unpacking furniture. It is, I trust, a happy circumstance that I shall have settled my private affairs before I enter on any ministerial duties ; and I may perhaps obtain some little knowledge of the people about me, and of what I shall have to do among them, before my task actually begins. I heard from Maurice not long ago. The chief matter not quite personal in his letter relates to the theory of preaching ; and the main point, the (I think) unquestionable one of the propriety of laying the mysteries of the truth before men's thwarted minds. I should, however, limit this by adding that we must presuppose the requisite degree of moral life and consciousness. I know few attempts more hopeless than that of offering the *whole* Scriptural scheme of Christianity to minds so utterly unsusceptible of spiritual truth as those of the South Sea Islanders, or probably, for the most part, of the negroes. They cannot possibly attach any meaning to the very terms ; but this, I believe, is not generally the state of the poor in this country, and, of course, our efforts must be varied accordingly.

*To his Wife.*

*Burlington Hotel,*

*Sunday Evening, April 20, 1834.*

To tell you first of myself: my favourable symptoms have continued. I have coughed almost not at all to-day; at the same time, you must not be too sanguine. Dr. Hall, while he allows the great improvement, does not give me any encouragement to expect a complete cure in three weeks or a month, but still presses the importance of my lying by during the whole summer.

I heard Benson this morning; the Bishop of London in the afternoon; and was for about ten minutes at Irving's this evening, but was afraid to remain longer, as night was closing in. He was doing the work of an evangelist, and I heard the conclusion of an address, magnificent, earnest, and impressive as could be. Benson somewhat disappointed me. He seems to have quite lost the apostolical simplicity which once was so remarkable in him—his subject, the sabbath. He had this excellency—that he stood on the *terra firma* of our actual condition, and spoke of gin-shops, Sunday dinner-parties, etc., dealing out equal measure to the rich and the poor, but especially pressing on the first their duty to their dependents. The Bishop was rather despondent, and seemed full of the evil times which are approaching, but was earnest and good.

Everybody is in great alarm about the great meeting of the Unionists which is to take place, evidently with the purpose of over-awing the Government. Troops are being marched into the neighbourhood of town; and a proclamation has been published, warning all well-disposed persons to keep away, as they may bring themselves into danger. It is anticipated that Government will not allow the meeting to take place. All things warn us that we have little chance of leading peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty; therefore is there the more need that we have a hiding-place from the storm; and the one hiding-place is the secret of the Almighty, the entering into the counsel of God's love concerning us—the entering into it now. If the sense of the insecurity of all things round us, if the looking for the great shaking of the nations, brings us to be more upon our knees, it will be well. I do not think that, considering how much the Church owes to the civil power for the opportunities of serving God in peace, how much of the open overflowings of ungodliness are restrained by that power, that we are sufficiently in prayer for kings and all in authority under them. Let us seek to amend this.

*To the Same.*

*Hurstmonceux,*

*May 8, 1834.*

I am thankful to hear of the continued health of all at home, and of our dear little boy's growth in all manly accomplishments. You will, I know, be sorry to hear that my journey here, and the change of air, which I had hoped would have given the *coup de grâce* to my cough, has brought it on again, so that I have not now much expectation of my being able to resume at Colchester. I am so decidedly thrown back, that I have come, after some painful indecision, to the resolution of giving up my present curacy; the chances are too few that I should be able to retain it, to render it any longer just to Mr. Carr that I should make the attempt. I am sorry, very sorry, that our many little plans and purposes should thus be broken asunder or jostled out of their places; but, after all, dearest, the unity and continuity of our life must lie in the inward and spiritual life, and not in the outward; and it must be ours to watch that the breaks and disarrangements of the latter bring in no confusion or interruption into the former. For of this I am sure, that they need not; though my own experience has told me that they often do; but this is our own fault. For the future I have little anxiety but that we shall yet be disposed of as is best for ourselves and for others; for the present we can only say, "They also serve who only stand and wait." There are some to whom I felt a growing union in spirit, and from them I shall much regret to be divided. Can you do without me and make your arrangements for coming away without my presence? for though I look forward with much pleasurable hope to a future visit to my people, yet I would willingly spare myself a present leave-taking. Perhaps this is only selfishness, and if you wish for me, only say it.

I make all arrangements with a heavy heart, both for their cause, and because I fear you may have trouble and difficulty in them. But after prayer to the Lord the Counsellor, and much consultation with my kind and affectionate friends, I am convinced that what would most probably have come at last had better come now; and the likelihoods that it would come are now so many as quite to take off from me any vexation of spirit should it turn out that in a week or fortnight hence I should be quite free from cough. We shall meet, I trust, at the end of next week, thankful that until now no heavier disappointments than these have fallen upon us.



From REV. F. D. MAURICE.

*Bubbenhall,*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

*May 8, 1834.*

I am almost ashamed to ask your acceptance of this book,\* but having great confidence in your kindness, and believing that you know how long it is since I wrote, I venture to place it in your hands. There will be nothing in it, I am sure, which can tempt you to any Lot's-wife act of looking at the Sodom from which you have escaped. Even my descriptions, interpreted by your own recollection, will show you enough of the still smouldering fires, enough of the Dead Sea into which they are ready to sink, to make you thankful for the glorious deliverance, and impatient even of the little Zoars which from time to time we are eager to reach. I desire very earnestly to be looking more forward, and almost as earnestly to have more deep and affectionate sympathy with every state of feeling through which I or any dear friends have passed. The two, I think, must come together. Alas! I have little of either; but far too great, however, to exalt myself above my former condition, and to sink into an even worse, because a lower, sink of pride. But still, hope against hope must be our watchword. We are lifted out of the mire by an energy mightier than our own, mightier than the devils who are crushing us, and we are bound to make sure of ultimate victory.

If I should ever write again, it will be, I think, on the subject nearest my heart, and from which I cannot wander for long together without finding myself the worse for it—the principles and conditions of union among men. Everything without and within seems driving us to meditation upon this mighty question. But I must not enlarge. I heard with great concern that you are not in good health. Pray let me hear better accounts of you.

From JOHN STERLING.

*Hurstmonceux,*

*June 12, 1834.*

You have been the innocent cause of a larger share of annoyance to your friends than you would willingly be responsible for. The fault, however, is theirs. The Apostles' dinner has taken place, and without your hearing of it. I found that they had all taken for granted that you were too ill to come; and I had not written to

\* "Eustace Conway," a novel.

you, being very busy, because the management of the matter appeared to be so completely in other hands that I had not been at all consulted. The dinner took place as designed. There were about thirty men present, and we had the very inadequate consolation of drinking your health and Maurice's. It was determined to try to make the dinner annual. Blakesley, the Heaths, and Thompson were there. They give melancholy accounts of the coldness produced among the people at Trinity by the late controversy. I think Thirlwall quite right as to the compulsory chapel-going; but as long as the system lasts, he was bound, I think, either to conform to it or to resign his lectureship, and certainly the writing such a pamphlet as his was a queer kind of conformity. I very much question whether I shall have strength for the performance of my functions here. What I am most fit for is what you think so injurious in the case of Melville—preaching to an educated audience without pastoral duties of the extensive and indefinite kind imposed by the position of curate in a large parish. But I will try how I can get on. Have you seen in the *Quarterly Review* extracts from "Philip Van Artevelde," by Henry Taylor? He is a friend of mine, and has the best-balanced mind—is, on the whole, nearest the perfect man of the ancients—of all I have ever known. His poem seems to me splendid. What do you think of it?

*To his Wife.*

*London,*

*June 24, 1834.*

Dr. Hall tells me I must take much greater care of myself than I have done; he presses going abroad in the winter. It is not pleasant to give so much thought and labour to the body of this death; however, as it is the organ through which soul and spirit must work, we must not grudge the giving it, hoping in due time to be restored to the vineyard of the Lord, renewed and refreshed, and with some acquisitions of knowledge and thought which may be useful in the work of the ministry. I find it much harder now to keep myself alive unto God than when I had so many motives and inducements from without continually presenting themselves. You, I dare say, find the same thing; we have both, therefore, the more need of prayer and watchfulness, that we do not grow saltless and savourless.

To W. B. DONNE.

*Elm Lodge, Southampton,*

*July 8, 1834.*

I have long been your debtor for an epistle, and have counted on writing to you for almost every day during the last month. I am happy to say that my delay allows me to communicate to you the pleasant intelligence that Mrs. Trench has brought me a daughter, and I am thankful to say she is doing well, and the infant not unpromising, though scarcely so full of health and vigour as her predecessor. You have probably heard from some common friends that I have been obliged entirely to give over all duties for the present, and my physician affords me but little hope of being able speedily to resume them. He has commanded me to rest through the winter, and to pass it in some warmer and more genial climate. I am compelled to acquiesce in the fitness of his command, as I did but preach a single sermon about three weeks ago in disobedience to him, and it was sufficient to bring back my cough in all its severity, and for a while brought on some very unfavourable symptoms ; so that nothing now remains but to hope, and quietly wait for the time when I shall be strengthened anew for my work.

It is very sad to lose, or nearly to lose, one of the best years of my life. When I consider how long I was foolish and disobedient, and how little at the best our service now is or can be, I can ill spare the time which I must now give to the patching up of the body. I am doing, however, my best to sharpen my weapons in this time of repose, and my whetstone at the present moment is Aquinas' "Summa Theologiæ." It is, indeed, very wonderful, far more so than I had at all anticipated. The complete discussion, the exhaustion of every subject which he handles, leaving no doubt unstated and unsolved, and the far more genial and devotional character of the book than one had looked for from a work of scholastic divinity, has made it very delightful to me ; so that, instead of being a dose, as I expected, it is a feast, from which I find it difficult to withdraw. I am becoming every day more conscious of the imperfect machinery of words, more weary of word-fighting, more willing to say, with the clown, that words are become so false I am loth to prove reasons by them, and it seems to me that there can be no study better than that of the schoolmen to discipline one's mind for the detection of all the mischievous fallacies which lie in equivocal terms. Baxter well said that most theological controversies want rather right stating than debating. I think that I have not written to you since I was at Sterling's in May. He is

pleasantly placed in a pretty village in Sussex, and seems very well pleased with his position. He was ordained at the end of last month, and I suppose by this time has shaken the pulpit, and thundered over the people at Hurstmonceux more than once. His power of eloquence will for a long time be, if I mistake not, a thorn in his flesh, and he will scarcely have courage to ask that it may depart from him; however, I look for great things from him, and that his influence will be felt far and wide. Hare, you will be glad to learn, is growing to be an excellent parish priest, and does not preach from "Wilhelm Meister," but gives excellent, plain, and practical sermons. Mr. Hallam has sent me a volume of the remains of our departed friend, which is, indeed, a precious gift. It is, of course, only privately printed. There are some later poems, not before printed, of exquisite beauty, but very painful to read, when one remembers of whom and to whom they were written. I should be glad to know whether she has been quite smitten down by the blow. Do you make a summer excursion this year? and if you do, is it likely to be towards the Isle of Wight, or to bring you into our neighbourhood? How glad we should be if you and your family would spend a little while with us here. If we leave this at all for the winter, we shall not leave it till the middle of September; and in case you do come within our orbit, I hope there will be attraction enough here to bring us together. Pray make my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Donne. The remembrance of the pleasant days which I passed last autumn at Mattishall is very fresh with me, and only makes me lament that such occasions must now be very rare.

*From W. B. DONNE.*

*Mattishall,*

*July 17, 1834.*

I wish that the main business of your letter were of an equally cheerful kind as the opening promised. But your account of yourself makes me very anxious, not so much, indeed, for the present state of your health, as from knowing that in such matters you are sufficiently obstinate and regardless of good counsel. Did I not speak to you on this head, when you were fronting the north wind on Cromer cliffs, in January, barebreasted saving a cambric shirt, for which good advice you were pleased to say that I was an old woman? My own lungs I believe to be made of neat's leather, yet I take for granted they are obnoxious to damp and change of the atmosphere, and for six months at least guard them with flannel. I hope, among

his other commands, your physician has charged you with this precaution. From what I can gather from your letter, your symptoms, though unpleasant, are perfectly compatible with sound health and long life on the one condition that you be chary of yourself *now*. Guard against any sudden change of temperature by clothing and avoiding the extremes of exercise, and do not read Thomas Aquinas after ten o'clock at night. If I should write as I feel about this matter, I should grow as serious and zealous as any seraphical doctor of them all ; but thinking you have enough of such thing, forbear, trusting that Mrs. Trench has had more success than myself in overcoming your natural perversity, and in giving you a better relish for health and long life than you used to profess.

Much to my grateful surprise, attended with feelings which from their sadness cannot be called pleasure, but which yet brought with them something nearly akin, Mr. Hallam admitted me to the privilege of receiving the memorial of our rare friend—for, considering the many tokens of kindness he gave me, I may call him so without presumption, although I was permitted but to see him. It is, indeed, a precious record of genius, not come to its own maturity, but whose spring promise was richer than the summer fruits of most. I was pleased with the simplicity, and even dignity, of the prefixed memoir. He could not write as a father ; the difference in years, perhaps in intellectual character, would not allow him to adopt the style of a friend or a brother. This unadorned statement of what he had seen and known would make me revere Mr. Hallam, had he no other claims upon our admiration.

My wife would unite with me in compliments to Mrs. Trench, and in best remembrances to yourself. Mind your physician as if he were St. Luke himself—neither preach nor study overmuch for some time, and believe me ever, dear Trench, your affectionate friend,

WILLIAM DONNE.

*From* JOHN KEMBLE.

*Trinity College, Cambridge,*

MY DEAR RICHARD,

*August 4, 1834.*

I write to congratulate you on the new-comer, whom one day I hope to become acquainted with ; also to inform you that I am on the point of setting out for Germany. I must go to Göttingen and talk to Grimm. I shall in all probability return within two months. When I know where we shall stay, I will write to you ; and look, dear friend, that you do not grudge me a few lines in return,

especially containing all information respecting your health and doings. I rejoice to hear that you have re-strung your lyre ; none but worthy strains ever came from it yet, and I well believe that you will make the last worthier than the first. There is so much extravagant nonsense in the poetry market nowadays, that one looks for a solemn and really poetic strain, with anxiety, but little hope. However, we know your tone ; that and "unshorn Apollo's" Lincolnshire music keep up one's heart. I see your friends of the Upper House peppered our Dissenters' Admission Bill for us the other night. They cannot stop it, however they may struggle.

O'Connell being now Dictator in fact, we may look for stirring and slashing work ; and I do not see who is to stop him. Therefore I cut politics, and stick to Teutronics, which progress bravely. I have carried the point of getting people to take an interest in the history of their language, have shown them the system, and, even more, have created a school which will take up my work when I cease from labour. Who says that this is nothing to have achieved ?

God bless you, dear friend ! Give my kindest remembrances to your wife and father. If you have not provided yourself already, will you let me answer for one of your children at the font ? I cannot love you more than I do, but every new relation entered into is a new link added to the chain.

*From* REV. F. D. MAURICE.

*August 12, 1834.*

I cannot tell you how much pleasure I have had in meeting you ; the benefit of it, I trust, may appear in my life hereafter. Tell me when I may hope to see you at Bubbenhall. Not that the same will make any difference to me ; but that I will try, if you think there is the least chance of my succeeding, to get Sterling down to meet you. I feel comfortably confident that your voyage will do you all the good that we can possibly hope from it, for I am satisfied you have yet a work to do for your friends and for the Church of God. Before you go, I hope you will put Justin Martyr and his companions into the hands of some publisher.

*From the Same.*

*Bubbenhall,*

*August 30, 1834.*

Have you seen a beautiful letter of Coleridge's, then said to be the last, which appeared in the *Literary Gazette* three weeks ago ?

Sterling tells me there is a still later one, addressed I forget to whom, of greater length and in the same heavenly spirit. His will, he says, contains a very striking confession of faith. Sterling still hopes that he shall be allowed to publish the theological manuscripts. This *magnum opus* is in the hands of Green, from whom it will, of course, receive every justice. The day before his death Coleridge spoke to Green of the Trinity, entering into it as one who had indeed fellowship in the mystery, and ending with, "Remember, that is the foundation of all my philosophy." But perhaps you have heard all these things, as well as the project of founding a Coleridge prize at Cambridge, which I trust will be accomplished.

The only question is, Shall we consider the notorious outward fact that to which the mystery is to be referred, or *vice versâ*, the mystery that which clears up the perplexity of the fact?

To W. B. DONNE.

London,

September 5, 1834.

MY DEAR DONNE,

I am your debtor for a letter so full of kind counsel that I should not have permitted it to remain unanswered thus long. I date, you see, from town. I have come here for the purpose of consulting my physician once more before I make up my plans for the winter. I was afraid he would recommend Madeira, which, though a delightful climate, and I believe a beautiful island, would yet be a weary residence for seven or eight months, not to say that there would be much sea-sorrow between us and it, and what we should have done with the two children on ship-board I do not know. He, however, says Italy, and I consent, though I mortally grudge the time, as I believe that I shall not be allowed to return until the end of May. I trust, however, the mean time will not be altogether lost. There is a great charge on our generation, and I feel how needful it is that we all prepare ourselves for the sustaining of it; and this I desire to feel most of all, that our circle of good be a circle with a centre, and that centre being ourselves, that we prepare ourselves by personal religion and holiness for whatever we hope to effect for our age and generation.\* England is not, I think, yet lost. I often say to myself, We shall not die but live, and I am in great hope that the permanent institutions of the country may yet be maintained and

\* "Wouldst thou go forth to bless, be sure of thine own ground;  
Fix well thy centre first, then draw thy circles round."

From "*A Century of Couplets*," in *Poems by R. C. Trench*.

transmitted to our children. At any rate, it is worth a struggle. You will be glad to hear, if you have not already heard, that a large body of Coleridge's manuscripts are in the hands of Mr. Green, from whom they will, of course, receive ample justice. Sterling has some manuscript notes on Genesis, on Pearson on the Creed, and some letters on the inspiration of the Scriptures, which he has Coleridge's leave to make public. I think some of his arrows are scattered rather at random, and I should regret to see all these notes published. But Sterling is not, I think, so scrupulous, so that I have not much doubt but that they will soon appear. Perhaps the sooner the battle concerning the inspiration of Scripture is fought in England the better, since come it must, and the placing a taboo on the whole question will not permanently succeed.

*September 12.*

Since I began this letter I have returned to Hampshire. We have made up our minds that, if nothing unforeseen should happen, Rome shall be our winter quarters. We go through Paris, and join the Rhone at Chalon; steamboats will carry us rapidly down to Marseilles, from whence other steamboats sail three times a month for Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, and Naples. This is both a rapid and cheap manner of travelling, both which are to us important points. We only take our eldest child. If I remember rightly, you have talked of a visit to Rome. Why might it not be this winter? Pray write to me soon and tell me what you are doing. I have been passing a most luxurious summer, living entirely for myself, reading somewhat, but not hard, as that was forbidden me, and writing more verses than I have written for some years past. My wife, who has that pleasant faith which most wives have in their husbands, that they are excellent poets, preachers, or whatever else they attempt, is prompting me to publish a volume, which perhaps I may do when I return to England, as they may give pleasure to a few who know the author. Blakesley was kind enough to pass a fortnight here, and I enjoyed his visit very much. Maurice has also been passing some little while with his family at Southampton. I had the good fortune to hear him preach two or three times. His matter lost nothing by the manner of delivery, which, from my recollection of his manner at Cambridge, I had expected would have been deficient in the *παραρησία*, which is so important in all attempts to persuade men; but it was not so. Will you remember me most kindly to Mrs. Donne? I trust my spiritual child is growing in all good things.



Does not your own experience with your children go far to persuade you that the spirit of good works on and with the spirits of children at a much earlier age than is usually supposed?

*To his Wife.*

*Reading,*

*September 8, 1834.*

Dr. Hall wants us to go to Naples for the winter, which he prefers to Rome. I confess I shrink from so long a journey as either one place or the other; the trouble, the anxiety, and the expense will be very great, so much so that I almost wish he had left us undisturbed in our first plan of Madeira; when, after the one anxiety of the voyage, all would have been over.

I was in London probably in the emptiest week in the year, and did not hear any political news. The *Times* has been making a succession of most violent attacks on Lord Brougham, of which people find it difficult to explain the reason. I trust that I shall find the darling little ones well. If one had many children, and they scattered abroad in the world, it would require much faith not to be full of unceasing anxieties about them. I feel this from the anxiety which I feel for my two, even when they are under the mother's wing.

*From* REV. HUGH JAMES ROSE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

*September 10, 1834.*

You will find that Bishop Jebb and Knox have as nearly as possible embraced that *middle view* which you give so well from Smith, and which, I confess, appears to me to be the nearest the truth. The variety of religious *systems* with which one is compelled to have some acquaintance is a fearful evil. At one time, we read the strong undoubting assertions of those who say that there is but *one* way of acceptance, viz. the strong and fearful conviction of sin. Then comes a modified view by those who know practically that the first system is not universally true, and simply assert its general truth, with rare exceptions, as if one exception did not destroy it. Then comes a bolder voice still (the latest which I have read is Abbot's "Corner Stone"), asserting that there are a thousand ways open to a faithful reception of the gospel. Each of these condemns the other very strongly. Then, again, as to (not *mode*, but) actual exercise of the divine life, Fénelon and Law and others teach us

that of this vast complex of body and soul, tastes, faculties, etc., nine-tenths should be rejected, and that a love of God wholly irrespective of self is the one sole thing to be required and wished ; while another body tells us that all required is a belief that a great work has been wrought for us. At last, the spirit is weary. And I wonder not that in a loathing of human systems and a full conviction that from them nothing but evil can come, some take refuge in an infallible Church, which stops this fearful wondering, and confidently prescribes thought and practice alike. But this is—not worse, but as false ; and there is of a truth but one system—to *have no system*, to feel a deep conviction that these things are higher than heaven and deeper than hell ; that *how* things work for our salvation, God, not *we*, knows ; and that we are not to presume to mould and force His mysterious and infinite plans into the precision and littleness of a finite system ; that it is enough for us, with a heart of faith, to accept God's promises and act upon them, to reverence His ordinances, and humbly believe that by His mysterious working on our heart in and through them, the blessings bought for us by the Atonement will be made ours ; and our hearts will be wrought into that temper which is fit for followers of the Lord Jesus, holy and loving holiness ; and going on day by day to higher degrees of it, that our spirits will be made fit, when the veil of flesh is taken away, at once to receive all the *knowledge* which our Lord shall deem good for man. Simple as all this is, it is the hardest of all things, as the acceptance of *a system* is the easiest. I believe that in very many cases the promulgators of systems have had in their own tempers or circumstances sufficient counteraction of the evil which their system, carried to its full length, would do ; nay, that they merely, on a love of theory, carried out to its full extent, breadth, and length a system which they never but partially accepted. Their holy lives and their love of holiness have, then, unfortunately succeeded in obtaining for a system which they never entirely received, a full acceptance in all its extravagances.

The following letter, to Bunsen, is endorsed, in the Archbishop's latest handwriting, "Copy of letter given to me by the late Bishop of St. David's. It explains itself."

*Trinity College,*

MY DEAR SIR,

*October 4, 1834.*

This letter will, I hope, be put into your hands by the Rev. Richard C. Trench. I should be particularly glad if I should

prove the means of introducing him to your acquaintance, as I am persuaded that he is a person you would like to know. He is a member of Trinity College. While he resided among us, he did not, I believe, apply himself very closely to the ordinary studies of the place. But in a circle which comprised the strongest minds and noblest spirits of our youth, he was distinguished for his fine literary taste, his poetical talent, and the generous ardour of his character.

Soon after leaving the university, he accompanied the unfortunate Torrijos on his expedition to Spain, and stayed with him at Gibraltar, I believe, till every chance of success had vanished. His motive for embarking in this adventure was much more, if I am not mistaken, one of private friendship for Torrijos than any political interest in his cause. For I am inclined to think that the general tendency of his political opinions is to a very different, if not quite opposite, quarter. After his return from Spain, he entered the Church. He carried his whole soul into his new profession, as he always had into every work in which he was ever engaged. But, unhappily, his bodily constitution is not strong enough for the restless, fiery spirit, which has been preying upon its earthly shell. He has been compelled to discontinue his ministerial labours by an alarming decline of his health, and the only prospect of its permanent restoration seems to depend on a more genial climate. He was advised to try Madeira, but has been induced to visit Italy, and intends (I am afraid not very judiciously) to spend the winter at Naples, and proceed to Rome in the spring.

The uncertainty to which his movements must be subject under all these circumstances will, I hope, be a sufficient excuse, if I confine myself to the mention of the principal facts necessary to give you a general notion of his character. I am convinced that you will find it much more amiable and estimable than any language of mine could express.

In the earnest hope that these lines may be the instrument of procuring for him the invaluable benefit of your acquaintance,

I am, my dear sir, yours very faithfully,

C. THIRLWALL.

## CHAPTER IX.

1834, 1835.

“ They are but selfish visions at the best,  
Which tempt us to desire that we were free  
From the dear ties that bind us unto thee,  
That so we might take up our lasting rest,  
Where some delightful spot, some hidden nest  
In brighter lands has pleased our phantasy :  
And might such vows at once accomplished be,  
We should not in the accomplishment be blest,  
But oh ! most miserable, if it be true  
Peace only waits upon us, while we do  
Heaven's work and will : for what is it we ask,  
When we would fain have leave to linger here,  
But to abandon our appointed task,  
Our place of duty and our natural sphere ? ”

R. C. T., *To England.*

### *Extracts from Journal.*

*Havre, Friday, October 3, 1834.*

WE left Southampton Pier yesterday evening at six, and arrived here between seven and eight this morning, our passage very prosperous ; little Dicky in high spirits, delighted with the bustling scene which the quay here exhibits. Certainly the first thing which cannot help striking one in France is its external uncleanness, and nowhere more than in towns, in some impure alley, where dwellers from one end of the year to the other know not what a breeze fresh blowing upon the forehead is, who never see the sun rise, and never desire to see it. We walked into a church—I should think the mother church of the town—spacious and rather handsome. I read part of the address of the Archbishop of Rouen to the faithful on the occasion of Lent, containing a striking passage from Augustine, “ *De Moribus Christianorum*,” c. xxx., which I should like to refer to. He seems still the doctor of the Roman Church. We afterwards sat

for nearly an hour in the public library, consisting of about eight thousand volumes made up of the spoils of convents, consequently mostly theological, and, as the guide to Havre complains, totally useless in a city "*livrée aux études positifs*," which means, of course, getting and spending. I observed one book, in ten or twelve volumes, called "*Aide aux Prédicateurs*," by a Jesuit, which, I think, would be better than Simeon's "*Help*." It first gives six or seven plans of treating a subject; then, I think, references to all the Fathers, and many modern theologians in whom anything helpful may be found; then the passages of Holy Scripture at full length; then brief and pithy remarks from the Fathers; and, lastly, larger and longer passages selected from modern divines. I was looking over some book-stalls at the fair, and was rather surprised to remark the number of "*Spiritual Guides*" and other small religious books among those for sale. That they have come down to the stalls shows that they are not much sought after; yet, if they were never bought, no one would take the trouble to expose them even there.

*Rouen, Sunday, October 5.*

In the afternoon we went to the cathedral. A sermon was being preached, and the hearers could not have been less than fourteen or fifteen hundred, as the whole body of the church was full. Emily, who was able to understand it better than I, said the matter of it seemed excellent, and brought home to the hearers in a way which was good. The effect of the interior of the cathedral is very much injured by a screen with Ionic pillars and a gilded balustrade thrown across it, added, I think, since I was last here. It is certainly a great mistake to think to arm people against Popery by talking to them of its mummeries. Though what we heard and witnessed to-day might not be altogether a reasonable service, yet was it very impressive, taking hold of the imagination, and through it exciting and exalting the devotional feelings. However, concerning such excitements it has been truly said, "*L'imagination souvent contrefait les effets du pur esprit*."

*Paris, October 7.*

Arrived this afternoon at the Hôtel Maurice, having made the journey from Rouen in two days *en voiturier*, which we find a pleasant mode of travelling, and not so wearisome as we had expected. The view, as one looks back on the Seine, in rising the hill a few miles out of Rouen, is the finest thing which I have seen in France.

Last night we slept at Mantes—I in the very same room where I had slept some five years ago. When I thought of all the mercies which I had received between that time and this, of what I then was—so desolate, wandering forth to seek that happiness abroad which I could not find at home, and, of course, seeking it in vain—when with this I compared my present state, my wife, my children, my high calling, and all my innumerable blessings, and my cup which overflows with all good things of this life and of the life to come, it filled me with thankful thoughts and acknowledgments of gratitude sincere for the great things which have been done to me.

*October 11.*

We visited the Louvre twice, a wilderness of pictures, among which one would be quite lost, if it were not that one fixed one's attention on a very few, leaving all the rest unregarded. I think those which pleased me most were four or five Claudes, quite equal to those in our own gallery, and invested, like them, in that light which is not save in poet's dream. The transfiguration of all things through the power of the light, penetrating through all things, and making all things new, is very marvellous in these pictures of Claude's. There are two of Murillo's—the Virgin and Child of the chaplet, a noble piece of colouring, and I should think one of his latest, as it is certainly one of his best works; and an Assumption, evidently an earlier work, when he had not attained to that decision and definite outline which his later productions possess. A Bacchus of Leonardo da Vinci, and a Holy Family by Raphael, with an angelic form scattering flowers over the group, impressed me very deeply; yet as I was departing I could not help thinking to myself that probably the effect of painting on me was at least as strong as it would be on the ordinary mass of men. And yet what had it done, or what could it do for me? Would it preserve me from one sin, or enable me to overcome one temptation? Nay, have we not melancholy proofs of the impotence of art to preserve its mightiest servants from the lowest desires, from the impurest conversations? Witness Guido and Canova, and, alas! even Raphael.\* And then I thought, What a vain endeavour was theirs who in our own country sought to substitute æsthetics for Christianity, or thought to humanize our people, and

\* "It is very instructive," he said long afterwards, "to see in Raphael's pictures the growing heathenism of the man. His first pictures are distinctly Christian; the latter have not a trace of it."

establish them in self-control through the influence of picture-galleries, lectures, etc. Alas ! poor human nature requires stronger alternatives than these.

We went also to Notre Dame, the outside of extraordinary beauty, the inside merely a handsome, cathedral-like church. I met the Kembles on their way back from Switzerland and Germany, and Martineau from Germany likewise, and it seemed strange to find us smoking our cigars and talking of old times and of Apostles as in time past, now in a coffee-room at Paris.

*Villeneuve, Sunday, October 12.*

How different is a Sunday here from the holy calm of an English sabbath ! On the opposite side of the street—it is now about ten o'clock—there are two large shops open, and through the open door of a house I can see a woman working at her needle, and can hear where I sit the hammer of the smith busily plying, and a quarrel carried on in loud and angry voices. When a nation gives up the sabbath, it gives up, as a nation at least, having any religion ; for it is the observation of Sunday which keeps up a people to that point of religious knowledge and recognition of religious obligations which, though not in themselves lifeful Christianity, are yet the preparation of the soil for the reception of it. What a cruel thing is Liberalism and infidel philosophy ! Its very mercies are cruel, and especially is it cruel to the poor ; but in nothing is it crueller than in taking away their sabbaths, which Thou, O Lord, of Thy goodness hast provided for the poor. When one considers what the sabbath has done for man, and is doing, and the simplicity of the means by which all these mighty effects are brought about, one is struck with admiration at the difference of God's work and man's works. With what ease He brings about His purposes, and how His work, His primæval work, yet stands and endures. I think one of the most beautiful aspects of the sabbath is expressed in Ezekiel xx., "Moreover, I gave them My sabbaths as a sign between them and Me, that I would sanctify them "—a pledge of sanctification, a *when* as well as a *how*. The whole Bible and all the sacraments, and all else in it, are a continual call to man to trust in God, to trust in Him for this life, and more, much more, to trust in Him for the things which pertain unto life eternal ; to trust in Him that He will nourish our souls, that we shall find that Divine life, whereof He is the well and fountain, evermore springing up in our hearts. This, when we feel our own inborn and deeply grounded unholiness, is hard to believe, and God has met our unbelief

in manifold ways, and the appointment of the sabbath is one of these ways, a sign between Him and us that He will meet us and sanctify us, or else why should He have appointed it? How beautiful are those lines of my mother's, likening these days to—

“Smooth stepping-stones upon the stream of life,  
Which chafes below in all its petty strife”

*Lyons, Thursday, October 16.*

No letters here or at Châlons. Dear F—— very anxious, with a mother's anxiety, and I, too, longing to hear of our dear Mina; however, all anxiety should ascend upward till it rests on God, and ceasing to be anxiety becomes faith, and an assured reliance that His mercy endureth for ever. This afternoon we sallied forth to visit this very handsome town. We went first to the museum, which possesses many noticeable objects, one taurobolium, of which an account and a print is to be found in “Deyl. Obs. Sac.,” and a fuller account of the rite itself in Lomeierus' book “De Lustrationibus.”\* It was set up by paganism, when in its latter days it sought a new life that it might have something to oppose to the living energy of Christianity, and was intended to correspond to the precious Blood-shedding; and as they who believe have made their garments white in the Blood of the Lamb, even so they who were initiated in these horrible rites had their garments drenched in the blood of bulls or of sheep. Julian, there is reason to believe from allusions in the Christian writers, who upbraid his apostasy, had gone through this purification, and his character and his desire to revive by what means he could the outworn and effete spirit of heathenism make this very probable. There are many other Roman remains, chiefly sepulchral inscriptions; also some statues and fragments of statues, marble and bronze, a very perfect group of Perseus releasing Andromeda and of singular beauty. Some pictures also; those which I thought the finest were an “Adoration of the Magicians” by Rubens, and a “Circumcision of Christ,” by, if I remember rightly, Guercino. We went

\* The *taurobolium* was a rite sacred to the goddess Cybele, instituted in the decline of paganism, about 160. It lasted about two hundred years. A bull was slain, and the blood, collected in a vessel, was poured upon the head of the person to be initiated, who eagerly swallowed it as it fell, and soaked his garments, which were worn till they decayed. The editor is indebted for the information in this note to the late Dr. Maturin, who adds, “The taurobolium was *probably* the altar on which the sacrifice was made. Those who were *tauroboliati* were regarded as especially sanctified.”



afterwards to the cathedral, a fine specimen of pointed architecture, and containing large quantities of the finest painted glass which I had ever seen.

*Leghorn, Sunday, October 26.*

Finished this sonnet :—

“ How of a sudden Sleep has laid on thee  
 His leaden mace, thou who alike art blest,  
 Sleeping or waking, busy or at rest.  
 But now thou wert exulting merrily,  
 And in the very middle of thy glee  
 Thy head thou layedst on thy Father's breast,  
 There seeming to have found a peacefuller rest  
 Than in this troublous world might almost be.  
 There were no need to fear thy wayward mood  
 Striving in future years against the good  
 He would impart, if thou couldst keep in mind  
 How many times, the while with anxious care  
 He sought to screen thee from the chilly air,  
 Upon his shoulder thou hast lain reclined.”

*From* JOHN STERLING.

*Hurstmonceaux,*

*October 27, 1834.*

I hope I shall not hereafter trouble you about neology, which is, after all, even in my eyes, but chopped straw. They are publishing in Scotland, in little volumes, a series called the Biblical Cabinet, being translations from the German anti-neological writers. Neander's "History of the Apostolic Period" is announced to come out in it, and they have already published the first volume of each of two books of *Tholuck*—one on the Romans, and the other on the Sermon on the Mount—which I think would please you much. My reading of late has been much interrupted by ill-health, but I have been able to do something. At odd hours and half-hours I have skimmed through several volumes of Cousin's Plato. I have not had leisure to undertake either the Greek or Schleiermacher. I am not sure that if I wished to convert a learned Brahmin I would not begin by making him read parts at least of Plato. Not, of course, that I hold him any substitute for the Gospel, but I think the doctrine of the preparatory influence of the Word has been too much neglected, and hence the ill attempt to transplant our full-grown systems of theology into the ungenial soils of savagery and barbarism, people in this losing sight of all that God had been doing for men before the Gospel was

made known, and in order (as I hold) to prepare them for it. Now Plato seems to me the great standing witness of a law written on the heart, which the Gospel, I think, pre-supposes ; and therefore, when this has been lost, as it has for the most part in the un-Mahommedan East, our first attempt must be to awaken the consciousness of it. I have been much interested lately by looking into Erskine's "Brazen Serpent," though the prophetic part seems to me rather poor stuff. I wish you would let me have your judgment as to how far the doctrine of Christ's Headship supersedes that of substitution. My own preaching has turned mostly on the Headship, though without any condemnation of the other view. I preach once a week, and have established a weekly lecture at the school-house, which I take entirely myself, and for which I write nothing. I have gone in this way through 1 Peter and nearly through the Epistle to the Colossians. Some of our Dissenters attend, and my congregation increases.

*Journal.*

*Naples, Wednesday, October 29.*

Our travel o'er, we are here at length, having been preserved from all evil and mischief during the whole time. Surely we ought to join ever hereafter with fervour in the prayer of the Church, "Pro navigantibus, pro iter facientibus, oramus Te, Domine."

*From J. W. BLAKESLEY.*

*Trinity College, Cambridge,*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

*November 9, 1834.*

I enclose in this two letters. One is to Bunsen from Thirlwall. This last you must put in an envelope and address, "A Son Exc. Le Chevalier Bunsen, Palazzo Caffarelli." You will find him, if I may judge from a couple of hours' experience, one of the kindest-hearted and clearest-sighted men you ever fell in with. As I feel quite confident that you will become very great friends, I shall say nothing about his excellences in addition to this. I think it very probable that you will see at his house (you certainly will if he is in Rome) one Acland, a son of Sir T. D. Acland of Devonshire. He is a great friend of Maurice's. Perhaps you know him, as he is a Harrow man ; if not, be sure to make acquaintance with him. The faithful here prosper. We have great hopes of being able, in the course of the present term, to add two or three very promising grafts on to the old stem. This is the more desirable, as, in my opinion, the society is becoming rather too old—that is, the individuals com-

posing it at present are so. — is up here, attending divinity lectures, with a view of entering the Church, I think very injudiciously. I should be sorry to judge others, for fear of being judged myself; but my opinion of — is that he has so long mistaken a love of speculation for a love of truth, that he has become almost incapable of soundly and really believing anything, although he may fancy he believes a great deal, and may have a huge collection of homespun cobwebs to wrap himself in. It is possible that you may not have seen a list of the new Trinity fellows, although *Galignani* always inserts them. Three are of the number of the good and wise, Thompson, Lushington, and Alford. The others are Dobson and Hamilton of the same year, and —, who was second wrangler last January, and who is a most splendid mathematician, but unfortunately imagines his forte to be morality and metaphysics, and accordingly talks more *bêtise* than any man under forty has a right to do, wherever he goes. We of course exult much in the election of Thompson. He made a very great sensation among the examiners, and although he did not come in first, is considered by them as certainly the first man of the whole. Of Sterling I am sorry to say I do not hear very good accounts. My mother saw him about a month ago, and said *he* was looking extremely ill, and he said that the place did not agree with any of them.

*Journal.*

*Naples, Sunday, November 16.*

To the English Church. The latter part of Mr. Nixon's sermon, which was concerning the working of the spirit on the heart, often to be known only in their effects, was, I thought, very good. His language was simple and plain. I am sure that the Calvinistic terminology, because it deals the most in mere abstractions, is the unfittest of all for the conveyance of truth to the minds of men; and that an uneducated man would comprehend much more of the truth as a mystic would present it to him, would get more of the inner core of spiritual things, which to arrive at for ourselves, and to help others to arrive at, must ever be our chiefest aim.

*November 18.*

Wrote last night this sonnet—

“TO ENGLAND.

“They are but selfish visions at the best,” etc.

*To his Father.**Naples, December 4, 1834.*

The weather has been delightful ; almost no cold. I am thankful to say that I have profited very much by the fineness of the climate, and have no cough at present, and not much anticipation of any return of it. I should be glad to hear what is the outward aspect of my little church,\* and whether it has a respectable appearance. As it has been covered in so early, I trust that it will be ready for me at once on my return. The months between that time and this seem very many and long ; and though it is foolish to wish one's life away, I cannot help often wishing that it was April, and we on our homeward way.

We are all learning Italian with tolerable diligence, and are reading Dante with a pleasant little master, and have arrived seven or eight stories deep in the "Inferno." As far as I can judge, or rather guess, of the poem, it seems quite deservedly to take rank with the "Iliad" and "Paradise Lost."

I am preparing my little volume with some diligence, as it often affords a pleasant occupation, and trust to have it ready to put to press immediately on my return. As I expect neither fame nor profit from it, I cannot well be disappointed. But I have no doubt that it will give pleasure to a few friends, whose suffrages will compensate me for the lack of a wider-spread fame.

*From W. B. DONNE.**December 10, 1834.*

Of our common friends I can tell you nothing. Kemble has shunned all communication with me since he went to Germany. I suppose he is so absorbed in etymological bliss with Grimm that he can spare no thought for Christians and ordinary men like myself. Spedding is in the North, and, though not "cold friends to me, what does he in the North" exactly, yet he is also so engaged with Wordsworth's company, cigars, and the rudiments of German, that our correspondence takes long naps. As Cambridge news, you may not have learnt that one of the ex-Chancellor's last acts was to give Sedgwick a stall at Norwich, and Thirlwall a living (I think) in Yorkshire. *Si sic omnia!* but his chapter of preferments is the best in the history of his official conduct.

\* At Curdridge, of which it had been settled before he left England that he should accept the perpetual curacy, if fit for work on his return.

"Eustace Conway" does not please me. A work of such power of such intimate knowledge of the human soul and its workings can never be called a failure, and yet for all the aim and end of a story "Eustace Conway" can hardly be called otherwise. The characters that should humanize the whole are only sketched, and fade away beside the strong glooms and bold lines of Marryatt and Francesca Rumbold, and Mrs. Hartenfield. It reminds me in the general effect of one of Ford's plays, in which is heaped together *whatever* is harsh, dreary, unpliant, and inevitable *in life*, without any hint of that alchemy, of accident, change, and time, by which the sweet and bitter *in life* are tempered. It is the very tyranny of fiction to write so.

You will do me real service if you can bring me a list of the best modern editions (so considered by Italian scholars, natives of course) of their great national authors—Guicciardini (whether Botta has edited him well and truly, and continued him respectably), Giannone, Fra Paolo, Davila, and the poets. The books themselves, the "*res angusta Domi*" and the "*Jus trium Liberorum*" forbid me to purchase; but literary information may be always laid up for a better day. I am busy with Cicero, Cæsar, and Sallust; for our present guides, Middleton and Hook, are not trustworthy, and I can find no one who has intelligibly defined either the parties or the objects of the parties in the waning day of the Republic. Even here the light of Niebuhr's mighty torch is precious.

Pray lose no time, when you return, in overcoming the first asperities of German. There is no language that makes you feel so sure on the feet after the first steep is surmounted. I am ready to exclaim with M. Jourdain, "Ah, mon père et ma mère, que je vous veux de mal!" for not having me taught German earlier.

From JOHN STERLING.

Hurstmonceaux,

December 31, 1834.

I am sorry I have no ready channel for hearing about your baby at Southampton; as also about your brother's career in the ministry. As to this last matter, my interest deepens, I trust, almost daily. My care about the people here, and my duties towards them, have grown on me so much that I have nearly abandoned all high and far-reaching projects of study and writing. I desire to think of nothing that does not concern my present situation, believing that,

if I should be more useful in any other, I should be in some way led to it by circumstances; and that in the mean time the more perfectly (it will be ill enough at best) I can realize the ideal of a parish priest, I shall be doing the most for my own good and that of the Church. These views, into which I have but very lately been so far led as to act on them with decision and cheerfulness, do not, of course, at all do away with occasion for a good deal of reading. I am going to begin this week a weekly evening school for adult men, and have the prospect of a tolerable attendance. The main object will be to help them in reading the Scriptures. For those who cannot read at all we must use something else as a primer—what I have not yet determined. If I find an anxiety for it, I shall be very glad to try teaching arithmetic as far as I can on the Pestalozzian plan, as I think it would tend to awaken the torpid minds I shall have to deal with.

On the whole, I think, considerable prospects of usefulness are opening in the distance, if I am enabled to go on aright myself; and the modification of my former views and feelings leads me to look forward much less than I used to do to a removal from this into some more noisy and open scene of exertion. I am on the friendliest terms with the people about me, and I do not know that there is any situation in England which would yield, on the whole, greater advantages to me than this. There has lately left us Mr. Hare's widowed sister-in-law, who was staying with him for some months, and will, I hope, return. She is an admirable and delightful person, and one of the most sincere and meekest Christians it has ever been my fortune to see. Her many and great worldly accomplishments seem to hold no place in her consciousness; but one cannot help feeling that they lend a certain charm to her conversation and demeanour. The clearness of her spiritual apprehensions is quite as remarkable in the simple earnest reality of her Christian life, and I have much reason to be grateful for a quiet rebuke or two which I received from her. It was very interesting to see the effect produced on her by a volume or two of Law's works which I lent her. The feeling with regard to them which seemed to fill her mind was one of dissatisfaction and annoyance at his vagueness; and, above all, at his propensity to lose, in the contemplation of the Christ within, all real and effective belief in the archetypal Christ without. She evidently felt, though she did not use the phrase, that fundamentally Law, like his master Behmen, is only a poor pantheist. I have had a number of very striking lessons from Maurice, chiefly about the idea of the Church with reference to the nation and to

Dissenters. I begin to fear that he is less likely than I once thought ever to make his views sufficiently intelligible to more than half a dozen of his contemporaries to produce any effect, at least, on our age.

Taylor, the author of "Philip van Artevelde," has left me this morning after a visit of three days. He has just published an article on Wordsworth in the *Quarterly Review*, which I have not seen; but I hear from others it is very pagan, the highest doctrine of moral dignity, without a trace of the feeling of the moral weakness of the best of us; in short, the gospel of self-reliance as opposed to the true gospel of self-distrust. I can well believe it from what I know of it. He is, however, intellectually, and morally too, a very interesting and attractive man—more of a grand integer or monad, alone and self-balanced in the midst of the universe, than any one else I know, with extraordinary knowledge of man as a practical being in all directions and varieties, with great sympathy with the poor in fortune and the strange in character, yet thorough knowledge of the smooth great world of London, and manners and self-possession which make it perfectly easy for him to live in it; in short, by many degrees the nearest of my friends to the καλὸς or ἀγαθὸς, the perfect man of antiquity. He seems quite to admit—nay, to feel—that personal religion is a necessary support of the conscience and the highest development of our being; but I fear the loving communion with the living Source and Archetype of this religious idea is still for him below the horizon. As to our Calvinistic conference, I think some of your views on this and some other points would be cleared up by a thorough meditation and possession of the truth of time being, with regard to God in Himself, a mere nonentity, a puny relation and human conception; but I am far from saying that there would not still be a hard moral knot to be untied in the scheme of redemption; only we must not in our impatience cut the knot, for it is tied on the only cord that holds up man above the bottomless abyss. God bless you and yours through Jesus Christ is the prayer of yours affectionately.

J. S.

P.S.—1. My wife desires her kindest regards. 2. This Ministry will certainly not stand.

From REV. F. D. MAURICE.

January 3, 1835.

I was indeed delighted to see your handwriting again, and still more with your assurance, though briefer and less strongly

expressed than I could have wished, that you were really better. Your trial in hearing such tidings of your little girl must have been most severe, but I know not how we are to get out of our vague apprehensions of divine love into a practical knowledge of it, without such dark hours. I have no doubt you receive very regular information, and each time, I hope, more satisfactory ; but as I am writing this letter from Southampton, I will endeavour before I close to tell you as late news of her as I can obtain. Our country, as you know, is passing through deep waters. Sterling says, in a very interesting letter I had from him the other day, that Peter's cry is the only one now left for us. Lord, save us, we sink. He is near the truth, I believe, though I do not feel quite so despondingly. If the elections should be tolerably favourable to Sir Robert Peel's Government, we may exist a little while longer, and in that prolonged period God may be merciful to us, and call forth undeveloped energies of life in some to help their brethren. A remnant will assuredly be saved—the Englishmen, the real Israelites—and they will be lights to the nations, fulfilling that glorious function to which we are called, and which we have neglected. I cannot despond ; for the more evil comes forth in naked manifestation, the more shall we see and feel that it has nothing original, nothing real ; that it is a lie, that it is separation ; the more shall we cling with certain faith to absolute unchangeable good ; the more shall we feel that He must be a Person, linked everlastingly to man, and to each man who will own Him and trust Him. You have heard, I doubt not, of poor Irving's departure, satisfactory and cheering as to himself, but sad to those who thought that he was called to do some work for the age, which he has certainly left unaccomplished. His last words were, "Living and dying I am the Lord's." He had previously sung the twenty-third Psalm, in Hebrew, with great calmness and triumph. He died at Glasgow.

Sterling is getting wiser and more practical every day, if I may judge by his letters. Rationalism, he says, in the German sense of it, seems more irrational to him every day ; though he cannot but acknowledge its fascination and the inadequacy of all modern theology to contend with it. I am at present contemplating to write a pamphlet on the University question. Certain of the dons, it is supposed in consequence of a suggestion from the Duke, are preparing to substitute some declaration of conformity to the subscription. I object to this, more because it implies that our Articles are terms of convenience, and so unsettles or subverts the Church



union altogether, than for the measure itself, though I think that mischievous.

If I write I shall endeavour to bring out the principles of the question, so far as they have been revealed to me; which are, I conceive, twenty times as important as the question is. To help forward the unity of the Church, a witness for the unity of the race in Christ, [grounded?] on the still deeper and more awful Unity of God; the Father dwelling with the Son in one Spirit, is the want we have to desire. For this I hope we shall be enabled to live and die, for it includes within it every subordinate union; peace of nations, peace of families, peace of heart.

I have not done justice to your kindness in lending me Thauler; something within me told me that I must not read him much yet, though I hope to do so hereafter. I hope I esteem the Mystics most highly for the faith's sake as well as their words; but, besides the objection which the lady you mention stated so beautifully, I find the words "*our* Father" great hindrances to an unqualified admiration of them. From all I hear of Bunsen he is as much likely as any man to be the healer of breaches and restorer of the waste places in Germany. I trust you will be enabled to give a better account of Miss Trench's health when you write again.

### *Journal.*

*Rome, January 14, 1835.*

Called with Garden at the English College. Was introduced to McCarthy, a young Roman Catholic Englishman, whom I liked much. I was glad to find that his Roman Catholic or foreign education had not rendered him hostile to England, and his sympathy was altogether with Conservative England, nor did he wish everything to go to pieces that the Roman Catholics of Ireland might get something in the wreck. He took us subsequently to visit Miccara, General of the Capuchins and a Cardinal, having acquired his hat by the boldness with which he preached against the pomp and luxury of the Cardinals, for which it was almost expected that he would have been called to account by the Inquisition. He still preserves his Capuchin habits. His room, which was without glasses in the windows, and of which the only furniture was three or four chairs, a deal table, and a little curtainless bed in the corner, was scarcely the fourth of the size of that in which I am writing; his only state was two or three antechambers in which three or four servants were

waiting. He spoke with great good sense of the present state of England, and all his sympathies likewise seemed to be for the party with which law and order, religion and liberty are connected. When we went away he begged us to call again, which I trust we shall have an opportunity of doing.

*January 26.*

Bunsen called here, and we had some conversation on German literature, I being very anxious to know what of the theology is best worth obtaining. Tholuck, their most profound Orientalist, has written many things, all worth having; one which must be a very remarkable book, "Flowers of Mysticism," the most perfect, both in matter and form, of any treatise that he knows. It is a collection from the Eastern Mohammedan mystics. Nitsch, Lücke, and Schleiermacher were, I think, the three other chief names which he mentioned. The "Theologia Germanica," he said, was a blessed book. Thauler, Arndt, and Tierstegen, he considers the chief masters of spiritual life among earlier Germans. Of the latter, a working weaver, he says that, writing at the time when no other writer could put three words together without one of them being French and another Latin, his style is of exquisite purity and beauty, and possessing many of the perfections for which Goethe has since been remarkable. Of his hymns he spoke with special praise.

*January 30.*

Had another conversation yesterday with Bunsen. He said of the German hymns that they were the only continuous literature of Germany; that since Luther's time there was no gap or interval when they were not produced. He spoke likewise of the consequences when the languages, the one of a conquering and the other of a conquered tribe, met, and out of their interfusion a third language was produced, and said that in no case did the intrusive language bring any inflections—only words. Of these it may, perhaps, bring two-thirds, as in the case of the Persian, of which two-thirds now consist of Arabic words, yet without any Arabic inflections. So was it with the Norman, which did not dissolve any of the inflections of the Saxon; and, again, the northern languages when they came on a soil occupied by the Romance nations, as Spain, brought over the words—as witness Spanish. He wishes to prove the Etruscan to be such a mixed language.

To REV. F. D. MAURICE.

*Rome,*

*February 20, 1835.*

We have been here now rather more than a month. The weather has been very unfavourable—the neighbouring hills frequently covered with snow, the wind cold, and the temperature continually changing—so that I have not made such progress towards recovery as I could have hoped, and my cough, though not at all worse, does not show any signs of leaving me; so that I am sometimes almost in fear that I shall not be able to undertake the care of my little parish in the spring, which would be a disappointment to me. However, on the matter of the future ordering of my life, I wish to be careful for nothing. It is, indeed, well for us that the sense of divine love ordering our lives grows and increases upon us, for I am sure that the sense of the innumerable contingencies of evil to which we are exposed grows likewise upon us, and would overwhelm us, were it not that the other and the true feeling more than keeps pace with it.

We have not seen a great deal here as yet. The palaces and galleries have a chill, vault-like air, which strikes almost at once upon my chest, so that I am obliged for the most part to avoid them. What I have seen of the living artists has disappointed me a good deal, and I cannot imagine the great artists of other times living as they do, or so laying waste their powers, going so much into barren society, and giving themselves so little to fruitful solitude. Few of them that I know seem to wish only to advance in their art exactly in the same proportion as they advance in their whole humanity, which seems to me to be the only honest and true aspiration, the only one which will preserve from trickery, and from the assumption of that which we do not really feel; and, saving one or two Germans, who have committed the very natural mistake of turning Roman Catholics, none of them seem to acknowledge Christian faith as the source and spring of all life whatever. Many, of course, nowadays patronize Christianity as a most respectable historical fact, and as having given occasion to the production of Madonnas and Crucifixions worthy of praise; but for the personal faith, making purer men, before it makes better painters or sculptors, this one may almost look for in vain.

From W. B. DONNE.

*Mattishall,*

*February 23, 1835.*

Were it not a pleasure to learn so organic a language as German without reference to further results, I would burn my books at once. I cannot like either its prose or verse ; and when contrasted with such matters as the "Divine Comedy," I am the less patient with the fame and honour we have heaped idolatrously upon its literature. Did not your heart burn within you at that grand description of the hum and stir in the Venetian arsenal described at the opening of Canto xxi. of "Inferno." The prime articles in the creed of Dante are Francesca, Farinata, Ugolino. But one loves to make discoveries even in El Dorado and in Ophir. What picture-poetry, prophetic of the coming era to Italy, of the great poet-painters, is written in Canto x. : "*Pistorie nella roccia imposte*" ! They are drawn on tablets of sapphire and crystal with hues livelier "than Melibœan or the grain of Sarra." When I have the happiness of again seeing you I shall filch from you some of your Roman pronunciation ; for, being self-taught, I have no skill in the sweet sounds. I have been much delighted lately with some portions of the later Roman poets. Rhetoric and poetry had a hard struggle, and the baser gained the day ; but it could not supplant some rich outbreaks and flashes of "a higher mood." Rhetoric and the schools of declamation taught them to expand and excruciate every thought. So in a bad print every stroke of the needle is prominent ; they could not discreetly blot ; and herein I feel the defects of Roman poetry, and not, as is said, in any poverty of creation, or any feebleness in the employment of eye and ear.

Many thanks for your poems. The latter sonnet, "An open wound," reminds me of George Herbert in the deep sweetness of its spirit, without any of his quaint improprieties. You are safe, when I write, for having an honest letter from me, for I have no sonnets to send ; and were I to give you scraps about Rome and the empire in requital, it would be sending a joint stool in return for a marble tablet. I hope you have been re-minting and marshalling poems for the press while plotting and executing new ones. Every poet must have his proper diction ; but the most arduous task in correcting is to remove the appearance of his habitual phrase, to vary his moulds, to transpose his dies. Have newspapers or letters recorded the death of C. Lamb ? "There's a great spirit gone," a prophet's mantle not soon to be caught, nor lightly worn again. He wrought as

effectually in restoring a large and braver spirit of feeling and of criticism in England as Wordsworth himself. He should have an epitaph over him like "*O rare Ben Jonson*;" common *epicedia* will not suffice; and who shall write his life and limn his spiritual lineaments?

*Journal.*

*February 23.*

Called at the English College, saw McCarthy; entered their library, a respectable collection of books, when it is considered that their whole library was dispersed and destroyed by the French, and that this has been formed since. He lent me a letter of Christopher Wordsworth's to read, containing a sonnet of his uncle's, which I copy:—

"ON ROMAN ANTIQUITIES FOUND AT MOUSLEY.

"How profitless the relics that we cull,  
 Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,  
 Unless they chasten fancies that presume  
 Too high, or idle agitations lull.  
 Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,  
 To have no seat for thought were better doom;  
 Like that old helmet, or the eyeless skull  
 Of him who gloried in its nodding plume.  
 Heav'n out of view—our wishes, what are they?  
 Our fond regrets? Insatiate in their grasp  
 The sage's theory, the poet's lay—  
 Mere fibulæ without a robe to clasp,  
 Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls,  
 Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals."

Speaking of Wordsworth's manner of composition, his nephew says: "If he once is set on any poetical labour he clings to it so tenaciously that nothing can disturb him from it; he centres all his thoughts on this one object, sacrifices to this food, rest, and health—*animamque in vulnere figit*. McCarthy spoke of Möhler's "*Symbolik*" as having made a great impression in Germany, so great that Schleiermacher would have answered it if his purpose had not been interrupted by his death.

*English College, Monteporzio, February 26.*

On Tuesday last, Garden and myself left Rome to make a *giro* in the neighbourhood. We have been domesticated since yesterday

very comfortably here in the country house belonging to the English Roman Catholic College at Rome, to which the collegians retire for two or three of the most unwholesome months of autumn. We have been during the evening devouring some volumes of "Lives of the Saints" which we found here. There is much extravagance in them, much of the doctrines and commandments of men honoured instead of the laws of God, and caricatures of Christian virtues rather than the very graces themselves; yet may one never speak lightly of these men, their ἀπειρή, or their self-denial. Our dangers are of just the opposite kind—a soft and silken profession, and being too much at ease at Zion. The loose preaching of the doctrine of justification by faith, and the preaching of little else, may lead us to a great want of *accuracy* in our Christian walk; may leave us with innumerable little sins, which yet are not *little* or of light regard, since by their continual action they may eat into the very core of our faith.

We paid a visit to-day to Camaldoli and Tusculum—the first a convent of the order of St. Romuald, inhabited by sixteen monks, part laymen, and others ordained. Theirs is, as one of them told me, the *Vita Contemplativa*, which is, as he said, of higher perfection than the *Vita Attiva*, so that they who are in the last or more imperfect may pass to the higher and more perfect, but not *vice versâ*, unless the dispensation of the Pope be obtained. They do not preach or anything of the sort in the vicinity. One of them showed me his cell, one of many which were ranged round the outside of a court, in the centre of which stood the chapel. He had a little garden of his own, a little chapel, where, only that he was a lay brother, he might have privately celebrated Mass, a wood-room of his own, a bedroom, and within it a still smaller room, where he had three or four little books, all neat and comfortable, though, of course, very plain. They each dine alone. A beautiful walk of about an hour or more in a nearly continual ascent brought us to the remains of Tusculum. Some streets with their solid and massive pavement quite uninjured; a very complete theatre, of which not more than the steps have been cleared of rubbish; some richly elaborated cornices lying about; fragments of pillars, capitals, and vaults on the side of the hills, are the seamarks of the tide of life which has ebbed away. It is very impressive, wandering among lonely hills, to come on such a mass of ruins as these, hearing at a distance the deep-toned convent bells, as we to-day heard those of Camaldoli.

From J. W. BLAKESLEY.

Trinity College, Cambridge,

March 5, 1835.

In my opinion, a man who knows Bunsen may all but dispense with knowing the rest of the world. I received a letter from John Sterling a day or two ago, giving, I am sorry to say, but a poor account of himself. He is compelled at once to give up his employment as a clergyman. He says that he is unfit for everything but preaching, and cannot bear the exposure or the anxiety of the deacon's duties. I should myself think it would be better for him entirely to lie by for some time than to do as he seems to wish—take some solely preaching duty. Surely two, or even three, years spent in quiet and study, thought and conversation with thinking men, are not wasted, especially if by such means health and strength for future exertions are attained (*condo et compono quod mox depromere possim*). I urge these arguments because I think you will do well, as he, to lay them to mind. Sedgwick has come back from his two months' residence on his stall at Norwich in very high feather; and Thirlwall also is here for a short time, previously to finally quitting college and settling upon his living in Yorkshire. He has been down to take possession, and gives a most amusing account of the simplicity of the people, it being in a most isolated spot of the moors, although only sixteen miles from York. All the people make a point of coming to the clergyman whenever they want a letter written, for the schoolmaster seems almost unknown there, at least. Also, he is congratulated by them upon having so good a neighbour, as it seems he has, in a clergyman resident only ten miles off. On his way there he went to Oxford, to stay a day with his friend Head, who, as it seems the Oxford people know him rather by his politics than anything else, had got together all the reputed Carbonari of the university to meet him. These consisted of one man, who was brother-in-law to a Radical, and another who was more than half suspected of being a moderate Whig.

Just as I am closing the letter, Spring Rice has come in and desires me to remember him very kindly to you.

March 11.

Visited in company with Mr. Long and F—— an interesting district of Rome in the neighbourhood of Sallust's gardens. We went into one church (that before one arrives at the Vittoria), and

on entering heard, but could not see, a person preaching with great animation, while beside himself there was not a soul in the church. Some of us thought he was a preacher practising one of his Lent sermons. On approaching him he appeared, curiously enough, sitting down in a retired chapel, and preaching as it seemed into a hole, or, as it appeared afterwards, a little grating; for the church was connected with a nunnery, and the nuns were receiving their Lent *predicazione*. On our approaching, he beckoned to us, without stopping, to retire, which we did, as the preaching was not for us. The church, Maria degli Angioli, formed by Michael Angelo out of one gigantic apartment of the ruins of Diocletian's Baths, pleased me more than any church, except St. Peter's, that I have seen in Rome. It is in the form of the Greek cross, more beautiful, perhaps, than the Latin; to us at least, more impressive, as more rare. We afterwards wandered for a while in Sallust's gardens, now vineyards, and traced the size of Servius Tullier's *agger*.

*March 12.*

Went for the first time to hear one of the daily sermons which are given in Lent, I suppose as a compensation for the little of preaching which there is at other times in Roman churches; or I rather believe that Lent is intended to be the revival time of the Roman Church, and certainly, if so, it is much better adapted for such an effect than the theatrical machinery of an American time of revival. The preacher, of course a Jesuit—for we attended the Gesù—gave a very beautiful sermon on trust in the Lord, almost as good, I think, as I have ever heard, and as my sermon next Sunday purposes to be on the same subject, I would willingly help myself from him; but, as I saw some English listening, must do it with moderation. I afterwards met Mr. Hare while on my way to Caracalla's Baths. He led me another way, and very kindly showed me about a little portion of the wilderness of Rome, where one has more need of a guide than in the Cretan labyrinth, and where one may pass a hundred times close to some most curious and noticeable objects unconscious of their nearness. We walked for about an hour in Mr. Mill's garden, and I was introduced to them. It is in the midst of the Palace of the Cæsars—vaults, etc., in the gardens. The views are magnificent—that of the city one which one does not obtain elsewhere; and one can trace distinctly the Aventine and the false Upper Aventine, with the valley lying between this hill and the Palatine.



*Sunday, March 15.*

Preached for the first time during the last three months; the text was from Ps. ix. 10. Received many compliments, which I tried not to like; but which, notwithstanding, gave me pleasure, more than they ought. The only one which I prized, in truth, was from Mrs. Blackwell, that I reminded her so much of her relative, Mr. Campbell of Row, in matter. I can well believe this, as I feel that the reading of his volumes has had more influence upon my mind than all the other modern Divinity which I have read.

*From* REV. F. D. MAURICE.

*Bubbenhall,*

*March 30, 1835.*

You will perhaps have heard from Sterling news which will have more grieved than surprised you—that he has been obliged for the present to give over work. He has laboured much too hard during the last few months, and his loss is, therefore, the more felt by his people, who were becoming exceedingly attached to him. His mother told me that she thought they would have done anything for him. His physician's prohibition extends only to parochial duty. I almost hope he will be preserved from a London chapel, and I think he is inclined, if it can be managed, to a vocation which seems best of all suited for him—that of preaching in a University town.

I am glad to find you so hopeful about the Continent. It seems to me that a large view of the scheme of God is most necessary, now at least, to uphold our personal life. I am more and more convinced that we must not use *personal* and *individual* as synonymous words; but that, in fact, we shall have most sense and lively realization of our distinct personality when we cease to be individual, and most delight to contemplate ourselves as members of one body in one Head. I know not whether your mind has been led into as much anxious meditation upon this subject as mine has; certainly, I hope not by such painful practical experience of a selfish individualizing tendency; but this conviction is connected with all my thoughts respecting myself and this age, which seems more than any other former one to be working out the problem. How is each man connected with the whole? What is society? What am I? The mystical point about *moi même*, which reappears again under the opposite forms in Fichte and the late Germans, surely turns upon the attempt either to drown self or realize self, without knowing

what self is ; while he who in his heart believes himself a member of Christ, and that the death of individuality is not the attainment of a high virtue, but rather the maintenance of his actual position as a Churchman (according to St. Paul's words, "Know ye not that as many as are baptized are baptized into His death"), may have a tremendous struggle with world, flesh, and devil, but still he has his ground. He may quit it, but it is his ; not to be won from him by hard strivings, but already purchased and secured—the right, I mean, to live by faith, as a spiritual man. I do not know how I fell into this sermon ; but I believe it is by some invisible link of association to what you said about the state of Europe, in which I wish to persuade myself, as I know it is true, that I have a direct personal interest.

To-night (30th) Lord J. Russell brings forward a motion about the Church of Ireland by which he hopes to overthrow the Ministry. What it is no one knows ; but I suppose a direct assertion of the right to appropriate and secularize. I wish he may be opposed on right grounds ; but the feeling that the Church revenues are *property* seems so much in the minds of Churchmen to outweigh the feeling that they are a sacred, inalienable national deposit, that I know not how it will turn out. The other night the House of Commons determined by a large majority to address the King to grant a charter to the London University. But they cannot bolster it up. It is a mere bankrupt stock company. I think the experiments will have been useful in bringing out the idea of a University, and showing that one cannot be created by drawing together a troop of Professors and appointing a set of studies uncemented by any principle and tending to no object.

## CHAPTER X.

1835.

" It may be that our homeward longings made  
 That other lands were judged with partial eyes ;  
 But fairer in my sight the mottled skies,  
 With pleasant interchange of sun and shade,  
 And more desired the meadow and deep glade  
 Of sylvan England, green with frequent showers,  
 Than all the beauty which the vaunted bowers  
 Of the parched South have in mine eyes displayed ;  
 Fairer and more desired !—this well might be,  
 For let the South have beauty's utmost dower,  
 And yet my heart might well have turned to thee,  
 My home, my country, when a delicate flower  
 Within thy pleasant borders was for me  
 Tended, and growing up through sun and shower."

R. C. T., *Sonnet*.*Journal.**Florence, April 30.*

WE left Rome last Friday morning, having engaged a *vetturino* to bring us here in seven days, including a Sunday of rest, and to feed us for sixty dollars, which he accomplished fairly enough. The first night we stopped at Civita Castellana—a poor inn, where it was impossible to escape draughts ; Dickie this and the succeeding day giving us much anxiety, so that we apprehended measles coming. At Narni, we sent for a doctor, an unshaven practitioner in a very old grey surtout, and as unlike the smart English physician as could be conceived. He relieved our anxieties ; at least, as far as we gave faith to his opinion, which the sequel proved to be true. I observed over a *farmacia*, to which our attention was directed by finding we were almost without medicines, this pretty inscription, "*Nos remedia, Deus salutem*," one of the most innumerable proofs which strike one daily in Catholic countries of the continual reference of all things to

God ; the recognition, at least outwardly, that we are in His hands, and that from Him all things come. How different, alas ! from that practical atheism which is so prevalent in Protestant countries. I am sure, indeed, that the pious Protestant refers all things to God quite as much as the pious Catholic ; but that middle body, always and everywhere the most, which fill up the space between earnest piety and open indifference or ungodliness in these countries, are certainly much better pleased to remind themselves continually of God, and in all their ways to acknowledge Him, at least with their lips, than is the case among us, a truth which Mr. Digby and writers similar to him have taken advantage of, and from it sought to deduce arguments even more important than it will justly yield.

At Terni we remained during the whole of Sunday, where we had an abbreviated service, in which a young American, travelling in Europe to acquire the art of painting, joined, and afterwards opened the condition of his soul to me. Having, as he described, been religiously brought up, and himself living morally, and seemingly without obstacles of pride or self-righteousness, indeed recognizing, or believing that he recognizes, the great doctrine of the Atonement, he yet declared that in that he had not found peace for his soul, and still less any quickening power. He described the truths which are for life and quickening as having no such influence upon him, but as leaving him dead as before. I gave him the best counsel which I could. That was that he should put himself in the attitude of prayer for, say, half an hour morning and evening, even though he should feel himself quite without the grace of devotion ; that although he found himself unable to lift up his heart to God, yet he should for that time be continually making profession of his willingness and of his desire to do so, and so wait upon the Lord.

We went in the afternoon, though somewhat unwillingly, to the cataract. The mass of water seemed to me not at all equal to what it was when I visited it before ; but that was in mid-winter, so that such probably was the case. The fall itself fell beneath my expectations, or rather memories ; but the surrounding scenery gained by this visit, being in the spring, as much as the cascade lost. The next evening we spent at Foligno, where, arriving early, we had time for a very pleasant walk among gardens and orchards. On Tuesday we stopped during the middle of the day at Perugia, and spent a couple of hours, where we would willingly have spent five or six among the memorials with which the great artist of this city has adorned his birthplace. Mr. Boxall, an artist of a very delightful

spirit, with whom unhappily I was not acquainted till a few days before I left Rome, gave me some written notices concerning what was best worthy to be seen. In the Exchange there were two rooms, one entirely covered with works of Perugino, saving the roof, which was the work of his scholars ; and another room, designed by him, and which they completed. In the first there was a beautiful Transfiguration, quite taking away the merit of originality from Raphael's conception of the three Apostles on the mountain, especially the one on the right side holding his hand above his eyes as a "*parasol*" against the blinding light. There was also a Salutation very noticeable ; and Raphael's head, of womanish, or rather angelical, beauty, introduced into another picture, of which I forget the subject. There were also beautiful things in the sacristy of the Agostini—a Circumcision and "The Shepherds coming to the Manger," both small and, though much injured by time, allowing still their exquisite pathos and depth of feeling to be discerned. The art as he left it seemed to want nothing more than a little more accuracy of drawing and brilliancy of colouring, which it received from Raphael, though perhaps even in him—that is, in his later works—it had already declined from its true beauty and perfect simplicity. The reaction in favour of the old artists is very strong now, and perhaps, as everything of the sort must be, is carried to an extreme, so that there are some who believe that all true art ceased, or, at least, the perfection of it, with Perugino, and that since him we can do nothing but trace its decline. Such opinions I found among some of the artists of Rome. We arrived that same evening just before dusk at Passignano, a village on the Lake of Thrasymentum, where I had just time to stroll forth upon the shores of the lake, and conceive a brief poem, which I partly wrote that same evening, its birth having cost me fewer pains than is generally the case with my poetical labours. It was suggested by the calm beauty of the place and time. The little inn bad, but the people seemed willing to do what they could. We arrived at Florence this evening.

*Monday, May 4.*

Not till to-day have we been able to visit the galleries. Mr. Milnes accompanied us, to whom we brought a letter from his son, which has secured us the kindest attentions. We have already dined with him once, and shall again to-morrow. In the Pitti we remained somewhat more than an hour. A "Deposition from the Cross" by Fra Bartolomeo, and a Perugino on the same subject, were, I think,

what, with the Seggiola, pleased me most. We afterwards paid a hasty visit to the Academy, where I had another opportunity of admiring the magnificent old Tuscan painting. I have not yet been able to see Landor, and doubt whether now I shall have the time to do so. From Fiesole, where he resides, he comes into Florence every day, and spends most of his time among the shops of the picture-dealers, being very proud of his own discernment and knowledge of the art. He told Mr. Milnes lately that he never opened a book, the eyesight which might be used in looking at pictures being too precious to be wasted on such things as books; to be sure, he told him another time that he read fourteen hours a day. It is, alas! only another proof that there is no guarantee in intellectual power, or even in reverence for the beautiful, when separate from religion; no guarantee against our subjection to the meanest and most sensual appetites. Another occasion for thankfulness that whatever else is good in us is under the guardianship of religion, which is as the hedge round the whole garden of the moral and intellectual as well as spiritual man.

*Ferrara, Saturday, May 9.*

We left Florence the day before yesterday, and got to Bologna yesterday about two hours before sunset, in time to visit the gallery of pictures, which, though not large, yet contains many of the greatest works of the Bolognese artists. One that pleased me most was a Domenichino—the Child Jesus in the heavens standing by His mother, and out of an urn, which an angel child is holding, showering down roses in full handfuls, which are falling below where a general martyrdom is going on, St. Agnese and others. Especially beautiful are two little children, who, unconscious that the executioners are at hand, are playfully struggling for one of the roses. It reminds me of the Church hymn for Innocents' Day: *palma et coronâ luditis*.

There is another grand Domenichino, the counterpart of this, of which the subject is again the death of St. Agnes. Below she is just receiving the fatal blow, while above the Saviour is giving the crown and the palm of martyrdom into an angel's hands, that he may carry it to her. There are, of course, many of all the Caraccis, some magnificent Guidos, and some showing how badly he could paint when he chose. I have heard him not unhappily compared to Dryden, like him a spendthrift of his talents, and scarcely ever doing his best, or putting forth all his power.

*Saturday, Longerone.*

We *did* Venice in a couple of days, a much shorter time than we would willingly have given to it, yet sufficient to allow us to skim the cream, and all the best of it; to visit St. Mark's two or three times, three or four of the best collections of pictures; to row towards the Lido; to walk in the gardens which Napoleon made; and to go over the almost empty arsenal, now containing nothing to me worthy of sight, except, perhaps, the armoury, where are to be seen great numbers of Turkish weapons taken at the battle of Lepanto. In the Academy we saw some fine pictures, two celebrated Titians—the "Assumption," from which it is impossible to withhold admiration as a magnificent piece of colouring, but which else gave me little pleasure, though it was far otherwise with his famous "Presentation of the Virgin," to me the loveliest of his works, and which, I have understood from painters and those who know the difficulties of execution, has overcome some of no ordinary kind.

*Brünecken, May 18.*

This morning we willingly left Ampezzo. Here we find ourselves accommodated excellently well; but what is infinitely more delightful than our mere personal comfort is the religious feeling seemingly universally diffused here. This evening, about *Ave Maria*, we walked out into the town, which, though small, possesses six or eight churches. The bell of what seemed the largest of these was ringing, and the people were flocking from all quarters thither, women bringing their children with them, men evidently having just left their work—the blacksmith with his apron on. The church, which was tolerably large, full of people, though not crowded.

When we returned to the inn, we found nearly opposite to it another group of persons kneeling in prayer, and repeating the responses of a Litany, gathered, the greater part of them, close round a rustic shrine, which was placed above a fountain of water; those who were the nearest had not left their houses, but were kneeling at their doors or windows, women and children and grown men all uncovered, and with the greatest appearance of devotion. In the inn we found another party, seemingly the family, and quite independent of the others, and these at their prayers also. In all the inns of the Tyrol in which I have been, there is a large crucifix in some conspicuous place, as at the head of the staircase; and not this only, but a figure of Christ attached to it, with all the aggravations of the Passion brought out in the strongest manner. Numbers of the

houses are painted with figures of the Virgin and Child, or the Annunciation, or of some saint, or some other sacred subject, and herewith some motto. Emily saw a pretty one over a door, "The Lord keep thy going out and coming in." The roadsides here are far more thickly set with crucifixes, little shrines, and the like, than any Roman Catholic country in which I have yet travelled; every remarkable turn of the road, every bridge, has some one or other of these memorials, which surely are not always in vain. Nor have I anywhere else beheld, not even in the old inhabited parts of England, such a number of churches sprinkling every prospect; they are almost all small, but well built, and with their spires, or sometimes their green cupolas, have a very beautiful appearance. There scarcely seemed to be any collection of houses, however small, though not perhaps exceeding half a dozen, which had not one of these attached.

*Innsprück, May 22.*

Of the aspect of the country—I mean its natural beauties—I have as yet said nothing. There are many high mountainous regions, differing in nothing from any other Alps. Even the milder and lower districts were generally surmounted with pine-clad steeps; but beneath these were green sunny slopes, thick set with villages. These glades were enamelled with flowers in abundance, red and blue and yellow; from above, innumerable rivulets and mountain streams, some forming pretty little cascades, others foaming down rough and rocky beds, till not an atom of them but was dashed and shattered into whitest foam. Above, the mists and vapour wreaths were clinging to the tresses of the pines, or at times we saw a mountain flinging off from its forehead the cloud which clung about it.

We entered Innsprück to-day about six. The descent towards the town is dangerously and shamefully steep. It lies in an extensive plain—the valley of the Inn—immediately at the foot of high and snowy mountains, which, when one is within, seem to overlook it in a very striking manner. The main street is broad and very handsome, and the whole town clean and very elegant. Some walks opposite the Government House, where I would willingly have spent an hour or two, but we had very little time before dusk, and the most of this we spent in the church, which contains the tomb of Maximilian I., the sublimest sepulchral monument I ever beheld. The tomb itself is of an oblong square, filling all the centre of the church. On either side, filling the spaces between the pillars by which the aisles are separated from the main body of the church, are ranged



two rows of colossal figures in bronze, men and women—most contemporaries of historical note, but two, perhaps the grandest, not so—Arthur of England and Godfrey of Bouillon. All the men, except, I think, a bishop or a cardinal, are in complete and ponderous armour. But the marvellous work of art is the sides of the tomb, divided into twenty-four compartments, each representing some remarkable passage in the life of Maximilian; they are all in *basso rilievo*, and executed with a feeling and a beauty and a perfect finish which, till it is seen, is almost impossible to conceive. They are all, except four, by Alexander Colline, of Malines, whose portrait is hung near them, and whose immortal work deserved to have made him more memorable than it has; at least, his name had never before reached my ears.

The journal stops abruptly, without any notice of the return to England, which probably took place early in June, and before the summer was over the little church at Curdridge was consecrated, Samuel Wilberforce, amongst others, being present. This was the first time, as noticed in Bishop Wilberforce's life, that he mentions meeting Mr. Trench.

His father wrote to him in March: "I think I have made a nice arrangement for you in your new little preferment. I have taken the house which Cobbett lived in,\* a comfortable family house in perfect repair, with large gardens, in the parish, and very warm and comfortable; within about a mile of the church. You probably recollect the house on the left-hand side after you pass the Botley bridge, going to your church, with long garden walls." This house, only a few years ago sold by his brother, became Mr. Trench's home for the next six years, and here four of his children were born.

The Rev. James Silvester, late curate of Curdridge, writes (September 7, 1886): "The present rector of Bishop's Waltham, the Rev. W. Brock, gave Mr. Trench the small living of Curdridge in 1835. The church, dedicated in honour of St. Peter, was consecrated in September, 1835, by Archbishop Sumner. For six years Mr. Trench laboured in this

\* At Botley.

lonely, scattered parish, endearing himself to his people, a few of whom still remain to recall his memory at this distant day.

"His grave and serious face, and bent, thoughtful attitude as he walked, are still remembered. A present parishioner of Curdridge tells of his mother meeting Mr. Trench close to where the railway bridge now stands, as she was toiling up the hill with a wheel-barrow, and of his taking it from her and wheeling it up the hill. She used to tell the story with pride after he became Archbishop. The last child baptized by him at Curdridge is still living in the parish, the mother of a large family."

Here he received many visits from Samuel Wilberforce, in whose diary, Canon Ashwell writes, "such notices as these keep recurring—'Much talk with Trench: mystics, etc. In evening he read *Calderon*,' etc. And again, 'Instructive conversation with Trench.' " \*

From WILLIAM DONNE.

*Cromer,*

*June 15, 1835.*

*One thing* that I have read has done me good, and that is Wordsworth's last volume; it contains wisdom, poetry, and power, linked and married to a metrical sweetness and variety which were often wanting in his earlier volumes. Sometimes I can hardly persuade myself of the poet's identity; his fire is as brilliant and mighty as in early days and prime manhood, but it permeates and enlivens more beautiful moulds of sound and harmony than ever. Perhaps, having overcome and outlawed poetic diction, he feels himself at large, and free to luxuriate amid the splendour and glory of language, and cadence, and rhythm; while his earlier mintage was more strictly stamped with his peculiar title and impress, that it might exclude false coin and authenticate the true.

\* "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," vol. i. pp. 121, 124. On October 25, 1838, Mr. Wilberforce wrote: "We have happily accomplished our visit to Trench. He is delightful, and it always does me good to visit him. He is full of thought, patient and laborious in study, and of a highly refined mind; a zealous Churchman, and yet a man of deep and earnest personal piety. There are few with whom I value personal intercourse more highly."

Spedding tells me that Maurice has published a pamphlet entitled "Subscription no Bondage," "which," he adds, "does not mean, whatever one may think, that a man is not bound to adhere to the opinions he has subscribed to." Has he affixed his name to it? And who is his publisher?

I was invited to an Apostolic anniversary dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern, on Friday last, but hardly knew of it in time, as the letter was sent to Mattishall. I am glad that the meetings are kept up, as one lives in hopes of being able yet again to make one at such *symposia*. Kemble, Sterling, and the Bullers, all the stars of the first magnitude, excepting yourself, were announced as having promised to shine for that evening—this rather leads me to think that you are still in another hemisphere. Do you think that by any construction the Apostles can be considered as a corporation? I am not aware that we have any common funds for ecclesiastical or other purposes, or that our revenues are disproportioned to the kingdom we live in. But we eat and drink annually, and that puts us in peril of the law. We must forego such vanities, and meet hungering and thirsting, if we would escape Schedule B. Surely when Sheridan conceived Joseph Surface, he foresaw Sir Robert Peel. His concessions, admissions, modifications, and explainings, his assumption of a *Liberal* mask, his patronizing the spirit of the time, his coaxing the Tories and jostling the Radicals, make up such a compound of secondary qualities, as cannot be paralleled since the days of the notorious Lord Shaftesbury. I could hug O'Connell in comparison; he *has* a principle (though an evil one), leans his whole weight upon it, puts his shoulder, back, and body to the wheel, and *does* what he will, because he has faith in something.

Mr. Trench was ordained priest early in July, 1835, by Bishop Sumner, of Winchester.

From JOHN STERLING.

*Hurstmonceux,*

*June 29, 1835.*

I was indeed very happy to hear of your pleasant prospects. I wish mine were equally clear. It is painful to be so uncertain of the future as to be interrupted in any steady exertion. I have taken up for the present the getting ready a volume of sermons, but whether I shall ever print them is another question. The rumour of my having a chapel in London is unfounded, though

I suppose I must try something of the kind for want of any other classical employment. If I could get the Roman chaplaincy I think I should accept it instantly. But I have no interest or connection with the Capitoline Jupiter, or any other Latin gods or goddesses; so that I do not see what I can do or hope about it. I believe I must leave this before winter on account of the dampness of the situation, and where to go I know not. If nothing offers within my compass of strength, I shall probably go to London or its neighbourhood, and bide my (or anybody else's) time. If I go any unnecessary journey, I have promised Maurice and myself that it shall be to Bubbenthal. I am very anxious to see him, not having had that, to me, one of the greatest of pleasures for a long time. I quite agree with you as to the great value of his pamphlet, although, after his fashion, there is not a word in it bearing in the least on the point at issue, viz. whether the undergraduates ought to be made to subscribe what they have never been taught to understand. It is plain that they give their assent to be instructed on the principles of the Articles when they enter a university in which the teachers have been required to subscribe them. Moreover, though he proves very clearly that all studies which have any humanizing power are ultimately based on religion, I think from this point of view it would be very hard to show that the Articles are fit for his purpose, they being much too numerous and minute. I must, however, tell you that I myself am a far more hesitating Church reformer and amender of the Articles than I was. Not that I do not think we should be well rid of a dozen of them which determine points that might just as well be left open, but because I see more and more clearly the great unfitness of our present clergy to meddle in such a work. My two great practical objects, had I any power, would be to mend the education of the clergy at the universities, and to bring a very much larger body of teachers to bear on our population, especially in towns. I am half out of patience with societies for converting Jews, Turks, and New Zealanders while half the people in our great cities have never heard of a God except to blaspheme by. It is, however, possible that the expansive and contractile powers of the Church may strengthen each other, and if so, there is no more to be said but to get immediately a new society, with the Bishops at its head and £100,000 a year, to evangelize our town masses. I have read Newman's "Arians," and been much interested by the man, more than by the book. It is good in its way, but what one most likes is the spirit and manliness of the writer. Pusey, however, is to me

by much the most interesting of the Oxford theologians. The account of Speuer in his book on Germany is one of the most touching, and at the same time inspiring, pictures of a Christian preacher I ever read.

*To his Wife.*

*Cambridge,*

*July 8, 1835.*

I arrived here the day before yesterday, not expecting to find myself in the midst of all the tumult of the installation of a new Chancellor. Almost everybody here; *fêtes* of every description going forward; many remarkable people to be seen, but very little quiet enjoyment of one's friends possible. Poor Lord Camden, our new Chancellor, is quite dwarfed and thrown out of his place, which should be the foremost, by the presence of the Duke of Wellington. We had a great dinner yesterday at Trinity, where both spoke; the Duke in worse English and more confusedly than I had expected, but with a heartiness of manner which carried people with him. When his health was proposed, it was as though a spark had touched a powder magazine; the whole immense hall going off, as it were, in one instantaneous shout. In the morning there was a great assemblage at the Senate House, where Conservative sympathies were very strongly displayed, though not always according to knowledge, and sometimes rather mob-like. For instance, in the pauses of business some one would cry out the names of Sir Robert Peel, or the Duke, or some other of the kind, which was followed by loudest shouts; then another, knowing that it would be hissed, would cry out, "The Ministry," "Lord John Russell," "The House of Commons," and these were received with long prolonged groans and hisses.

My old masters at Harrow, Dr. Butler and H. Drury, seemed glad to see me; and, what pleases me best here, and has most reconciled me to fatigue and spiritual loss of such a time, is that I have had the opportunities of some very interesting conversations with some of the younger members of our society. It has seemed to me that the great point to lead them to is this: faith in another, higher, better Spirit than our own, working on, and in, and with ours, but not suspending it; and that here, rather than with the truths of the Atonement, they are most accessible in their present condition of mind; for where this faith is, prayer must follow at once. But there

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is very much which one would wish to see very different here than what it is. What we mainly want, are some older men, doing what Keble, Newman, etc., seem to be doing at Oxford, stretching out the right hand of fellowship to the younger, and deeply sympathizing with their troubles and difficulties ; but since Hare is gone, who fulfilled, though imperfectly, these duties, we have actually none such here.

There is no possibility of getting to town by any of the coaches this week, so that I am obliged to come round by Oxford. Acland comes with me, and will introduce me to the men who of course must interest me the most deeply there. It vexes me to leave my parish so long untended, but your presence there, in whom my heart can safely trust, takes off much of the anxiety from my mind.

I like Acland much, and hope to get him down with us this summer. Alford, newly married, is here ; he has just published two small volumes of verses. I have hardly had time to look at them, but some of the lesser poems seem very pretty. Passing through a little town near this, I saw the name of *J. Atton*\* over a door, which made a vision of delight come up before my eyes. Tell the dear little fellow that it is so, and the whole story.

The Bishop was very kind and courteous when I took my leave of him. I do not think any of us could have left Farnham without being somewhat quickened for our ministerial work—reminded of many omissions in time past, many things most imperfectly performed ; so that we must all, I think, have ended in prayer for forgiveness of the past, and that far more ample strength might be given us for the time to come.

"The Story of Justin Martyr, and other Poems. By Richard Chenevix Trench, Perpetual Curate of Curdridge Chapel, Hants," was published by Moxon in 1835, the first of many works, and the most cared for of all by the author.

This first edition of the poems is a thin duodecimo volume, containing only 185 pages. Most which he taught in song was still unwritten, and had to be learned in suffering, both private, and in deep sympathy with England's wounds and losses, however glorious.

\* "Atton" was the pet name, given by the child himself, of his little boy.

*From* JOHN STERLING.

*Hurstmonceux,*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

*August 5, 1835.*

I would willingly put off writing to you until I might be able to express a more deliberate opinion about your volume than I can now offer. But I will not delay doing what is more to the purpose than any critical analysis, to wit, offering you my sincere thanks for the great and pure, and I trust profitable, delight which I have received from a very hasty inspection of the poems. I reached home only the night before last, and I have not been able to employ much of the following time on your book ; but I have glanced over all the pieces, and have found very little that has not a distinct value, nothing at all that I could positively have wished otherwise than it is. In our age, in which all but the very highest poetic power is, I think, unusually abundant, I do not know that the mere intellect and imagination that the work displays, unquestionable as these are, and working, too, with great sweetness and elegance, would suffice to canonize the volume. But the earnest and unadulterated Christianity, so perfectly free from sectarianism or extravagance, governing the whole mind, and connecting its meanings with every object, seems to me to give it a high and, unfortunately, rare value. I should probably have taken a strong interest in any book of yours, and certainly in any that had borne the clear impress of your character, even such as it was ten years ago ; but, besides this source of sympathy, I find here the kind of charm which belong to the confessions of Augustine and other saints, and which gives to human words the most exquisite of all fascinations. But I could not say more on this head without running the risk of paining you, and will, therefore, only repeat my acknowledgments for the pleasure and the good you have supplied to me. My wife has read as yet only a few pages, but was most gratified with them.

*From the Same.*

*12, Orme Square, Bayswater, London,*

*October 14, 1835.*

I have been writing a considerable mass of notes and sketches for essays on a number of moral and theological questions. I hope to go on with and complete a series of theological discourses on the Bible as a whole, and I sometimes flatter myself that I have

filched a corner of your mantle and 'a thimbleful of your spirit, and have, accordingly, of late written more verses than for many years before. Some of these I should be rather anxious on several accounts to show you when we meet, particularly as I sometimes fear that poems of which the drift relates chiefly to the ideas of right, truth, or beauty, may seem, from their wanting any direct mention of Christianity, to pass it by as unessential. This was, of course, far from my intention, but it is a consequence to be guarded against. I have lately (since my books have been unpacked) been looking anew into your volume, and I find it still more pleasing than before. My brother, Charles Barton, was at Moxon's a day or two since, and heard flaming accounts of the sale. I trust your parochial employments will leave you leisure to go on as an author, either in verse or prose. But I doubt whether you could do better than give us another volume like the last.

*From ———*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

December 23, 1835.

In your little volume of beautiful poems, which, at Martineau's recommendation, though my poetry-reading days are now nearly over, I have read with great delight, I find the following passage :—

\* "Thou  
Hast known the dreary sickness of the soul,  
That comes upon us in our *lonely* youth,  
The fear of all bright visions leaving us,  
The sense of emptiness, without the sense  
Of an abiding fulness anywhere ;  
When all the generations of mankind,  
With all their purposes, their hopes, and fears,  
Seem nothing truer than those wandering shapes  
Cast by a trick of light upon a wall ;  
And nothing different from these except  
In their capacity for suffering ;—  
What time we have the sense of sin, and none  
Of expiation, our own life seemed then  
But as an arrow flying in the dark  
Without an aim, a most unwelcome gift,  
Which we might not put by."

This passage could have been penned by no one who had not himself experienced to the fullest extent the feelings there described. To your personal experience, then, I fly, to know how those feelings



have been overcome. By what train of reasoning, or process of reflection, or by what combination of circumstances, have you been led where

“ Your steadfast anchor is securely cast  
Within the veil—the veil of things unseen ” ?

Thus invoking your aid, I should, for your better guidance, say that the only part of the passage which did not find a ready response in my heart was the line—

“ What time we have the sense of sin.”

I have been so long accustomed to consider all good and evil the work of one Omnipotent Creator, that I know not how to form in my mind the notion of sin.

This, my dear Trench, is not the request of mere idle curiosity. Religion has long been to me a subject of great solicitude, and often of anxious inquiry. Doubts as to both its evidences and doctrines have long, as I believe you know, beset my mind. But an event which has happened within the last few days made my mind recur with an earnestness never before felt to the subject. Deeply as I loved, I dared not, on such a subject, though I feared the consequence which might result, deceive others ; and, anxiously as I wish for the removal of the obstacle which stands in the way of my happiness, I cannot, dare not deceive myself. And yet, if you can show me by reason or just feeling an escape from the dreary uncertainty of doubt, gladly would I flee to it.

I am sure you will excuse this intrusion on the offices of old friendship and will reply to it.

## CHAPTER XI.

1836, 1837.

"Give me, O Father, to Thy throne access,  
Unshaken seat of endless happiness  
Give me, unveiled, the Source of good to see ;  
Give me Thy light, and fix mine eyes on Thee."

BOETHIUS.

THE first letter in 1836 is from the same friend whose letter closes the last chapter.

MY DEAR TRENCH,

*January 9, 1836.*

How shall I sufficiently thank you for your kind and affectionate letter, as well as for the precious little volume of poems which, under God's blessing, have been one of the means of leading me to Himself? In this world I can never sufficiently do so. Oh, in that other and better, whither, I trust, we are both tending, may I be able more fully to do so, when we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but face to face, and when we shall know even as also we are known. Before I had received your letter, God had been graciously pleased to discover to me the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. To you, who are engaged in the sacred ministry, I would gladly detail every particular connected with this change, but to do so fully would require me to write to you a history of my life.

I trust we may some day ere long meet, and that I may then detail to you the slow and sullen steps by which I progressed in the "bitter" path of "leaving the Lord my God." I will now only say that by that worst of all idolatries, the idolatry which sets up reason for its god, I had gradually extinguished every glimmering of spiritual life within me, or deluded myself into considering whatever of such life might remain as a delusion which it was the part of wisdom as rapidly as could be to get rid of. In this state I could

not shut my eyes to the truth, even to reason, that there was *probable* evidence for the truth of Christianity; and considering the Christian scheme of morals as better calculated than any other to produce happiness, and finding reason totally incompetent to guide me to any other rule, I had prepared to pay an outward deference to the doctrines and to attempt an outward as well as inward conformity to the precepts of Christianity, relying in all *upon my own strength*. I could form no other notion of religious belief than of a state of mind in which the probability for the truth of it from external evidence should be indefinitely increased. I lent to — your little volume of poems, having previously marked those passages which spoke of the state of mind produced by want of religion, and those which described the utter incompetency of man by his own power to act up to his best resolves, and I told — that I had marked the passages because I sympathized with them. I left unmarked all those which spoke of having found a refuge in reliance on a higher power, and when I came to speak to — I confessed that such a reliance seemed to me inconsistent with only probable evidence, and anything beyond probable evidence, I remarked, I could see no possible way of arriving at without a *miracle*, the possibility of which I was little disposed to admit. I determined to write to all my old friends who had been infidels, and who had become Christians. I then commenced a re-examination of the evidences, but for every argument that was produced an objection started up, and I seemed likely again to lay down the task as I had before done as hopeless, when Soame Jenyns' evidence fell into my hands, and his view, considering the Bible not as itself the revelation, but as containing the history of the revelation, seemed to me to dissolve innumerable difficulties. This was a view I had, from reading the books, been before at times disposed to take, but I thought it had been held by no sincere Christians.

In this state of mind, better disposed than I had before been to receive Christianity as reasonable, a friend with whom I was conversing suggested that if I really thought the effects of true Christianity good both in individuals and society, it was my duty as an *experimentalist*—he was himself a transcendentalist—to try the means which were recommended by those who had themselves become Christians. Humility then first occurred to me. But how to be humble? I thought on reason, and I was willing to acknowledge that now, as in the time of Socrates, we were obliged to confess that all that it could teach us was that nothing could be known. I

thought of our moral powers, and I felt, and that by lamentable experience, that they were utterly incapable to hold us in any path which we might arbitrarily lay down for ourselves, and were still further incapable of purifying the heart ; and *so far* I was morally as well as intellectually humble.

These and some other reflections which led me to concede the *reality* of religious feeling had passed through my mind, when one evening, after reading a sermon of Rose's on "*the effect of sensuality on the moral and intellectual powers*," I went down at eleven o'clock to the drawing-room, where I found all gone to bed but the friend (a young man preparing for the ministry) whom I have before mentioned. At this moment it had never, that I can recollect in the course of my existence, occurred to me that I had anything else than a moral and intellectual nature. We commenced conversation on the subject of religion ; how it proceeded I cannot recall, till he suggested that, besides a moral and intellectual nature, we had also a spiritual one. At once, by a species of tuition, and not by reasoning, I received the truth. The recognition of it was immediately followed by that of the truth of the texts, either suggested by my own mind, or mentioned by him, "God is a Spirit ;" "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned ;" "In God we live and move and have our being ;" "Having the promise of the life that is to come, as well as of that which now is." My expression was, "I am as convinced of it as of my own existence ; my spiritual nature is in truth a part of my existence."

But I remarked, "This is very good philosophy, but not Christianity," and I asked, "Is this to be found nowhere in Plato?" We ran through several works of the ancients ; it was nowhere to be found in them. The words, "Lord, to whom shall we go but unto Thee? Thou hast the words of eternal life," recurred to my mind. At once I was a Christian ; the Bible was indeed (the spiritual part of it) the *Word of God*, and contained a *revelation* not otherwise made to mankind. I next recurred to the *doctrines*. That of the Trinity first presented itself. The texts, "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ," and others to that effect, suggesting themselves or being mentioned, I felt that the existence of several Persons in one Being was not only not inconsistent with, but seemed part of the notion of spiritual existence. I had no longer any difficulty in conceiving the character of Son of God, Comforter, and all the other gradations in the Family of Heaven, which Christianity may reveal to us. Such gradations seemed not only

possible, but natural, and most of the doctrines connected with this subject present such forms of beauty, and such a strict analogy to the natural world, that though I have not received them as necessary truths, as I did the existence of God as a Spirit, of my living, moving, and being in Him, and of the indestructibility of my spiritual nature, they seemed to me so natural and so beautiful, that, on being presented in the same book which communicates the other truths, I see no reason to refuse to embrace them. I have felt inclined to illustrate the respective nature of the doctrines by comparing the one to those essential attributes of material existence without which we cannot conceive it, and which, if any one should deny, we should refuse to argue with him ; the other to those qualities, such as beauty, colour, etc., which strike different minds differently, but about which, though we should differ with one we conversed with, we should not consider him beside himself if he did not coincide with us in opinion.

The great character of religion, as thus presenting itself to my mind, has seemed that of dependence and reliance upon Him on Whom, by the revelation of Himself thus made to us, we are taught that we do depend. Owing to the feeling which in my last I mentioned to you, as having so long possessed my mind, with respect to the *nature of sin*, I have not felt so strongly the necessity of the doctrine of the Atonement as, had my conscience not been seared, I feel from the experience of Christians generally I should have done. *The burden of the Pilgrim* seemed to fall from my back on the recognition of my dependence on, and trust in, Him who had been thus graciously pleased to reveal Himself to me ; but, as I said before, the doctrine is one so in accordance with the analogy of nature—as punishment to children unless forgiven, and the generally received sense of mankind, before the conscience has become seared, of the necessity of expiation for sin—that I see nothing which on the evidence of Scripture I am not bound to receive ; and as my trust in God is only through the revelation made by Christ, a deeper sense of sinfulness, of the exceeding sinfulness of my nature, will no doubt lead me every day more to embrace the professed offer of vicarious punishment. Why, indeed, should not He Who has thus been graciously pleased to give us the inestimable blessing of the knowledge of Him through His Son Jesus Christ with Him also *freely* give us all things ? I have gone thus fully into the doctrine of the Atonement, as I am anxious to hear from you your views upon it. I have been anxious at present to avoid all minute question of doctrine,

and nothing confirmed me more in doing so than the beautiful simplicity with which the spiritual feelings of the awakened soul are pourtrayed in your little volume of poems ; but this is a doctrine so much relied upon, that, notwithstanding the experience which for the last ten days I have truly had of the joy and peace and hope in believing, I should dread to err in.

And now, having, my dear friend, told you the change, let me describe to you the no less marvellous effects of this change. The first was a return of natural domestic affections. The relations of father and son, of brother and sister, seemed no longer, as I had before been accustomed to consider them, conventional. I and the friend before mentioned sat up on that night till five o'clock. Before the evening was half over I felt my heart yearn towards each member of my family, and a new affection arise, or perhaps rather an old one revive, for each of them. I have now no longer that restlessness, that uneasiness which before attended every moment that was not employed in the quest of pleasure or of knowledge ; all nature looks joyous, the sense of the beautiful has revived, and many other of those senses which had been deadened by the cold sophistry of reason. I can truly now say, to the *pure* all things are pure, but to them that are unbelieving even their very minds and consciences are defiled. All those feelings of subordination in society which once seemed natural, but which were afterwards by sophistry overcome, now again seem natural. The equality of man seems now best secured by subordination. No longer do I boast myself a citizen of the world ; patriotism now seems a virtue. Oh, for that complete restoration of conscience which, while we retain this mortal coil, we can only hope by God's grace to approximate to. Not alone does religion now seem to pervade every relation of domestic life, and to regulate the concerns of each family ; it seems to me to point out political doctrines very different, I fear, from those of our present statesmen. One guide in political matters we seem to have in which we can hardly err—to countenance no man or no combination of men who throw religion overboard. Is not this the course pointed out in Isaiah iii. 6 ? We should, on the contrary, lend our aid to those who seek the guidance of God in their conduct.

How inadequate in the short limits of a letter to suggest the thousand different trains of thought which have presented themselves. Religion seems to turn into gold everything it touches. Take up the most profligate book of the most profligate writer ; it becomes an evidence to stablish and strengthen faith, an incentive to stimulate

charity, a cause to fly for refuge and dependence to Him Who maketh all things work together for good. Take the most sceptical work of the most sceptical of writers—Hume. You admire a beautiful display of the intellectual powers ; but the work is like a statue without life. Look on it with the eye of the spirit ; it at once begins to move, it has life and beauty. Take such a writer as Goldsmith, where the natural affections are beautifully portrayed, but where a few spots show you that a sense of religious consolation is absent ; supply that sense, and it becomes beautiful. How cold, pitifully cold, viewed thus, is Tennyson's poem to Spedding on the death of his brother ! How should such a display as that of want of religious consolation call into exercise one's charity ? By thus for ever keeping God always before us in the smallest as well as greatest things. What a fund does nature supply for the exercise of religion ! And how ought the total absence or cold presence of religious feeling in almost all the writers of modern times to stimulate us to exertion !

I have, in the capacity of my thoughts and pen, inflicted on you a double sheet, which I hope you will excuse. If I can I will get a frank. I hope you will do the same, *i.e.* grant me a double sheet—never mind a frank—in reply. I trust, my dear Trench, that your little volume of poems may touch the hearts of many who, like myself, have wrapped themselves up in the cold garb of philosophy ; who have made reason their idol, have rubbed their hands over its blaze and cried, "Aha ! I am warm ; I have seen the fire." The conviction of the *reality of religious feeling*, stronger than I had ever before felt, preceded the change which God has previously made in my heart. Is it not a conviction which many of the sceptics of the present day want ?

I must mention one passage in your poems which gave me infinite delight—that in which, after alluding to the possible destruction of all religious establishments, you derive consolation from the thought that impious hands will scarce invade the "pure religion of our sacred homes." To me, who am blessed in a family, eight members out of eleven of whom partake the fullest consolations of religion, this is indeed a cheering thought. Conceive what was my delight to find this fact when first myself awakened to a sense of that peace which passeth all understanding which the world cannot give. That that peace may descend and rest upon you and all that belong unto you is the earnest prayer of your affectionate friend.

From JOHN STERLING.

12, Orme Square,

January 18, 1836.

In theology I have read more than I have written, especially a book of Tholuck's, which I earnestly recommend you to get and read as soon as possible, as of deep, even absorbing interest, and I think of high value. It is a thin 8vo, under the title, "*Von der Sünde und von Versöhner*," and presents the most remarkable posture I have ever seen of a human mind struggling from Pantheism to Christianity. He makes the fundamental difference intelligible chiefly by insisting on the reality of sin, and I feel sure that both as to this point and on the whole the book will very deeply interest and affect you. I have looked occasionally into Olshausen, and in general with much satisfaction. I fancy that he is a man of inferior powers and learning to Tholuck ; but I am not sure. On the whole, the result of my studies and thoughts has, I hope, been to strengthen my faith, and extend my knowledge of the Gospel ; but I suffer from a sense of very unequal progress in inward life. And the same feeling makes me dissatisfied with my sermons at the Temple. I have never, indeed, had the comfort of learning that there is any sympathy with me, in any part of the congregation, as to what good there may be in the discourses ; and there is a most comfortless loneliness of heart in looking over all that crowd so often, and doubting whether there is a single heart that feels in common with one's own. But doubtless this is a part, and no mean one, of one's own nature. In another way I have just had a very gladdening communication in the letters of a philosophic and learned infidel with whom I have long been slightly acquainted, who wrote to me not long since that he felt a strong desire to believe the Gospel, but that his knowledge of critical writers made it impossible for him to accept the Bible as literally and altogether inspired, as which alone it is presented in this country. I have heard from him to-day that, before receiving my answer, all his doubts had been cleared away by the view of redemption derived from some Christian friend ; and, as he says himself, the scales fell from his eyes when the light from above made it plain that man is a spiritual, as well as a rational and moral being. The rapture and glow of his language are most extraordinary, and it is plain that he is as completely and, in the same sense, a convert as those pagans of the first ages to whom the message of salvation came as glad tidings of great joy. I am sure you will rejoice, as I



do, at this news, though you will probably never know who is the subject of it. I hear but a poor account, dear Trench, of your bodily state. Take care of yourself for the sake of all who love you, but especially of those to whom you must under God be all in all.

*From the Same.*

12, Orme Street,

April 23, 1836.

I write very little now, and have delayed from day to day to answer your kind inquiries, in hopes that the few lines I was to send would give you some certain information of my plans for the future. We have now, I think, nearly decided on going to Rome before the winter. James Clark advises strongly that I should spend three winters in a warmer climate than this. The Madeira summer is too warm for me, and would probably be fatal to my wife and children; while at Rome we shall have, I suppose, a comparatively cool air within reach at Albano or elsewhere on the hills.

As to myself, there is not much, if any, change. There is still a slight hemorrhage, but it does not increase; and I have but little cough, hardly any pain, and not much uneasiness at night. The event is, of course, very doubtful; but I believe the medical opinions are decidedly favourable, provided I adopt measures of precaution. I sometimes am tempted to fancy that my life at Rome would be little better than a long yawn.

I am still forbidden to see my friends. But I must have sight of you before I leave England, which, however, will probably not be till the end of August.

*To his Wife.*

Oxford and Cambridge Club,

1836.

I was not very anxious about you, but quite enough so to make me truly thankful for your letter, and all the pleasant tidings which it brought from home. I wish much I could repay you with as good, but you will be sorry when you learn that Sterling last week had a renewal of his old attack upon his lungs, and with worse symptoms than before, as he is now spitting blood, though not much. I hope to be silent myself, and to hear him preach on Sunday. Montall says he does it very well, and that he is very active in his parish, and delights much in his work. I shall afterwards make a flying visit to Hadleigh, Colchester, and Coggeshall, and, God willing, shall

be with you at the end of the week ; but I have no heart nor desire for a longer absence from home. Only when I am away from there do I truly learn how happy and blessed we are in our home and in our work, and how little satisfaction there is to be found anywhere else. My book is selling, though not very fast. Wordsworth's principal praises of it were that it was very thoughtful, and (which he prizes very highly) the language was choice and pure. Milnes tells me that Wiseman is going to review it in the second number of his magazine. The purport of the review will be, how much more satisfaction for all his longings and desires would this young poet find in Catholicism, than in his own hard and dry system of Protestantism.

I am thankful to hear that the children are all in health, and that dearest Atton does not forget papa in his prayers. Tell him that papa has got a book with nice Bible pictures for him. Sterling is a good deal better. I think they will pay us a visit on their way.

*From* JOHN STERLING.

12, Orme Square,

May 30, 1836.

Henry Taylor's "Statesman" is the only book I have seen very recently that you would probably care for. It is a very striking, sagacious, well-instructed, well-thoughted book, and likely, I believe, to produce some impression on official people as to the poverty-stricken character of most of the minds hitherto employed in practical administration in this country. The light, indeed, is only lunar and indirect, but still better beyond comparison than that of the dying farthing candles round it. I prick my ears in my comparative solitude to catch what whispers I can of the great sphere of things, and, on the whole, I cannot but fancy that things are mending with the Church ; at least, *Iliacos intra muros*. The Bishop of London's exertions for church building, etc., are admirable ; and once let a plan be broached at either university for a better education of the clergy, and it must needs go on. As inquiry proceeds, doubts will deepen and multiply, and the necessity will become more and more apparent for a stronger and more spiritual faith to build on, whether the superstructure is meant to be a polity or a science. Have you heard of Wiseman's lectures ? They are a very clever, plausible, and, I think, sincere defence of Romanism. The vulgar Paleyan or Puritanic (*modern* I mean) view supplies no answer to his objections

as to the unfitness of the Bible for the functions assigned to it by his opponents. But I am heartily glad the book has appeared, as it will force people to go deeper. Have you heard of Wordsworth's appeal to all who have derived pleasure and profit from his poems, that they would show their sense of the same by subscribing to build a church in his native Cockermouth? You should give something, were it only to please the old man.

*To his Wife.*

*Cambridge,*

*July 1, 1836.*

Of my old friends I have only found Blakesley here ; so that, if it had not been for him, I should have had but a solitary time here, and even now I have much longing to be once again with my dear wife and children, and find the dusty library but a poor compensation for their absence. I have found a few books that may be serviceable to me, though not all that I had expected, and have worked for some hours each day in the library ; but many books are a weariness both to flesh and spirit, and I believe I am more likely to write something genial and profitable to myself and others, by the help of my own little collection of books, than if I were overlaid and distracted by the multitude of books which I should be here tempted to consult. I rejoice to hear that dearest Emily is with you.

I have just returned from seeing Rose, with whom I breakfast to-morrow. He has felt much the death of Mr. Froude, whom, perhaps, you may remember accompanying Mr. Perceval and Mr. Palmer on their visit to Hadleigh. He died last week in Devonshire.

*To REV. FREDERIC MAURICE.*

*Botley Hill,*

*September 20, 1836.*

MY DEAR MAURICE,

It has been very long that I should have written you a letter, to thank you in the first place for the trouble which you took about the books. I received them safely, as also the picture. Sterling was good enough to write to me just before he sailed ; his letter was dated Plymouth. I have not heard since from him or of them. You are nearer the sources of information ; perhaps, when you write, you will give me your latest intelligence. He did not speak very hopefully concerning himself, and I suppose we cannot disguise from ourselves that his case is full of uncertainty. I quite feel as you do concerning the truth and reality of that faith which upholds him

under no ordinary trials, and expect that he will cast off all, or a great part, of the Schleiermachery which certainly all increased acquaintance tends to make one like less and less. In reading some of the latest German theological reviews, I was much struck how even there theology is like a defeated and retreating army, which, having overrun and occupied the whole country, is now compelled to give back and yield post after post. It is no longer aggressive, but on the defensive, and only seeking how much it must give up to retain the rest; which was just the reverse of the position it occupied twenty years ago.

The church at Botley was consecrated a few weeks ago. I neglected to write to you concerning it; I believe it was that I assumed it would be in vain to seek to bring you down here. Perhaps you may find it needful and good to take some holidays this autumn, and would turn your face this way. I have need of your presence. What with never seeing the face of a friend, and going over the same round of duties, I sometimes fear that I shall soon come, like Sir Toby, to have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man hath. I trust you are going forward with what you proposed concerning Baptism. Anything that would give me a living hold of the Church idea I would be more thankful for than for aught beside; for though I can work myself up by the application of strong stimulants, Oxford Tracts or *British Magazine*, into something which I take for a Church feeling, yet when the stimulants cease the feelings subside; and the Neander view, which yet I am convinced is not all, is not satisfactory, is that which really is mine, and belongs to and makes a living part of my mind.\* We are all well here; the three little ones in great health and enjoyment, a matter, I trust, of continual thankfulness.

Do you know Kemble's address? I hear he counts that we have broken off all intercourse with him, which notion I would gladly, as far as lies in me, remove.

To REV. J. C. HARE.

*Botley Hill,*

*November 16, 1836.*

I am glad to hear that Strauss is not such a mighty monster, and that he will not swallow up church and steeple at a single gulp; though it struck me that the book was not to be set down in such a

\* This letter is given, as of especial interest, the doctrine of Baptism of the Catholic Church having been so fully embraced by him before long.

summary manner as the *British Magazine* seemed inclined to do it in ; but it must be something more than a revival of Dupuis and Volney.

*To the Same.*

*Botley Hill,*

*November 28, 1836.*

Since I saw you, being at Brighton, I went over for a day to Hurstmonceux, where I had the privilege of coming to know Mrs. Augustus Hare ; though indeed I had heard so much about her, that I seemed to know her well at the very first. I was very much pleased also with Mrs. Marcus Hare, another sister-in-law of Mr. Hare's ; and was permitted to pay a deeply interesting visit to Miss Hare, who seems through much tribulation to be entering into the kingdom of God. I have since seen her once or twice again at Brighton, whither she removed shortly after. She is a little perplexed, and her perfect peace in some slight degree hindered through the mischievous consequences of the system which turns attention to the quality of the faith rather than to Christ, the Object of the faith, the Centre out of ourselves, but in the main is finding strength and strong consolation in God. I often feel in dealing with the sick how injurious this perversion of the Gospel is, how needful it is we should understand ourselves better on the matter of Justification ; but here we come again upon the question of Baptism, and what is the announcement to the baptized,—whether it be, “Your sins are forgiven—that is, directing them to look to Christ—or, “There is forgiveness of your sins upon your believing ;” which must of necessity bring them to look at their faith as the justifying thing. I trust you have only postponed, and for a little while, your treatise upon Baptism ; we can spare it even less than the Moral Philosophy. A little while ago I was brought into contact with Mr. Sanderson Robins, minister of St. John's Chapel, St. John's Wood. He would like very much to know you ; if you are ever in that quarter of London, would you call upon him ? You would be very much interested with him. He feels deeply our deficiencies in the Church at the present moment, and did not seem to think that there was anything but utter stagnation—that is, intellectual—in the whole London clergy ; so that he would be very much rejoiced to find it not altogether so.

We are here all in health and prosperity, kept hitherto as with a hedge about us, like Job, but we know that this cannot last for ever. Let me hear from you when you have time.

From JOHN STERLING.

*Floirac, near Bordeaux,*

*December 23, 1836.*

Maurice mentions in his last that he is a candidate for the professorship of Political Economy at Oxford, a venture in which I am not sure that I wish him success. My view of the state and needs of the Church and of theology in England is such that I grudge the application of zeal and talent by any clergyman to matters not directly those of his calling, though I am far from denying myself occasional excursions into the fields, or rather the haunted misty woods and broken glades, of imaginative literature. But I make my unsettled life and more unsettled health, and the want of a library, my excuse for this desultory campaigning. Of the speculative and arduous books at my command here my favourite at present is Schleiermacher's "Sermons," which I had begun to read consecutively, and find in them infinite food for reflection, and strong and constant impulses to good. I should be very desirous of seeing some life of him, and if you know of such a book I wish you would inform me, as I could get it through Paris. Much more diffused as Christian life probably is in England than in any other country, we are perhaps rather hasty in jumping to the conclusion that what there is, is more advanced than on the Continent. Of course I am not speaking of the mass in either case, but only of those whose minds are habitually governed by a love for the will of God as revealed to us in Christ. However this may be, I will own to you, for I do not know why I should not deal with you in all sincerity, that I find myself more and more removed from all the views in which the Church of England divines differ from the foreign Protestant Churches. I cannot trace this tendency to any corrupt self-indulgence of my own, but find that the more I endeavour to draw near in heart, mind, and life to the Saviour, and the more earnestly I strive to know and do the will of God, the less I seem disposed to admit anything like the claims of a hierarchy, venerable though it may be as a monument and useful as an instrument; or to believe in any *normal* outward institution by Christ or the Apostles of rulers and teachers in the Church. The divine authority of such seems to me merely identical with their evangelic value. I write these things because I know you would rather have the conclusions of a sincere mind than the compliance of a hypocritical one.

Yours ever affectionately,

JOHN STERLING.

I have read S. T. C——'s "Memoirs" with much disappointment, though high admiration. The note in Fénelon is indeed excellent. I have just seen Alfred Tennyson's "St. Agnes" in print. I had heard much more of it than I think it deserves. The great merit, as usual with him, is his eye for the picturesque. An iced saint is certainly much better than an iced cream, but not much better than a frosted tree. The original Agnes is worth twenty of her.

*To his Wife.*

*Oxford and Cambridge Club,*

*April 1, 1837.*

We had, on the whole, a very excellent meeting at Winchester; the Duke in the chair; a good speech from Gerard Noel, whose acquaintance I made, and a magnificent one from S. Wilberforce.\* About seven thousand pounds were collected that day, besides annual subscriptions; and I earnestly trust very much more will yet be done to enable the Church to lengthen her cords. I dined with Dr. Wilson, and passed the evening at Archdeacon Hoare's, where I met the Bishop and many of the principal clergy. Wilberforce mentioned to me that he was the author of that article in the *British Critic* where my poems were mentioned, and for which I had reason to be obliged to him.

*To the Same.*

*Oxford and Cambridge Club,*

*April 4, 1837.*

On Sunday I went in the morning to Dodsworth's, where I heard an excellent and striking sermon on the text, "The body is

\* "It was in the spring of this year (1837) that his great power and readiness in reply was first brought into notice, at a meeting in Winchester, of which the memory long survived in the neighbourhood. The occasion was this: A great county meeting was held for the purpose of setting on foot a Diocesan Church Building Society, with the Duke of Wellington in the chair. Lord Palmerston was among the speakers; and in the course of his speech he took a line which Mr. S. Wilberforce considered inconsistent with true Churchmanship. The consequence was, that he attacked Lord Palmerston's remarks with an ability and eloquence which quite carried away the meeting, but, at the same time, with a vehemence which caused some of those present to remonstrate with the Duke of Wellington, as chairman, for having allowed so young a clergyman to proceed unchecked. The Duke replied that it had occurred to him to interpose, but that, on looking again at the speaker, he felt sure that, had he done so, he would only have diverted upon himself the stream of his indignant eloquence, and 'I assure you,' he added, 'that I would have faced a battery sooner.'"—"Life of Bishop Wilberforce," vol. i. p. 107.

for the Lord and the Lord for the body," and next verse. His subject was the connection between holiness and the looking forward to the resurrection of the body, and to me was in good part new. In the afternoon I heard Maurice at Guy's. To-day I dine with Mr. Dunn, whom I met two or three days ago, and had much conversation with him; one of the holiest of men. His scheme of Christianity seems to me very defective, in the same way as his friend's, Mr. Knox; Christ our example, Christ the revealer of the mind of God towards sinners, occupying the whole foreground, so that Christ the sacrifice is forgotten, or nearly so.

*From* JOHN STERLING.

*Floirac, near Bordeaux,*

*May 13, 1837.*

I have made time to write a good many verses, especially most of a poem which I suppose will run to more than fifteen hundred lines, and which I call "The Sexton's Daughter." It is an English village tale, and pleases me more than most of my attempts, because it is a step away from visions and allegories such as I am naturally most inclined to. If I can finish it I shall probably publish it; but I should first be very desirous of consulting you about it. I would fain hope the moral convictions it embodies, and the distinct profession of Christianity, may be of some use independently of any poetic worth. But I hope to settle this matter with you either on paper or in person on some future opportunity. I hear from Mr. Hare that Strauss's book is doing much mischief at Cambridge. I observe an advertisement of an answer by Tholuck, which I should like to see, but I do not know when I shall be able to accomplish this. I have been learning some Italian, and have read more than half Ariosto with much amusement. I find more poetry in him than I supposed. It is the only continuation I ever heard of superior to the original.

I may be led to England in the summer; if not, I shall perhaps run for three weeks or a month to the Pyrenees, leaving my family here. I have never been in a really mountain country, and feel as if I should much enjoy it, partly, perhaps, because I have been reading more of Wordsworth than for years before. I am much struck by the narrowness of his range and the comparative want in his mind of any but, so to say, intellectual emotions. Shelley was much more of a poet, though much less of a man. I hope you



still find time to write poetry, and I have often thought of the importance of supplying English devotion with more genuine and satisfactory hymns than we now possess, in which it seems to me you might be of much use. I would work for the purpose myself if I thought there was any chance of my succeeding. I wish you would try. You would influence millions whom poetry in any other form would never reach. Get hold, if you can, of a little French romance, "Picciola;" it is beautiful, and I should think would please Mrs. Trench as well as you.

## CHAPTER XII.

1838—1840.

' The moments which we rescue and redeem  
From the bare desert and the waste of years,  
To fertilize, it may be with our tears,  
Yet so that for time after they shall teem  
With better than rank weeds, and wear a gleam  
Of visionary light, and on the wind  
Shed odours from the fields long left behind,  
These and their fruit to us can never seem  
Indifferent things ; and therefore do I look  
Not without gentle sadness upon thee,  
And liken thy outgoing, O my book,  
To the impatience of a little brook,  
Which might with flowers have lingered pleasantly,  
Yet toils to perish in the mighty sea."

R. C. T., *Sonnet*.

EARLY in 1838 Mr. Trench published another small volume, "Sabbation, Honor Neale, and other Poems, with Notes." "Honor Neale," one of the loveliest and most touching of his poems, is the story, told in almost the exact words of the peasant mother, of a child who lived and died at Woodlawn, in the county Galway, Lord Ashtown's family place.

TO REV. FREDERIC MAURICE.

*Botley Hill,*

*March 4, 1838.*

It is very long since we have had the satisfaction of hearing from you, though indeed I have no right to complain, having been myself as inactive a correspondent ; but I write to-day knowing that your interest in your friends would make you pleased to hear that my little volume of verses is at length published, and that there

is a copy with your name in it waiting for you, if at any time you would take the trouble to call or send for it at Moxon's. I hope you will find marks of some growth and progress in it, but I am not sanguine about its making any way. If I could believe it would be in any degree helpful to any, my chief desire concerning it would be accomplished. I was very much delighted to receive a most pleasant and hopeful letter from Sterling about three weeks ago, mentioning how well the climate of Madeira was agreeing with him, and altogether written in very good heart and spirits, so much so that my wife was quite jealous at the conclusion which I drew from it, namely, that it is possible to be very happy without one's wife and children, though I should hardly like to try the experiment, except on such necessity as his.

I hope you are now making great progress in your German, under such a teacher as you now have. Will you ask Mrs. Maurice if she knows Tholuck's "*Blüthensammlung aus der morgenländischer Mystik*?" It is a collection of translations from the Persian and Arabic religious poets. It has confounded me with surprise, not merely at the beauty of the poetry, which is far greater than I anticipated, but the amount of implicit Christianity which was stirring in the hearts of these Mohammedan Mystics, mixed, of course, with the grossest Pantheism; and that, often taking the most offensive shape, there is the most continual recognition, not indeed of the objective fact, the positive pole of redemption, for that it was impossible they should attain unto, but of the value before God of the negative pole, the sense of need, of spiritual poverty, of our own emptiness and wretchedness. This is continually brought out by narrative and by doctrine as of more worth in His sight than all proud fulfilment of the letter of the law. The book teaches very much both by what it has, and perhaps not less by what it has not.

To W. B. DONNE.

*Botley Hill,*

*March 16, 1838.*

Our correspondence has certainly been for some time in a poor and languishing way, and my only apology is, that if I have neglected my duty to you, I have also neglected it to all my other friends. Thank you for giving it a new impulse, and thank you many times for a letter that will long be memorable to me, and which will exercise an important influence, as I feel, on anything which I may

hereafter write. To all that you say I give my fullest and freest assent, recognizing its truth and its wisdom ; but, alas ! it is not my own choice that makes me rather hop upon the nearest twig than take a flight to the high mountain, but a consciousness of the weakness of my wings. I do not feel that I have in me anything more than I bring forth, any pains of growth, or prophecy of pinions forming, and about some day to unfold themselves ; so what can I do but be thankful that I can carve a cherry stone (which is the image I would rather use rather than yours of cutting a gem) so as to please a few friends ? Even the little power of verse which I had a few months ago, and which resulted in that volume, seems now to have quite departed from me. One thing, however, I will promise, should it return, and should I feel inclined to exercise it : that I will not allow the subjective, the moods of the mind, so serious a preponderance over that which is daily rising more in value in my mind, the objective in poetry. Once more let me thank you for a criticism as wise as it is kind, and having done so, go forward to other matters. The visit to Norfolk, alas ! may not be, much as we should delight in it.

I have been reading Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, morally a most dreary book. Literature merely looked at as a more successful instrument of money-making than farming, mining, or speculating in the funds ; the novels not written from any joy in the creation of works of art, but a task, oftentimes a hated task, and only with a view to the thousands which Constable was to pay for them ; and the thick darkness closing round him daily more and more, the man sinking daily deeper and deeper in the miry clay ;—these altogether form a most melancholy picture. The bitterest thing which I have heard for a long while is what Rogers said concerning Lockhart. Having read the book, he observed, "I never thought that Lockhart loved Scott, but now I am sure that he hated him."

You say nothing of your own employments, or how you are getting forward with your great work. I have been writing or collecting materials for the last two years for a work on the *Parables of the New Testament* in a couple of volumes. I think I may publish one this coming autumn, or at any rate an introductory essay, which will in some sort be independent of the rest ; that is, it will do very well without the following work, though the work will not do without it. With our kindest remembrances to Mrs. Donne, believe me affectionately yours,

R. C. TRENCH.

To REV. JULIUS HARE.

*Botley Hill,*

*March 20, 1838.*

MY DEAR SIR,

Will you do me the favour to accept the little volume which accompanies this note? Sterling a good deal encouraged me to print it. Having heard a good part of it read in the autumn, when he was here, he thought there was growth and progress in it, and improvement over the last; but now it is done, I have considerable misgivings about having given it into men's hands. Milnes writes to me that he is going to save himself from any such after-fears, and that he only intends to print some copies for his friends. I thought some of the later things which he had written far superior to anything which he had done before, and look forward with pleasurable expectation to being one of the hundred friends for whom the volumes are intended.

I have a great desire to try some specimens of Calderon, especially from his *autos* in English verse. Sterling was kind enough to send me from Hurstmonceux a good deal of information concerning what had been done in the way of translating him in Germany. Perhaps some day or other, when you have leisure, you could tell me whether any of these translators have given any tolerable sketch of his life or criticisms which would be of use to one. All that I know in the way of the first is the most meagre account prefixed to the Leipzig edition; and for criticism nothing beyond a few scattered notices in Goethe, and Solgar's review of Schlegel, which has considerable worth, but still leaves many of the extraordinary phenomena of Calderon's poetry quite unexplained. The metre to be used in the unrhymed parts has perplexed me much. The whole lyrical movement of Spanish dramatic verse is lost in the English blank verse; besides, the German fidelity in rendering all poetry in its own metre has made me feel this to be one of the necessary requisites of an honest translator; but the short assonant trochaics do not in English make any satisfying music to my ear. I am taking a great liberty in troubling you thus far, but I am sure that your kindness, such as I have always experienced, will excuse. Will you offer my best respects and remembrances to Mrs. Augustus Hare? I look back with very great pleasure and thankfulness to the day or two which I last spent at Hurstmonceux, and to the privilege which I then had of making her acquaintance.

From JOHN STERLING.

*Knightsbridge,*

*May 7, 1838.*

Your poems I have not read through, but enough to receive much pleasure from them, and to make me hope that you will long be enabled to work in the same spirit, and hereafter, I hope, in larger and bolder forms. Milnes' poems I have only glanced at, but they seem to me, though often pleasing and generally significant, to be for the most part echoes nearer or more remote of somebody else's thoughts and feelings. The best intelligence I have heard is that Mr. Gladstone has taken up zealously the task of improving the National School Society system, and has met with much support in a work which I regard as the most religious and patriotic any man can enter on. God speed him!

*To his Wife.*

*Reading,*

*May 31, 1838.*

. . . I hope very much that I shall be with you to-morrow, as it seems to me that I have been absent for a long age from you and the children. I reached Reading on Saturday evening, having passed Francis on the road, and yesterday took the whole duties at St. John's. I preached in the morning on the Syro-Phœnician woman, and in the afternoon on Ephesians iv. 30. The latter, while I was preaching it, seemed especially poor and weak. However, one knows not what arrows may hit and what may miss, and it is not the strength with which they are sent from the bow on which their success depends.

I left my "Parables" in part with Maurice, and in part with Sterling, and doubt not that I shall have an opinion about them soon, which will probably either consign them permanently to my drawer, or quicken me to prepare a volume of them for immediate publication. I cannot say I feel much anxiety about the result.

I breakfasted with Acland on Saturday, who is very full of the endeavour which is making to put some life into the dry bones of the National System. As yet success has everywhere accompanied their endeavours. There is but one voice from every side, acknowledging the utter inefficiency of the present system. Sterling is very deeply interested in the matter, and, I think, may be very useful with his pen, as he is prepared to give his energies to the work, if in any way he can be helpful to it.

To W. B. DONNE.

Botley Hill,

October 24, 1838.

Thank you for your kind intention of reviewing me in the *British and Foreign Review*. You ask me, am I willing? Am I willing, being just now a very poor man, that some one should give me a thousand pounds! Your question is about as wise. I have seen what they have done for me in the *British Critic*. It is, I believe, by a rich man, Frederick Rogers, whom I know by report only. It is more of a criticism than anything that has yet been said, Blackwood having been a mere clapping one on the back; but I look forward to learn the most, which may be profitable hereafter, from your purposed say in the *British and Foreign*. All original verse-making, however, is quite at a stand with me at present, and my Calderon is giving me considerable trouble. What plagues me most is a text more vilely corrupted than I think I ever met with, and this I understand is equally so in the only other edition of the *autos*. Add to this, not a single note or comment or help of any sort available, and you may believe my troubles are considerable. If I were dealing with the comedies, I might find immense help in the German translations which have been made of the best of them, but (which is inexplicable to me) they do not, as far as I can learn, seem to have touched the "Mysteries." \*

The Dinner Club, called commonly, from the name of its founder, "The Sterling Club," meets at Wills' in Lincoln's Inn Fields at seven o'clock on last Tuesday every month. I have dined there once, and liked the taste of its quality very much. You know there are animals in it, clean and unclean—editors of *Westminster Reviews*, and such like. Might we not encounter there a month or two hence? At present I do not think of stirring from home, but hereafter it might supply a pleasant point of union. I have got Strauss; that is, not in my head, but on my shelves. It is—I was going to say unhappily, but perhaps happily, as it is thus a larger pill than the English swallow will willingly take in—in two very thick and closely printed volumes. Now life is so short that one cannot read a tenth of the positive constructive books which one desires. I am therefore very unwilling to consume two or three months on a negative and merely destructive one. I had at one time some

\* "I am bathing myself in the light and odour of the flowery and starry *Autos*," Shelley wrote in 1820.

thought (presumptuously enough) of answering it. Should I do so, I suppose I must read it. I have examined it in a few places, and read with some care Tholuck's reply. The idea and aim of the book is not, I think, in the main to overthrow Christianity, though, could he make out his points, it would be equivalent to an overthrow, but to turn it from a historical religion, in which the facts *are* and contain the doctrines—into a philosophy, which shall be equally valuable, whether the facts in which it has hitherto been implicitly involved, but which now he asserts cannot stand the test of close examination, be true or not. These facts of the life of Jesus he affirms not to be true, the one residuum of certainty which he derives from the Gospels being that Jesus was born at Nazareth. The book, however, has already passed away like a noise in Germany, but the mischief which it is yet to do in England is, I fear, considerable. It seems oozing out already here and there through the reviews. A bookseller in London told me he had had five translations of it offered to him. Our faith is here such a timid thing, leaning on such strange supports, exulting if a sea-shell be found on the top of a hill, and frightened out of its wits if some bones are found in a wrong stratum. It has been so little disciplined to look the enemies in the face that one does not know what may be the issue of any conflict, whether some will not think it expedient to give up the fortress, if the assailants shall succeed in picking out the mortar between any of the stones of its most outermost defences.

TO REV. FREDERIC MAURICE.

*Botley Hill,*

*November 3, 1838.*

I am exceedingly obliged to you for the kind trouble you have given yourself in behalf of Calderon, but I should not like to publish without going over some questionable passages with a good Spanish scholar. Such is not here within my reach, and though your invitation to London is very tempting, I fear I must deny myself the pleasure which such a visit always affords, at least for the present. Clarke's offer is very liberal, but I question whether Reason, Innocence, etc., are very feasible subjects for woodcuts. I was very glad to learn from your letter that you had had so long a period of country rest and freedom from the excitements of London, though your mention of *two* "Letters" rather makes me fear that you made the time to be one of hard work for the mind and spirit. It was to me very delightful to hear what you communicated concerning the



testimony which Mr. Dunn gave at the last. The reports of his Socinianism always seemed to me unworthy of any credit, but the rest of his scheme of doctrine would very easily have led to Arianism, or at least there was nothing in it which would have absolutely excluded it. I have just been reading (which I never had sight of before) Mr. Austin's "Characteristics of Goethe." There is a great deal to be won from them as from everything else of his, concerning the conduct of life ; but the power his works and still more his life has to persuade one that there is another wisdom besides the wisdom of Christ, another object of life besides conformity to Him, I sometimes find almost overpowering, and the temptation terrible, so that one hardly recovers for many days, and after many struggles and prayers, a right and healthy tone of spirit.

Mr. Rose, I hear, and Manning pass the winter at Rome. They go, or are gone abroad, by this. Samuel Wilberforce gave very unsatisfactory accounts of the health of the former, so that I should think it very doubtful if he would survive the winter. We cherish a most pleasant memory of your kind visit to Botley.

*From* JOHN STERLING.

*Rome,*

*January 9, 1839.*

Both the truth which inspires true philosophy and the experience of life abundantly teach one that time and space, which are so definitely measurable by machinery, are yet for human beings almost as variable and as completely under the sway of the will and higher affections, as thoughts and actions themselves, and shrink and fade or spread to infinitude in accordance with the folding or expansion of the soul's cherubic wings. How often one finds in life that an idea, which one may have met in youth made visible in words but also veiled in them, and which in this shape has haunted one with a vague sense of something divine but dim and inscrutable, becomes, at the call of conscience or when real events and beings give it its fit body, the open aspect of a messenger from heaven and the familiar friend of all one's after-days. Many things as well as the point which now suggests it have often, and specially of late, led me to this reflection. I did not sit down with *malice prepense* to mystify either you or myself with dissertations ; but the top of a pen is a favourite haunt for imps of all kinds, from which they guide the motions of the nib, often with more violence than discretion.

Your account of religious doings in England is extremely satisfactory, and however men may differ as to the amount of change desirable, it is clear that there is some progress in *a* right direction. There are, of course, two great lines in which improvement may take place, the one that of outward, the other that of inward life in the Church, which are often inseparable, sometimes not easily distinguishable. I suppose most, though not all, of what is doing among us is the adjustment and extension of our actual scheme—the building of churches, establishment of schools, enforcing residence of clergymen, and so forth, which is all of high and, above all with us, urgent importance. That which connects itself most closely with one's personal feelings and pursuits would be change of another kind, namely, a renewal of the spirit of theology in the Church, bringing with it, as it necessarily would, a progress beyond the existing state of knowledge usual among our divines. These are thoughts which, you must know, have long been striking deeper and deeper in me. But I trust they do not make me unjust to the wonderful amount of devotion, zeal, humanity, practical energy, and real Christian life among the upper classes in England, and which, in the midst of all manner of sectarian follies and fantastic conceits, render the Church among us in some respects a witness and example to all other Christian communities. I called to-day on Abeken, the Prussian chaplain here, whom I like very much, and who spoke with pleasure of you and of your poems. You probably must have heard of Mr. Cleaver, an Irishman, whom I hope to call on to-morrow; indeed, I think you once wrote to me about either knowing or knowing of him.

I cannot say I am glad you will not publish your work on the parables, though it struck me that there were some opinions in it that you might probably see reason to alter, but which did not appear to me to require minute discussion from me, and rather likely to be affected by the slow variation of a general point of view. I shall welcome heartily the "Mysteries" as a genuine addition to English literature, pre-eminently poor in the genial assimilation of foreign forms unlike its own, or rather not pre-eminently, but poorer than one would wish, or than is that of Germany. I have been writing nothing of a permanent kind since I have been abroad, but try to flatter my indolence that I have been working in other ways, and have, at all events, enjoyed far more pleasure than my eyes have afforded me in all my previous life. I have never found my interest in the objects round me flag since the day I left England, and the four months that have since passed seem in the retrospect

like part of an eternal existence in which one should take in all the different aspects of existence at a glance, and without the succession, and therefore mutual expulsions, to which our impressions are subjected in time.

*From the Same.*

*Rome,*

*March 16, 1839.*

Manning has just left this for Naples. I had seen a great deal of him, and liked him very much. We each saw more of the other than of any of the rest of our acquaintances. He is one of the most finished and compact specimens of his school of manhood and of theology that I have ever fallen in with, and it was amusing to see how, by faultless self-command, dialectic acuteness, coherent system, readiness of expression, and a perfect union of earnestness and gentleness, he always seemed to put in the wrong the gentlemen of the so-called Evangelical class, who muster strong here, and whom he frequently met with. He could not play quite the same game with me, for I knew better than most of them what I meant by my words; and putting as I did Christianity on its internal evidence, he had no ground left to stand on. I was well content, however, to admire and honour his great excellence of principle and thoroughly accomplished character, though he threw for me no new light on any one matter which interested me; and indeed his doctrines rather seemed to me to obscure what we do clearly know, as a shutter with an effect of sunshine painted on it would keep out the daylight quite as effectually as if it had been daubed with lampblack. I conceive him to be, in his own place and generation, one of the most practically efficient and energetic men I have ever known, and in a state of freer and more fluent life in the ecclesiastical polity he would rise high and do considerable things. And he is a man to be loved as well as respected and followed.

Severn, the artist whom you speak of, I have seen once or twice, and thought him pleasing, but had not much opportunity of knowing him beyond the surface. He caught at your name with great eagerness, and evidently remembers you with much pleasure. His pictures show a decided sense for colour, which would make him a considerable landscape painter in the style of Claude, if he confined himself to that. But of the few English artists I have seen here, quite incomparably the most remarkable is Richmond, whom I met only a few days ago, and of whose works I know nothing.

But conceive my surprise and delight in meeting a young painter who had read and thoroughly entered into the "Aids to Reflection" and the works of Knox (of Dublin), and who evidently aims severely at whatever is highest and most spiritual in life and art; and, in order to this, sacrifices time and labour and giving up all mean, sudden, and frivolous successes. We went in the afternoon to the circus of Romulus, and enjoyed the sunshine of the evening on the tomb of Cæcilia Metella and the long Campagna and the clear mountains of Albano. If any Englishman can paint up to the height of the old divine masters, Richmond will be the man. He has all the soul for it; but I do not know what may be his powers of execution. He works hard, at least, and that is the great point. Abeken I see pretty often, and always with pleasure and profit. He was much pleased at hearing of your remembering him. It is curious and pleasant to meet a German with so much of what is best and most comprehensive in his countrymen, who has also learnt to like and appreciate the very different qualities which belong to the better Englishmen. He does not think Goethe a Christian, but a man of wondrous genius, with a great deal of unorganized Christianity in him, and a life, on the whole, steadily devoted to noble purposes. This latter is in the main much my own opinion, though perhaps I dwell rather more habitually than does Abeken on the consideration of the defects and perversities in so great a man.

To REV. JULIUS HARE.

*Botley Hill,*

*April 26, 1839.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I propose to claim a frank from Milnes, as I am unwilling to forego acknowledging your kindness in sending those German reviews, which are most useful themselves, and also useful in showing the direction in which further information is to be sought. I have sent for Mabbing and Gries, but have very considerable misgivings about the whole matter; not about the worth of Calderon, but about the possibility, even after a very large outlay of time and labour, of reproducing any part of him in English. The labour required for the scenes in full rhyme is almost intolerable, and while the assonants are somewhat easier, the English ear is so totally unaccustomed to them that I often very much doubt whether it will find any melody in them at all; and, indeed, sometimes I doubt whether there is much. I am much surprised, too, to find that while the Germans acknowledge the *autos* to be the crowning glory of Calderon's poetry,

they have not, as far as I can discover, yet attempted the translation of any one of them ; which makes me suspect there must be some insuperable difficulty connected with them, while at the same time it is from these that I should mainly desire to give specimens in English. Are you acquainted with "Los Cabellos de Absalon"? I think the death of Amnon at the end of the second act is equal almost to anything that poet ever wrote, but this again seems impossible to be translated, though they have done it into German.

I am very much pleased to hear that Sterling is expected in England next month, though it is a disappointment to learn that he will be required to spend another winter abroad. Mrs. Trench desires to unite with me in best thanks for the renewal of your kind invitation to Hurstmonceux. I am afraid that my wife is now tied to home by a fourfold chain, rather too long a one to drag after her when she moves, so that she will not be able to profit by your kindness, but if you will accept me alone, I trust some time in the summer not to allow your kindness to escape unimproved. Milnes has sent me his volume ; but I cannot understand the principle on which he is going, as very few of the poems which seem to me the most valuable are contained in it. I can only suppose that he is reserving them for another volume, of which, however, he says nothing.

*To his Wife.*

*Oxford and Cambridge Club,*

*May 1, 1839.*

Yesterday was so fully occupied a day with me that I did not write, and trust you did not expect a letter this morning. I went in the morning at eight o'clock to the Church Missionary breakfast, which was followed by prayer from Haldane, Stuart, and a brief lecture from Mr. Raikes, Chancellor of Chester, after which we adjourned to the grand meeting, where I remained till near three, when B—— drove me out. Our Bishop spoke, and well ; Mr. Close with very great cleverness, though I thought rather poor in tone and spirit. The other speaking was but indifferent, and the whole was rather flat ; and there was an unwelcome announcement of the funds of the society having diminished by £12,000 in the last year. The Bishop of Winchester offering to introduce me to the debate at the House of Lords, I afterwards went there, and heard Lord Brougham for about an hour and a half. It was excellently good ; not one, I should suppose, of his great displays of oratory, but of its kind as

admirable as it could be ; and I regretted being obliged to leave the House for dinner before he had finished. We numbered about fifteen at the Sterling Club, and Wilberforce, I think, was well pleased with his first introduction among us. Milnes was present, and threw his arm round my neck in his delight at first seeing me, from which I found some difficulty in disengaging myself. This morning I breakfasted with Maurice, who had written to ask me to come and read the Churching Service for his wife, which I accordingly did. I am going to dine with him to-day, and to-morrow with S. Robins. To-day I looked in for an hour to the great meeting of the Bible Society, and heard the Bishop of Vermont praising the Fathers, and maintaining the importance of attention to Catholic tradition and hearing the Church. I should not think the walls of Exeter Hall could believe their ears at such unwonted sounds, and went away with the full conviction that there would be a row, as the first Dissenter who rose to speak would think himself bound to answer the Bishop. He did it exceedingly well, and said nothing in which I did not heartily agree. I have just been hastily looking over "Chevely." It is exceedingly stupid, rather from total ignorance in book-making than from lack of cleverness in the writer, and will not damage her so much as I supposed ; in fact, she makes her hero so complete a devil that even his worst enemies will not believe it all true of her husband. Tell dear F—— and M—— that I hope to bring home something that will please them, but I have not yet had time to think about it.

There are many expectations that the Ministry will go out on Friday night, when their embarrassments will have reached the extreme point.

*To the Same.*

*Oxford and Cambridge Club,*

*Friday, May 3, 1839.*

I have seen many old friends and made some new. The poet Wordsworth is in town. I met him at breakfast this morning at Rogers's, who was very kind and cordial, speaking with real feeling and admiration of my mother. Philip van Artevelde was present, whom I liked better than when I met him on a former occasion. I afterwards walked a little about town with Wordsworth, and he talked over with much kindness my two books of verses.

After the Church Missionary meeting, my main object was to see and have some intercourse with my friends, and every day has been

so full in one way or another that as yet I have hardly executed a single commission. I must keep a little space to answer dear Francis's note. With all the excitement and intellectual activity of London, how much more blessed and happy a thing is the calm home, with the humble duties, of a country parish! I think one ought to leave it sometimes that one may know one's mercies. It is indeed very pleasant to think that, whatever may happen, you have Emily close at hand as comforter and adviser. It makes me leave home with much more confidence and comfort.

*To his Children.*

DEAR MINA,

May 3, 1839.

There are no flowers in London, where I am now, like those that are in all the hedges near Botley. I have not seen a violet or a primrose since I have been here; nothing but houses, and carriages and horses, and men and women. I shall be very glad to see you and all the children again, and hope I shall hear that you have been very good.

MY DEAR BOY,

Thank you for your nice letter to papa. I hope I shall not forget what you say. I saw yesterday two little children about as big as Mina and Dicky drawn in a carriage by two goats. The goats had beautiful red and black harness, and looked very pretty. I have not been to the Zoological Gardens. I am waiting till I have my dear boy to go with me. I have seen in London a great many people who have been very kind to papa. How thankful to God we ought to be for making people kind to us and love us. I dare say I shall see to-morrow little Augustus Hare; and in four or five days I hope to be at home, which will be very pleasant, for, though many people love us much, it is at home that we are loved best of all. I hope that you are very good and obedient to mamma and Aunt Emily.

*To his Wife.*

Hurstmonceaux,

May 6, 1839

I did not yesterday do anything, but rejoiced for once in being a listener, my cough, which is perhaps a little better, being still sufficient to afford me a fair plea. In the morning I heard Garden preach. It was on the anger of God; Newmanite, and to me in parts very unpleasant. Hare, however, said that it was one of the worst

specimens of his quality that I could have heard. In the afternoon he himself preached, and well. He has been very much pleased and encouraged by his reception at Cambridge, where he has been select preacher. Caius received him most cordially; and he did not find, as of old, the Evangelicals afraid and somewhat suspicious of him, but, on the contrary, crowding to hear him.

I liked my dear little children's letters very much. As I shall be obliged to stay at Brighton for a night, I have determined there to purchase their presents. Tell Francis I hope to follow his wishes and get him the toy and not the book. His flowers will be very sweet to me.

*From* JOHN STERLING.

*Hastings,*

*May 22, 1839.*

In London I saw a good deal of Carlyle, who strikes me as advanced in tranquillity and in habitual harmony with all God's universe. I heard one of his lectures, which was very good. I spent some hours with Bunsen, whom one cannot but like and gain information from; and I went with him to call on Gladstone, who, with far less knowledge and speculative insight, is a man (I think) of nobler type. I suppose you have read Macaulay's article on his book, and probably consider it, as I do, the assault of an equipped and practised sophist against a crude young Platonist, who happens by mere accident to have been taught the hard and broken dialect of Aristotle rather than the deep, continuous, and musical flow of his true and ultimate master.

*To* ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

*Botley Hill,*

*July 1, 1839.*

Your letter came safely to hand, and I felt much obliged to you for what you had done. Portsmouth would be to me one of the most undesirable places in all England (always saving its tolerable proximity to Brighstone), with all the disadvantages and none of the advantages of London. It would scarcely win me from Cambridge. I wish that I could be your coadjutor in the library which Burns is about to undertake, but besides my feeling of unworthiness, and the difficulty without sufficient books at hand of writing anything *gründliche*, I know I should find the fulfilment, even in the poorest way, of



any pledge which I should make a most unpleasant interrupter of other plans of study. We rejoice in the prospect which you give us of a visit at the time of the consecration of Otterbourne Church. It will take place, I believe, towards the end of this month. If before that time you have any opportunity of sending me the promised volume of sermons (to care of Fletcher, Southampton), I should be very glad, as my impatience to get sight of them does not well brook so long a delay; indeed, it was only the presentiment of a gift which restrained me from purchasing when in London. I am glad you met Connop Thirlwall, whom you describe exactly. I think of all our notables, he is the most notable, and there is a great deal of real kindness in him, more than at first men give him credit for.

*From JOHN STERLING.*

*Manor House, Clifton Place, Clifton,*

*July 1, 1839.*

I am trying to write a review of Carlyle's miscellaneous works, which I find a difficult task, and I may very possibly throw aside my attempt, even after formally completing it. One daily learns more and more what a serious matter a written, and especially a printed word is, and how inevitably it disquiets one's life and one's relations with mankind, and particularly with those one most values, from whom to differ is a heartfelt evil. But it is evident that thoughts about men and their constitution and duties must be uttered if they are to do any good to others, and indeed if they are to free one's own soul from the intolerable burden, the fiery load, of struggling utterance. There are many other matters on which it seems to me that I have a word to say, but time—time and health are deficient, and may fail me altogether.

A passage which he quotes from Luther's "Table Talk," appears to prove what I have always believed, but have not had time to inquire into—that Luther held, as Pusey, etc., and the Romanists, to the magical view of Baptism, and nothing like what Maurice attributes to him. His (Frederick's) own view seems to me to hold something of the same place between the other two of that Sacrament, as Luther's of the Eucharist between the two common ones of it, and to be similarly untenable. I have heard no distinct account of his lectures, but they must be very valuable. I had no means, when in London, of gaining any information for you on the Oriental matters about which you wrote to me, my friend Rosen having

departed into that invisible east-land of which our East with its dawn and its traditions is only a shadow. My wife is not at all well; otherwise we prosper. Kindest remembrances to your olive bower.

*From the Same.*

*Clifton,*

*August 8, 1839.*

I have not been attending much to Strauss or his matters since I wrote to you. I confess you seem to me considerably too peremptory in your extinction of him. I think that, in the first place, you attribute to him a moral and religious deadness which I do not perceive, though he is evidently not capable by his constitution of devotional warmth. One of the points that most surprised me in him after the account that I had heard was his assertion of the ethical greatness and divine wisdom of Jesus, and I should be very sorry if men of distinct historical faith were ever uncandid enough to confound him with the materialist empirical infidels to whom all claim, of anything more than brutal for man appears as a fraud or a dream. What the ultimate result of such inquiries will be I dare not predict to others or to myself. But I rest my soul in the unwavering conviction that God is at once Love and Wisdom, and wills no one to continue in intentional error; that through Christ He has forced me and many generations of millions of his children from the dominion of selfishness, in all its forms worldly or superstitious; and that He will complete His work, not by darkening the light He gives us, but by clearing it more and more with the knowledge of all truth. I have just read, as you will have done, Maurice's "Lectures," of course with great admiration, though also with a strong impression that his explanations of historical acts and events are as uniformly wrong and weak, as his idea is clear and his feelings noble. The incapacity of conceiving a fact except as an illustration of his own theories is something quite singular, at least in this degree; and he seems to treat the phenomena of history much as Paracelsus or Carden did those of chemistry—hardly, I fear, with even their occasional felicity. Yet, how grand is his force of conscience and of pure reason! If Hallam's "History of Modern Literature" comes in your way, pray look into it. It is incomparably his best book, not the work perhaps of a high philosopher, but interesting and valuable even to the highest.

To W. B. DONNE.

*Botley Hill,*

*October 14, 1839,*

Since I wrote to you we have been absent from home for about a month, during which time I took G. Wellesley's duty at Strathfieldsaye, living in his parsonage, which is beautifully situated in the Duke's park. We enjoyed the change of scene and duty very much. The only thing we regretted was that his Grace was absent. I met, however, one or two of his old warriors, who have planted themselves in his neighbourhood, and among them Sir Lowry Cole—in fact, the winner, or at least the savor, of Albuera. He is a very fine fellow, with a most pleasing family. We took with us the better half of the children, of all of whom, by-the-by, you must have brought back a most flattering account to Mattishall. My wife did not underrate them before, and since Mrs. Donne's letter her vanity has received a prodigious accession. How I wish we could see yours! That Norfolk is so inaccessible a region.

We have had Mr. Hallam settled three or four miles from us during the summer and autumn, but he seems studiously determined not to appear in society as the author, with foolscap livery turned up with ink, and even in the narrowest circles it seems impossible to get him beyond the small gossip of the day. Have you seen his last book? It is decidedly and incomparably his best. I should not say it is the work of a great or profound philosopher, but it gives the results of great reading. His taste, though not of very highest order, is pure and good, and if he cannot widen the domain of philosophy he is capable of well appreciating what others have done in it. The part which has to do with theology is certainly the least (morally) satisfactory.

Have you been doing much in German of late? I gave about a month in the summer to a close study of Strauss's "Leben Jesu," though of course that time did not carry one nearly through the two thick volumes. I took, however, his criticism of the miracles, as that, no doubt, he would consider some of his strongest ground. How weak in truth must be the theology, or at least the religious insight of Germany, when such a book could make so great a hubbub there. He is but a poor fellow, a pasteboard giant with a pasteboard club, and so far from dashing out the brains of Christianity, as his backers assert, not merely that he will do so, but has already done, he could not do so much for the religion of Owen or St. Simon. I

laid down the book quite at ease concerning the effects that it would have on any tolerably equipped theologian, though were it translated into English (and it has already been translated into French) I fear it would commit wide ravages among our laity. We are all pretty well here, saving my cough, though I cannot say I am quite comfortable about our eldest boy, who has almost daily headaches, which are not, however, severe. I can hardly consider, without trembling, those unvaried mercies which we have hitherto enjoyed in regard to our children, for I feel that in a world like this it cannot be so for ever; we cannot expect to escape the common lot, and that some blow must be at hand.

*To ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.*

*November 14, 1839.*

Would you, when opportunity by a private hand offer, let me have my manuscript "Parables." I am purposing in part to remould them, and perhaps in the spring to publish them; that is, if I can find a publisher who will print them without putting me to any risk. I hope your "Sermons" are circulating as widely as they deserve; that your "Eucharistica" are is evident. I heard yesterday from Maurice; he had just returned from Oxford. He speaks of Pusey as much broken by his wife's death; he found Newman (who, coming lately from your brother's, had an argument with a Dissenting teacher at Southampton) very kind; so I trust that the "kind doctors" have forgiven them the brush which he gave them in "The Kingdom of Christ."

*To the Same.*

*Botley Hill,*

MY DEAR WILBERFORCE,

*November 29, 1839.*

The Duke in the Peninsula would not write himself "Lord" till he had seen the official announcement of it in the *Gazette*, and I have not writ you "Archdeacon," not having seen any account of your installation, and not being able, therefore, to be sure that circumstances may not have delayed it for a few days. My rejoicing at the receipt of the news contained in your letter was in part disinterested, in part selfish, the selfish element being my pleasure at the prospect of your occasional nearness to us here. I shall find it henceforth very hard not to wish one of the present occupants of the stalls "to join the majority," as the Latins euphemistically describe it, as I see your residence at Winchester is dependent upon such a

contingency ; but I suppose you will also have to run to and fro over the diocese, so that we may have in this way also a pleasant expectation of seeing you somewhat oftener. I do indeed believe that you may be of much use in the position to which you are called, and I thank you that you have thought it worth your while, though I know it is only your friendship which has made you think so, to put me in the number of those friends who to-morrow should seek for you those gifts of government and other graces, which according to your new needs I doubt not will be richly furnished to you. I will seek not to be unmindful of your solemn request.

My reading of late, if it deserves the name, has been chiefly patristic, and with reference to my forthcoming little book on the Parables. I have made acquaintance with the Shepherd of Hermas, which on the whole interested me, and gave me some booty ; also with Cyprian, who was hitherto almost a stranger to me, but who certainly shall not be so henceforth. I made a curious discovery, in the appendix to Fell's edition, of a tract falsely attributed to him and entitled his "Confessions ;" it is the groundwork of the grand drama of Calderon's, entitled "The Wonderful Magician," with a sketch of which I remember you were a good deal interested. It is coarse and rude, and evidently a most vilely done translation from the Greek, but full of extraordinary energy, and a sinner's despair, especially of one who has dealt largely in forbidden magical arts, of such as bring a man into immediate contact with powers of evil, is wonderfully described. Have you seen the *British Critic's* reply to J. Taylor ? His tracts (with which I have no sympathy) claim a much more serious answer, and theirs is decidedly evasive, on the celibate. He asserts that the Fathers attributed to it *more holiness*. They reply that it is preferable because it gives better opportunities of *undividedly serving the Lord*, and proving this, leave us to think that this was also what the Fathers affirmed. I read yesterday Cyprian's tract, "De habitu Virginum," and lately some addresses of Augustine to the virgins of the Church, and then again felt that they had not asserted what was true when they said that the warnings there were not against evil which had actually appeared among the sacred virgins, but against such as might appear if they failed in watchfulness and prayer. No honest reader can, I think, go away with such an impression, and I am particularly annoyed at what seems to me unfairness on their part.

*To the Same.*

*Botley Hill,*

*December 30, 1839.*

Have you seen Sterling's article on Carlyle in the *Westminster*? It has given me very great grief, and since I saw it, which was only a few days ago, I have not failed to tell him what I felt about it. It has caused me also quite as much wonder as pain. Do not forget to let me hear from you.

*From JOHN STERLING.*

*Clifton,*

*January 2, 1840.*

One of the results of my summer proceedings was that unfortunate article on Carlyle. Of the truth of what you say about it I am not the best judge, and in some respects am perhaps even the worst. I was very conscious at the time that it had a harshness and exaggeration of tone, arising partly from the fact that it was written as a task and for the moment, because I thought no one else likely to say the good of him which I believed, and still believe true, though I had no inward vocation to put my thoughts into the shape of a review of him; and partly from the constant feeling of the pain I should give some of the persons whom I the most love and know by saying so much of what has long lain more or less crudely in my mind. This unpleasant knowledge, no doubt, must have lent some of its darkness and distortion to the writing, and when it was done I should have but consulted my own inclination by throwing it into the fire. It says, in other words, partly much what you say of the "Sartor Resartus," which is in the main a mere litany of despair, and with all its depth of heart and strength of imagery seems to me a failure as a piece of emotion, though this last opinion I have not expressed in my article, thinking there were people enough who had said or would say the same.

*From the Same.*

*Falmouth,*

*March 20, 1840.*

Here I have fallen in with no one of any special interest, except some pleasant and worthy Quakers. I saw Derwent Coleridge for two or three hours some weeks ago. He seems a clever and amiable man, but without even a shadow of his father. I hope to pay him a

visit shortly. Samuel Wilberforce I hear of as having made an extraordinary *sensation* in these parts by his advocacy of the claims of the Episcopal Church.\* I have sometimes thought it would be a good thing if a college like that of Durham could be established at Exeter, to diffuse a little knowledge and activity in the west. I suppose Bishop Philpotts could get it done by a word addressed to the clergy and lay gentry. There is a very general interest here in the natural sciences among the upper and middling classes, and the lower, I fancy, are much better behaved and taught than the average of those in England. This town and immediate neighbourhood, which are all I know of Cornwall, present a curious contrast in the look of the people to the central parts of the kingdom. They are much more like the French, with small heads and compact features and dark eyes. I hear that they spend much more of their money on clothes and less on food than is usual in England, which I have been told is also the case in Scotland. The high wages of mining and the abundance of cheap fish tend much to better their condition.

To W. B. DONNE.

Botley,  
March, 1840.

I marvel very greatly at your assertion that I was a letter behind-hand. I was willing to see nothing of my grief, but you compel me. I wrote some months ago, but not having received a letter since, enclosed that little note in my boy's letter as a reminder, and I must certainly affirm myself to be the wronged person. However, I was most pleased to hear from you the other day, and shall wait with great interest for the appearance of your Roman History; but I trust you will allow no man to occupy any part of your ground. I am rather sorry you don't cut Rose's Biographical Dictionary; him, I suppose, the Dictionary has cut. I think the general impression about it is anything but favourable, and I understand there was a woeful show up of some articles of the first number in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. I have been strongly impressed, in reading lately two or three numbers of the *Foreign Quarterly*, at the amount of ignorance which goes to the writing of some of the articles with which the natives here are astonished.

\* Archdeacon Wilberforce wrote to R. C. Trench, November 21, 1839: "I knew you would follow with a friendly interest my tour in the west. It was in many respects very satisfactory, both in its results and its conduct."—"Life of Bishop Wilberforce," vol. i. p. 156.

Now, if there is at all the same work going on in these Biographical Dictionaries, and probably the same hacks mar the work in both, I am not very patient at the thought of a scholar like yourself even seeming to be embarked in the same boat with such a crew. I am about to publish myself this summer a work upon which I have been more or less engaged for the last four or five years; it is upon the Parables of the New Testament, and I suppose it will fill a couple of volumes. I am determined it shall have this merit, that the materials, which are chiefly from the Fathers, shall be of my own gathering. I have been astonished to find how seldom an original and independent collection of materials has been made by commentators. The same traditionary quotations and references one meets again and again, while the mines from which new matter might be brought have not been at all worked out or exhausted. I feel grievously my want of a more solid and more accurate classical grounding, and am now seeking to work up my lost way both for my own sake and that of my four boys, for whom, despite of all modern theories, I am determined to lay, in Latin and Greek, the corner-stone of their education. By-the-by, can you tell me what title *Marchio* is? There is a curious story which I have need to refer to—it is Melchior Adamus—of a masque or mystery, composed from the Parable of the Ten Virgins, which was exhibited at Eisenach *coram Frederico Marchio*, which he took so much to heart, being convinced by it that he could not borrow the oil of other people's good work, that he died. It is interchanged in another part of the narrative with "*Principe*." Eisenach is, I believe, in Saxony; but what Frederic this could have been, or what title—Margrave, or what else—is meant, perplexes me. There are several other questions which I have a great mind to ask you, most of them more immediately in your line; and I think I shall send you a sheet of them some day, which you may answer or not as you feel inclined. I trust you will give Maurice help in his magazine. He has not a great deal of room, but he wishes to give as much as he can to higher education, as he well knows the lower can only be good by maintaining a living connection with the higher. There is nothing more hopeful, or indeed half so hopeful, at the present moment, as the desire that manifests itself in so many quarters to give an impulse to our National Schools. What are you going to do with Charles Edward? Pray tell me your thoughts about schools, and the best period for sending thither; though till I am in better condition than now to pay for their schooling, this last does not much concern me to know. I am sorry you do not speak of your



eldest as strong ; ours at present are fairly healthy, and have got through the winter. I was not in London, though I attempted to seduce you thither at the last meeting of "the Sterling," as I was reluctant to face the bitter north-easter which then began and has only now ceased to blow. Are you likely to be in London during the spring? I in general spend a week there, and it would be delightful if we could meet.

*From JOHN STERLING.*

*Clifton,*

*Monday.*

I trust you have received Aquinas. Thanks for your kindness in sending Massinger and Ford, whom I shall now probably look through. On the whole, those of the old dramatists I know do not improve on me. Their want of art and care strikes me more and more. But Massinger and Ford are, I think, less faulty than Beaumont and Fletcher, who seem to me greatly overrated in the modern estimate of their merits. They have most beautiful passages, and, above all, expressions ; but I doubt if they ever wrote a good play. It is a favourite persuasion of mine that the loose carelessness in arrangement, and, of course, in execution, of which we find so much in Shakespeare, and in almost all his contemporaries, requires to be entirely departed from in dramatic poetry ; and that, keeping the characteristic freedom and depth of Christian poetry (as Goethe and Schiller have done), we may yet attain a symmetry of which our hasty, lax Elizabethans had no conception. Coleridge seems to me full of exaggeration as to the artistic perfection of Shakespeare's works—the grandest in conception and the fullest and sweetest in execution of any we have, but with a large alloy of mere trash. Look, for instance, at the nonsensical scenes in *Henry V.*, of the French princess, and of the Dauphin and courtiers ; while the epic choruses, and some other speeches of the same play, are probably nobler than anything in Sophocles. I except Ben Jonson from the charge of carelessness. His unpardonable sin is the general want of anything in his persons with which it is possible to sympathize. You see how idly I let my pen wander.

*From the Same.*

*Clifton,*

*April 3, 1840.*

I think much as you wrote to me in your last that you do about Carlyle's bitter and tumultuous state of mind. I also wish good speed to every attempt at fulfilling any long-neglected ideal of goodness. If I saw any hope that Maurice and Samuel Wilberforce and their fellows could reorganize the Church and nation, or that their own minds could continue progressive without becoming revolutionary, I think I could willingly wrap my head in my cloak or lay it in the grave without a word of protest against aught that is. But I am well assured this cannot be, and must do what work is given me to do under heavier penalties for omission than I dare encounter.

*From the Same.*

*Clifton,*

*April 24, 1840.*

I think when you have read more of Carlyle and of Goethe, you will not think *Hercules Furens* monomaniacal in his admiration of "Prometheus," though there is an important essay of Strauss's somewhere, in which he well shows how small the Alexanders and Cæsars, the Shakespeares and Goethes, are in comparison with the Divine Hebrew Teacher. I very much agree in your estimate of Frederick's "Moral Philosophy." The key to this and his whole scheme of thought seems to me to be the really *dazzling* brightness of his own moral self-consciousness. The facts which he finds there are the only ones he really knows, or at all apprehends; and his endeavour is to impose them in all their peculiar individuality on the history of mankind, which is so far more complete and comprehensive than the experience of any one man can be. On the other hand, where it is a question merely of the kindred history of minds like his own—that is, of one of the very noblest classes of human beings—the clearness, coherence, and masterliness of his insight are quite admirable and unrivalled. Outward facts are nothing but symbols for his own inward feelings and ratiocinations; and he deals quite recklessly with these arbitrary exponents, while, feeling the burthen of intense self-consciousness so woefully painful, he fancies that, in looking at himself disguised under certain torn rags of the objection, he has escaped from the misery that haunted him. It still betrays itself, however, in

his vehement labouring, self-involved, over-impassioned style, where so great a polemic may well be forgiven for his extreme injustice to others, while evidently treating himself with still more cruel iniquity and virulence. He is in my mind the only man of genius *in theology* that has been an ardent Church of England man for a hundred and fifty years.

*To his Wife.*

*Oxford and Cambridge Club,*

*April 30, 1840.*

I arrived here in good time for "the Sterling" on Tuesday evening. I was obliged to take my departure immediately after, and was laid up for the evening with a sick headache, and so (having looked forward to the meeting with pleasure) learned in a small way the vanity of human expectations. It went off by all accounts very pleasantly, ending in a grand single combat between Sterling and Robert Wilberforce on the meaning of Christianity, which I understand was not without its profit; the latter having most truth, but Sterling being certainly the heaviest hitter, and the greatest master of the dialectic fence. You will be as much shocked as I was to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. Hallam. It took place the morning of the day I arrived in London. She had been some time ailing of influenza, but so little danger was apprehended that he was dining out the evening before. How mysterious these successive strokes, and to what a tragedy our human life may turn! How needful that its supports be more than human, and not resting on men or the children of men! Tell dear Francis that, though I have not yet done anything about the kaleidoscope, I shall not forget it. What shall I bring to Dicky? I expect letters from the two eldest children, and I intend to write to one or both of them to-morrow.

*To the REV. S. WILBERFORCE.*

*Botley Hill,*

MY DEAR WILBERFORCE,

*Tuesday, May, 1840.*

I wish very much that some time, if you have a few minutes to spare, you would string a few of Carlyle's choicest pearls, and send them to us unfortunate people who cannot gather them as they drop from his lips. I hear the second lecture was very good. The first, notwithstanding the many delightful things in it, was partially a failure; as indeed they always are, unless he works

himself up into the true Berserker fury, which on that occasion (though it would have been one of the meetest) he certainly failed to do. I returned last night from Bristol and Bath, where I had been to attend my kind uncle's funeral,\* or rather to accompany his remains that far on their way to Ireland. I think I mentioned to you that Chessel (my uncle's place near Southampton) has been left to my father. He is not going to live there, as it would be too large and expensive for him, but as soon as is becoming will bring it into the market. I should like very much to see it occupied by some one who would give an improved tone to society in that quarter; for nothing can be worse than its present state, eaten through and through with the disease of wealth and all faith departed, save in fine furniture and fine dinners, and the witness in the Church against this horrible condition of things either none at all or the feeblest imaginable. Will you keep the matter in mind, should you know of any person wishing to settle (and such as one might wish to settle) in this neighbourhood?

In the latter end of 1840, Mr. Trench's first prose work was published—"Notes on the Parables of our Lord." He lived to see fourteen large editions of this book, every one receiving from him careful emendation, and some considerable additions. It has kept ahead, in public favour, of all his theological works, the original edition of "Notes on the Miracles" being the twelfth (1883). A fifteenth edition of the "Parables" was published in 1886, in a cheaper form, and with Latin and Greek notes translated.

*To the REV. S. WILBERFORCE.*

*Botley Hill,*

*Wednesday, November, 1840.*

If you should be able to receive me any time in January, I shall be delighted at the opportunity of some calm and quiet intercourse, and I fancy I am also called by duty, having in my recollection some goodly tomes of Chrysostom, into which I desire to make sundry references, not having had a Chrysostom at command while writing my "Notes on the Parables." You will grieve to learn that we have had very bad accounts from Sterling, though the last were somewhat better. He has had a severe attack of bronchitis, and for some time

\* Lord Ashtown's.

it was doubtful whether his strength was not so prostrated that he would be unable to rally. He must leave England for Madeira the first instant that he gathers sufficient strength for the voyage. I hope you see and like the *Educational Magazine*. It is going to begin a new course with the beginning of the year, and Maurice, I see, is publicly announced as the editor. Could you not write for him, and help him in this the most effectual way of all?

To REV. JULIUS HARE.

*Botley Hill,*

*December 26, 1840.*

MY DEAR MR. HARE,

I have read with the greatest interest the noble charge, with its most interesting notes, which you were good enough to send me, and found it to my own spirit, and doubt not it will be to many others full of hope and encouragement and provocations to love and good works. I have requested Mr. Parker to send you a copy of my "Notes on the Parables" on the first opportunity that offered, which I trust you will kindly do me the favour to accept. I can say honestly that my friends cannot be less satisfied with it than I am with it myself, but print reveals much which manuscript had suffered to remain concealed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

1841-1845.

"I start—and lo ! my dream is not :  
But though 'tis round me thickest gloom,  
Yet in the corner of the room  
I know there stands a vacant cot."

R. C. T., *Elegiac Poems*.

"I SAW Carlyle repeatedly, and always with profit, though sometimes with pain," Sterling wrote to Richard Trench in July, 1840. In his *Life*, by Carlyle, the latter writes of their "intimacy deepening and widening" at this time. The stronger nature soon gained entirely the mastery over one unstable, though brilliant; the pain which Sterling still felt when the above words were written at some of Carlyle's thoughts seems soon to have passed away, and thenceforth his letters to his earliest friend contain little save arguments against the foundations of the latter's faith. They are evidently written in answer to letters insisting upon these chief foundations, such as unreserved belief in the miracles of our Lord, in His revelation of Himself, and in the commission of His ministers being from above and divine, not human, and a mere matter of convenient order. These letters, alas! are lost. In one from Sterling, of December 12, 1840, he says, "In a previous letter of yours, in which you were kind enough to state your views of some of these matters, you asserted that the great distinction between revelation and all human doctrines is, that it was given at once and complete, while they are subject to change and growth."

The first edition of "Notes on the Parables" bears on the

title-page the date, "London, 1841," and the first copies probably reached him in December, 1840.

*From* JOHN STERLING.

*Clifton,*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

*January 4, 1841.*

I will not longer delay to thank you for the present of your volume, though I cannot as yet give so mature and minute a judgment of it as I should wish. I have returned home believing that at present I am well enough to venture back to my natural place ; and having made my journey on Friday and Saturday, I have not had time to examine the whole volume. I have, however, read more than half of it. So far as I can judge, which is not very well, it is likely to do much good in this country, and cannot, I believe, fail to be recognized as the work of a much more than ordinarily earnest and affectionate mind. To the idea of the work I have no objection at all to make, and only wish that it might be followed by a similar one on the other discourses of Christ, so as to exhibit a survey, from your point of view, of His whole doctrine as taught by Himself. In its place there is, I think, one important omission, viz. that of an essay on the chronology of the parables, or the order in and the occasions on which they probably were spoken. The omission of such an inquiry, and of the consequent lights which it would have furnished, alone suffices to vitiate in my judgment points of your interpretation, though very much remains of high value. Further, I must venture to suspect that, rich and beautiful as is your store of citations—forming one of the high and rare attractions of the book, as do the little extracts in Quarles' "Emblems," which give me great pleasure—yet you have not made the most of the authorities before you by justly estimating their total bearing for or against any particular interpretation. On the whole, perhaps the book would have had a more severe and solid excellence had there been a more complete and definite statement, even in a note, of how far the main writers you use adopt or reject your view as to each particular parable. I did not always find references to some of the best books which you must have had before you. For instance, I thought the first hundred pages contain no notice, and certainly hardly any, of Olshausen, and I do not remember to have found more than one anywhere to Neander.

You will expect to hear that in general there is the assertion of a definite doctrinal completeness and dogmatic minuteness in the

whole scheme of interpretation for which *I* can see no adequate ground in the parables themselves. But a difference of judgment of this last kind cannot profitably become a topic of discussion, its causes lying too deep in the whole mind and inward life of each of us. The writing is, I think, almost always very good, clear, simple, concise, animated, and cordial, with more matters indirectly hortatory than I felt in need of, but not at all more than almost everybody will approve of and profit by. Your free use of Romish commentators and of worldly literature is in both respects of admirable example to English theologians. As to the latter element, you must be almost "alone in your glory," and have, I think, succeeded extremely well.

The beginning of Richard Chenevix Trench's fame as a prose-writer coincided in time with the beginning of sorrows many and deep, and none bitterer than the loss of the child who, even at his tender age, had followed the passing of his father's proofs through the press with eager interest.

Nearly nine years of domestic happiness had been granted to that father, and now "the loving discipline of pain" was to be his through the death of his eldest born, so full of promise, and ever so tenderly beloved that only one grief could have been heavier than to part with him. He has himself told the story of his sorrow in the "Elegiac Poems," which have been a treasure-store of comfort to bereaved parents, and which, more than any other of his writings, give us true glimpses of his innermost nature, of the intense power and tenderness of his love, of his capacity for anguish.

" Still seems it so impossible a thing  
That thou art gone—

" That not in all my life I ever more  
With pleasèd ear  
Thy quick light feet advancing to my door  
Again shall hear—

" That thou not ever with inquiring looks  
Or subtle talk  
Shalt bring to me sweet hindrance 'mid my books  
Or studious walk—

" That, whatsoever else of good for me  
In store remain,  
This lieth out of hope, my child, to see  
Thy face again."



He tells us of the child's presence at Christmas, 1840—

“ When last our yule-fires burned, although  
Even then already girt to go,  
Young pilgrim for so rough a road ?

“ The image of his pale meek face,  
As he, though full of silent pain,  
Among the household band was fain  
This festal eve to keep his place.”

But every following day anxiety grew, as the suffering increased, although to the dying child it was given, in his “ worst distress ”—

“ Still to abide in perfect gentleness,  
And, like an angel, to be meek and mild.”

The New Year came—

“ The earliest morn  
Of the new year, when friends are wont to meet.

•            •            •            •            •  
O day, whose anguish never shall wax old,  
When we no longer might our fears deny,  
When our hearts' secret thoughts we dared unfold  
One to the other, that our child would die.”

He died on January 12. Loving all his children most tenderly, his father was ever keen-sighted in estimating their mental power and other qualities, and he knew that the one of greatest promise had been taken, the “ brightest star extinguished in his heaven.” Perhaps none of the “ *Elegiac Poems* ” are lovelier than the one which tells of a dream that—

“ Unto me brief gladness lent,  
To leave me sorrow's trustier mate.

“ We wandered freely as of yore,  
And in my hand I felt the grasp  
Of that small hand, whose tender clasp  
I shall not feel, oh ! any more :

“ We wandered through the peopled towns,  
And where we came I heard men praise  
His gracious looks, his winning ways,—  
We wandered o'er the lonely downs ;

“ And ever held familiar talk  
As we passed onward, I and he  
Who was companion true to me  
At home, and in long woodland walk.”

And again he sings of how, when summer comes—

“ Shall I remember many a walk  
In shadowy woods, close hidden from the flames  
Of the fierce sun, and interspersed with talk  
Of ancient England's high heroic names ;

“ Or holier still, of them who lived and died,  
That Christ's dear lore to us they might hand down  
Untarnished, or his faith to spread more wide,  
Winning a martyr's palm and martyr's crown ;

“ Or how those tales he earnestly would crave  
Of old romance, our childhood's golden dower,  
Which in large measure willingly we gave,  
Feeding the pure imaginative power.

*From* ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

*Alverstoke,*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

*January 4, 1841.*

Most deeply indeed has your kind note (which has just reached me here) pained me. My thoughts are quite full of your and Mrs. Trench's deep suffering, and I have endeavoured to commend you and her and your dear child, if he be yet with you, to the merciful care of our Heavenly Father. I know not what to say to you. My pen refuses to express the common arguments of consolation. It is the Lord. I know that you are His—eminently His. I know that the dark and rough way in which He is leading you now is that which has ever been trodden the most constantly by all great saints. I see that your faith and patience and love will be the stronger, the fuller, and the brighter for these deep afflictions ; but, my flesh trembleth because of thee. Moreover, I have just been spared, and, while I weep for you, I tremble for myself. What son is he whom the Father chasteneth not ? I tremble to be left unchastened, and I shrink from such chastisement.\*

May the Almighty God be with you, my dear friends, is the earnest heart's prayer of your very sincerely affectionate

S. WILBERFORCE.

I go to Lavington to-morrow. You will write to me there. I came here to read in yesterday.

\* Mrs. Wilberforce died in the following March.

To ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

Botley Hill,

January 13, 1841.

The funeral of our dear child will take place on Saturday. Will you kindly see for me the clerk (or by whatever other name he is named) of the cathedral, and arrange for me the things needful there, and the hour. He knows—at least, the one who was there two or three years ago knew—where my mother was laid; I should desire my dear boy to be laid not far from the same place. Would it be too much for me to ask, *or would it be out of place for you to do it*—if so I know you will speak—that you would read the Burial Service over him?

It was unreasonable of me to propose, and do not therefore do it, that you should come over here during this week. I can say anything which I have to say by letter.

The proposal about Forton is *most tempting*, but I greatly fear the size of the church, or rather, the size of the district, such as I imagine it to be, that it would be too much for me.

I cannot imagine anything more delightful than the frequent opportunities which we should then have of seeing one another, while hitherto they have been so rare and so far between.

My dear wife continues well; but all things remind us of our lost boy.\*

There are some lovely lines in the "Elegiac Pœms," dated "January 16, 1841," the day of the little one's funeral, beginning—

"No mother's eye beside thee wakes to-night,  
No taper burns beside thy lonely bed;  
Darkling thou liest, hidden out of sight,  
And none are near thee but the silent dead.

\* \* \* \*

And though we nothing speak, yet well I know  
That both our hearts are there, where thou dost keep  
Within thy narrow chamber far below,  
For the first time unwatched, thy lonely sleep.

---

\* There is an error in Bishop Wilberforce's Life, vol. i. p. 167, where a letter to R. C. Trench, only dated "Rectory, Sunday," is given with the date 1840 in brackets, as having been written at this time. As the Bishop speaks of the lost little one as "she," and says, "You have another child safe," it was certainly written in December, 1842, on the death of Emily Elizabeth Trench, the only girl-child whom her parents lost.

Oh no, not thou !—and we our faith deny,  
 This thought allowing :—thou, removed from harms,  
 In Abraham's bosom dost securely lie,  
 Oh ! not in Abraham's, in a Saviour's arms."

Anxieties arose about the health of the other children, and their father especially became very anxious for a change. In the preceding December, Archdeacon Wilberforce had been inducted as Rector of Alverstone, and he seems, from the last letter, to have proposed to Mr. Trench to become his helper. "The parish of Alverstone," the late Canon Ashwell wrote in the first volume of Bishop Wilberforce's Life, "was originally a large agricultural district, but had long included Gosport, one of the few fortified towns in England, with its suburbs of Forton, Brockhurst, Elson, and Hardway. The population, in 1841, was 13,510. Of late, too, a new watering-place had grown up, with the name of Anglesey-ville imposed upon it. There were only two churches (Alverstone and Forton) with cure of souls attached to them."

It seems from the above letter, as if the new rector's first thought had been to give Forton Church, with its district, as a separate charge to his friend, but it is evident that, for whatever reason, this arrangement was not carried out.

*To the Same.*

*Botley Hill,*

*February 2, 1841.*

As we are still very anxious about our little girl, and necessarily also about the other children, however well they may be at this moment, I do not find that I can with any comfort continue here ; and I have recurred to part of the conversation which we had together on Saturday week. Would it be right to take Burrows\* or the offer (to himself clearly disadvantageous) which he then made concerning the church now building in the immediate neighbourhood of the mother church?† Or is the matter still open? When, too, would such

\* Rev. H. W. Burrows, son of General Burrows of Alverstone, and curate to Archdeacon Wilberforce, now Canon of Rochester Cathedral.

† A church was about to be built at Anglesey-ville, the newly founded watering-place, just as S. Wilberforce became rector of the parish ; he allowed it to go on, and it has been used since as a kind of chapel-of-ease to Alverstone Church, from which it is only distant about five minutes' walk. There has never

an arrangement commence—now, or when the church was built? You know how I should delight to be a fellow-worker under you, what profit I should expect to derive from being so; and I have good confidence that all our mutual relations would not merely be comfortable, but a very great deal more.

When I look back at what we were two little months ago, and think how the joy of our house has been darkened, and how now we walk in grief for what has been and in fear for what will be, I tremble for those I love, however prospering they may be in the world, however surely built the fabric of their happiness may seem; but we shall yet praise Him Who is the joy of our countenance and our God.

Mr. Trench decided finally to accept the curacy of Alverstoke. "I believe," he wrote to Archdeacon Wilberforce on February 4, "that there is an old devil-principle in one, which makes one love independence better than obedience; but of him it is, and my first duty is towards my children, and the neighbourhood to you would be most delightful."

*To the Same.*

*Botley Hill,*

*March 1, 1841.*

The return here on Sunday morning was, I think, the saddest thing which I yet have known—sadder even than the day of the funeral, for then everything passed to me as in a dream. It was, indeed, sad to return and find my house empty of so much of the joy and exultation which of old welcomed my coming back. But, dear friend, though I speak thus, do not think but that we are *most* thankful for rich and rare mercies, far beyond the portion that ordinarily falls to men, that are still our share.

I should not wonder if some day soon—that is, in a week or two—Mrs. T—— and I should come to Winchester to be present at the afternoon service. We have now many attractions there. I trust Mrs. Wilberforce is gathering strength, even though it be but slowly.

been a district attached to it, but probably, from the above letter, the question of making it a separate charge was considered. The Rev. H. W. Burrows writes: "I cannot remember any offer I made concerning it. At the date of this letter (February, 1841), neither R. C. T—— nor the archdeacon (S. Wilberforce, the rector) had begun to reside at Alverstoke. S. Wilberforce waited at Winchester till that confinement of his wife was over, which ended fatally. I was, I think, in charge at Alverstoke, with a helper, from Christmas, 1840, till Lady Day, 1841.

Mr. Trench was in London between his resignation of the perpetual curacy of Curdridge and settling at Alverstoke. He writes thence to his wife, in an undated letter, but certainly early in this year: "I have just called on Moxon to settle about this little volume.\* He has himself just lost his eldest boy; he seems to feel it very much." From the date of their publication, all these poems must have been written within a few weeks of the loss which, to the end of life, was felt.

"Lo! as that bird which all the wakeful night  
 Leaning its bosom on a poignant thorn,  
 So bleeds, and bleeding sings, and makes delight  
 For some that listen, though its heart be torn;

"Thus in this night of grief I love to lean  
 With wounded bosom, and so make my song."

Anglesey, in the parish of Alverstoke, was a row of houses built on the coast, with a strip of public garden between it and the sea, and a very small bit of garden before each house. One of these houses, about ten minutes' walk from Alverstoke Church, became Richard Trench's home.

Archdeacon Wilberforce's wife had given birth to a son, Basil, on February 15. On March 7 serious alarm was felt as to her condition, and on March 10, at Winchester, she passed away. Richard Trench became godfather to the motherless child, to whom, on his baptism in Winchester Cathedral, are addressed the beautiful lines beginning—

"Child of my spiritual love!—others I claim,  
 Nor are they not unto my spirit near,  
 While they, too, bear for me this holy name,  
 And by its right are dear:  
 And yet they do not stir for me, as thou  
 Stirrest the fountains of my bosom now.

"For memory guardeth yet,  
 And will in holiest places guard the hour,  
 When first beside that hallowed font we met.

\* \* \* \*

Beneath my feet he lay,—  
 His little mouldering clay,  
 So lately to the heartless earth consigned,

\* \* \* \*

---

\* "Elegiac Poems," first printed in a separate volume and privately.

And all around me did a frequent band  
 Of newer mourners stand :  
 For thou, unconscious child, hast yet to learn  
 That it was at thy birth  
 As if a star had quitted earth,  
 Thee clothing in its radiance mild,  
 And in a splendour undefiled,  
 But never more in our dim air to burn."

To REV. JULIUS HARE.

*Botley Hill,*

*March 15, 1841.*

I am desirous to put an inscription upon a stone in Winchester Cathedral, and yet unwilling to do so before it is approved, as to language and thought, by some one in whose judgment and feeling I could as entirely rely as in yours. I write it out upon the other side of the page with one or two variations ; perhaps you will kindly take the pains of reading it and writing to me about it.

We are now pretty well, and again lifting up our heads, though our house is not and never can be again what it has been ; yet if a sadder, it is also a holier place, and we are richly replenished with mercies. The overwhelming affliction with which a dear friend, Archdeacon Wilberforce, has just been visited, makes all other sorrows seem small. Believe me, ever most truly yours,

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

Pray speak to me freely of the epitaph.

The inscription, as it was put in Winchester Cathedral, has been kindly sent by the Dean of Winchester :—

FILIO NATU MAXIMO  
 FRANCISCO GULIELMO TRENCH  
 SUPERSTITES PARENTES  
 RICARDUS CHENEVIX ET FRANCISCA MARIA  
 IDEO NON INFELICISSIMI  
 QUOD MINUS ABREPTUM LUGENT  
 QUAM IN PACEM PRÆMISSUM PROSPECTANT  
 HUNC LAPIDEM  
 DESIDERII SIMUL ET SPEI MONUMENTUM  
 P. C.

---

QUEM IPSE EFFUGIT SUIS TRADIDIT DOLOREM  
 PRID. ID. JANUAR. MDCCCXLI.  
 VIXIT ANNOS VIII.

## TO ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

*Oxford and Cambridge Club,*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

*June, 1841.*

It seems to me that, with regard to contradictions, the one you name may very well pair off with the other of having counted Hampden disqualified five years ago for certain functions, and now, with nothing in the interval, save that he has abstained for that period from writing heretical books, declaring him qualified. I cannot say that I should feel any great heart in going to vote one way or other on the matter; and though I see the enormous mischief of paralyzing by a vote of want of confidence one of the chief organs for the theological education of the University, yet I know not how this is to be helped, without creating even a worse mischief, so that for myself I should rather see you go.

The above letter is evidently an answer to one from Archdeacon Wilberforce, given at p. 218 of Canon Ashwell's volume, asking Mr. Trench to "send him the upshot" of what he thought. "Oxford was again disturbed," Canon Ashwell wrote, "in reference to Dr. Hampden," whose "appointment to the Regius Professorship of Divinity, 1836, had led . . . to the passing of a statute limiting the exercise of his professorial functions." Since then, however, Dr. Hampden had been appointed chairman of the new Theological Board, and the heads of houses "sought to free him from the old censure, and submitted to the Convocation a statute for its repeal." Archdeacon Wilberforce wrote on June 1, consulting his friend as to whether he should go and vote against this statute.

*From JOHN STERLING.**Falmouth,**September 11, 1841.*

We rejoice at your prosperity in all ways, and I especially that you have been able to compose a longer and more arduous work than your previous ones. I do not know the play of Calderon's you mention, but, from the subject, yours must, I suppose, have a strong dash of the romantic in it. Do you know Tieck's plays of that kind, "Genoveva," etc.? It is a style of which there are many foretastes





in your other compositions, and one that, if I may presume to judge, would peculiarly suit your turn of mind and powers. I shall be very glad if you will let me read the manuscript, and, as you know, would say exactly how it struck me, though that would be small indication of the effect it would have on most others.

Lately I have been reading again some of Alfred Tennyson's second volume, and with profound admiration of his truly lyric and idyllic genius. There seems to me to have been more epic power in Keats—that fiery, beautiful meteor. But they are two most true and great poets. When one thinks of the amount of recognition they have received, one may well bless God that poetry is in itself strength and joy, whether it be crowned by all mankind or left alone in its own magic hermitage. It is true, no doubt, that what new poetry we have is little cared for; but also true that there is wonderfully little deserving any honour. Compare our present state with two or three years ago, when Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats, and Scott, the novelist, were all vigorously productive. Carlyle is the one great star that has arisen since, and he is far more prophet than singer.

To his wife, in an undated letter, probably from London, he writes :—

I send you, on the other page, a few verses I saw in an American review, which I think you will like, though they are the work of a young man, and neither sentiment nor poetry will bear very severe examination. Are the dear sweet children all very well? I cannot write to-day to sweet M——; it reminds me too much of other times, but perhaps I will do so to-morrow.

“ He did but float a little way  
 Adown the stream of time,  
 With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,  
 Or listening to their fairy chime.  
     His slender sail  
     Ne'er felt the gale;  
 He did but float a little way,  
     And, pulling to the shore,  
 While yet 'twas early day,  
 Went calmly on his way,  
     To dwell with us no more!  
 No jarring did he feel,  
 No grating on his vessel's keel;

A strip of silver sand  
Mingled the waters with the land  
Where he was seen no more :  
O stern word—Never more !

" Full short his journey was : no dust  
Of earth unto his sandals clave ;  
The weary weight that old men must,  
He bore not to his grave.  
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way  
And wandered hither, so his stay  
With us was short, and 'twas most meet  
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,  
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet  
To stand before his God :  
O blest word—Never more !"

On January 5, 1842, another babe, a girl, Emily Elizabeth, came for a few short months to brighten the home at Anglesey. She died before the year had closed—a year full of deepest anxiety to Richard Trench for the beloved and saintly sister whose name his infant daughter bore. "For *her* it will be well," he wrote to Archdeacon Wilberforce in June ; "but you can little guess what a joy and glory it will take from *our* life." A third volume of poetry, "Poems from Eastern Sources, the Steadfast Prince, and other Poems," was published at New Year's-tide, and a fourth, "Genoveva," late in the year.

From JOHN STERLING.

Falmouth,

January 15, 1842.

I shall read "The Steadfast Prince" with great interest, and shall be grateful for the present you promise me of a copy.

Have you seen John Mill's letters in the *Morning Chronicle* signed "Historicus," and defending Pusey and Newman? They are certainly very remarkable, but perhaps will hardly please the men whose cause they plead.

Unhappily, my going to London is very uncertain. But if I have any clear prospect of being there a few days before I go, I will let you know. I have not been there this last summer, *i.e.* not for about eighteen months. Next to Rome, it is the place I like best in

the world, in spite of (partly perhaps because of) the tragic recollections of which it is full for me, and the ghosts that I met upon its pavement. So, dear Trench, farewell says—

JOHN STERLING.

To ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

*Anglesey,*

*June 27, 1842.*

I have not written to you hitherto, because I had nothing to tell you wherein you could have rejoiced with us, even as, indeed, I have nothing now.

Our dear sister remains much in the state in which you saw her, and none of the unfavourable symptoms have disappeared. I have told her all her danger, which she learned without any over-gladness on the one side, but with no misgivings on the other. To me the relief has since been great; and we can now speak calmly, and without any self-deceit, about the future. Often, often during the last few days I have asked myself how those mightier griefs which lay desolate a life are borne, while this one pierces through and through the heart with such darts of anguish; and have taken deep shame to myself that my sympathy has been so slight and shallow in the days past.

To REV. F. D. MAURICE.

*Anglesey,*

*July 5, 1842.*

I have been meaning day by day to write to you, but have been ever shrinking from so doing, as I had nothing to tell you but the very saddest news which you anticipate so possible. Our beloved sister's complaint has settled upon her lungs, and there is no longer any hope that we shall be able to keep her long. I cannot say to you how much of the joy and glory of my life will have departed, or how much poorer the world will seem when that inevitable day shall indeed have come, even as I feel that her presence and her example have been one of the chiefest of the infinite blessings that I have known. Miss Trench is just now at Southampton, where she has gone with her younger sister for a little change of air. She is perfectly aware of her danger, and is finding peace—I believe also joy—in her God; and we also feel that all will be well, but our loss and our dear children's will be inexpressible. I will write to you soon again, and say how it is faring with us. I am sure we have your and Mrs. Maurice's truest and deepest sympathies.

From JOHN STERLING.

Falmouth,

November 3, 1842.

MY DEAR TRENCH,

I have read "Genoveva" with great pleasure, and I think it likely to be a very general favourite. My main criticism would be that in the recognition, which is the pivot of the whole, the language of the Count is hardly enough expressive of the awful emotion such an event must call forth. He asks forgiveness in the first breath, as if he could at once bring himself to regard his own offence as but a usual and slight one. Throughout *he* has, perhaps, hardly distinctness enough of character, no marked physiognomy. Would it be possible to throw in a touch towards the beginning—at his departure, say, from home, suggesting a rash over-vehement nature? I do not like the word *unparalleled* where it occurs. Hare objected to my use in "Joan d'Arc" of unaccented syllables in the first place of the trochaic lines. At all events, the licence requires discretion.

To ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

Anglesey.

(End of November or beginning of December, 1842.)

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

We continue to watch the slow but sure sinking of our dear child.\* I am faint and weary with the long anguish of it, and will not write more about it. *His* perfect will be accomplished in us and upon us.

But this morning's post has brought me a letter,† of which I think it best to send you a copy; and supposing you have read it, I will ask the faithful counsel of your love in the matter. You will not think of what will please me, and as little, I know, of what yourself would like in the forming a decision; but I do earnestly desire, as far as I know of myself, to follow the will of God in this matter, and not to cross His purpose concerning me. It may be that all these sorrows and griefs were to shape me for some work for Him which my poor, vain heart would else have been more unfit for even than now; and that this letter, reaching me at this moment, is the interpretation of all God's dealings with me for the last two years. It was for this that I was brought here, to learn so much as I have, or ought to have learned, by communion with you. The flesh shrinks greatly

\* The infant born in January. She died, of water on the brain, on December 4.

† Probably that containing the offer of the parish of Yarmouth.

back from all that is involved in the going ; but yet to wait till I could pick and choose something exactly to my mind, which would involve no sundering of old ties, of love and affection, is very far from that which at this day we are called to show.

You will ask, I am sure, counsel for me from Him Who is the Counsellor, and you will give me counsel in faithfulness and in love.

Pray for us, my dear friend, for the floods seem going over us.

The early days of 1843 found Richard Trench at his old university, for the purpose of delivering the "Five Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge in February, 1843," which were published in a separate volume in the end of the following year.

*To his Wife.*

*Trinity College, Cambridge.*

(1843.)

I was very thankful to hear of your safe arrival, and that you found the dear nest, with all its nestlings, unvisited by any evil during your absence. How great and wonderful are all these mercies of our God ! Often does it seem to me as if I am about to provoke some new scourge by my little thankfulness for them all. Let us watch and pray that we do not so.

My cold is almost gone, and for the physical part of the matter I feel quite equal to to-morrow ; yet I shall be glad when the day is over and the sermon preached, for it seems to me as if I had very little to say, and that little put obscurely and ill. Yet God can bring good even from this weakness and ignorance of mine.

*To ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.*

*Brighton.*

(Early in 1843.)

Your letter found me just before I was going in to St. Mary's, as I was staying with a friend in the fens, and only drove in for my Sunday duty ; and it seemed to encourage me in a work for which I feel myself mournfully insufficient. I do not see a great deal to encourage one about the religious prospects of Cambridge ; but my opportunities have been few for judging, and I shall probably be better able to form an opinion when we meet. I came here yesterday that we might spend these solemn and mournful days together. The

children I have not found improved by their visit to Brighton. This has one mournful satisfaction ; for it seems to tell me that we are not to seek good by a change of place ; but oftentimes the dim forms of coming woes seem to be already hovering over us again.

I suppose I do well in addressing this letter now to Alverstoke. My wife returns home at the beginning of next week, but it is nearly three before I can expect to have the joy—and it is such even in the midst of these cares and sorrows—of being with you again.

*To the Same.\**

*Cambridge,*

*January 16, 1843.*

You will not fail to pray for us ; we are again going through deep waters of affliction. *This day*, which was sad already,† has brought us its new tidings of sorrow from Torquay. Our beloved Emily is sinking, and the physician does not think that she will rally again. I wait to-morrow's post, as they do not believe the hour to be imminent, and believe that I shall then, should the accounts be that she is still growing weaker, start at once for Devonshire. Would you kindly call on my dear wife, and see if you can be helpful to her in council or plans ; for it is mournfully perplexing to us to be separated at a moment like this. Though we have been for months preparing and arming ourselves, yet it now seems dreadful and terrible when it is about actually to fall. None but those that were within the innermost circle of her love will the least know our loss, or what a sister we are losing.

God bless and keep you. In all faithful affection yours,

R. C. T.

\* Archdeacon Wilberforce writes, in answering this letter : "One thing, my dearest friend, I hope I shall be able, at least in some little measure, to do, and, believe me, I will strive to do it—to seek strength for you in this your hour of great need. I know how such a heart as yours can suffer, and how, in such a wrench as this, it must suffer. Oh, may God be indeed with you, not in name, but in deed. May He show you the glory and the blessedness of His Presence, and so give you songs even in this dungeon. My dearest friend, my heart is full when I think of your sorrow. I have known too well the watching of that quick breath, and the blankness, the utter desolate blankness, of earth when its best blessing has been ravished from us."

† The second anniversary of the burial of his eldest son.

*To his Wife.*

*Trinity College, Cambridge,*

*Wednesday (January 19, 1843).*

It is a great comfort to know that you are with our dear departing saint ; and I trust the Lord has brought you safely to the end of your long and unprotected journey. I shall wait calmly now to hear from you what best is to be done by me, and whether I should be a comfort and help, or only a hindrance to you at this time. You would also tell me whether you would rather desire me to be with the children at Anglesey. My desire is to be at Torquay, but your communications shall in the main guide ; and if it were possible to remain here till next Sunday, and still to be in time once more to see that beloved countenance, I should be glad.

*From ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.*

*The Close,*

MY DEAREST TRENCH,

*March 10, 1843.*

I am quite uneasy at this recurring cough. I beg you, by all you hold dear, to bear TOTAL exclusion from work at present. The *almost* exclusion and the speedy return are really bad economy. They just keep up the irritation and the weakness which total rest would obliterate ; and in that state anything may come on. Dear friend, I beseech you, do lie by.

I returned last night after a very kind and pleasant reception at Claremont, and three very encouraging days in Surrey. A large attendance each day on the Communion, and a very nice tone. Clarke and R. Tritton were both with us yesterday.

This has been a day of exceeding bitterness to me ; \* but I hope it may please God not in vain. The sinking of heart seems almost greater than ever. You will pray for me, dearest Trench. I thank you from my heart for your prayers, and for your poems, and for many words of strength and love which live on my heart.

*To ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.*

*Torquay, Monday before Easter, half-past ten a.m.*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

*(April 10, 1843.)*

It has pleased God that I should yet see again our departing saint, and should hear from her lips sweet words of her faith and trust in her God, and of His faithfulness in this time of

\* The anniversary of his wife's death.

trial. She is now in *extreme* weakness, and it seems to us that ere this day is ended she will have passed through that dark valley of which she spake into the light of His Presence. Farewell. May ours be as calm and blessed an end. I could ask no better thing.

*To the Same.*

*Torquay,*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

*Tuesday, April 11, 1843.*

My letter of yesterday will have quite made you to expect the announcement of to-day. Yesterday, at a little after five, our beloved one left us. The last three hours were a *sore, sore* agony—heart-racking even now to think of, were it not that we know that the days of her mourning are ended, and the former things all forgotten. Terrible as it was, I thank God a thousand times that I was here to help those other dear watchers at that dying bed. My brother Charles \* arrived from Ireland ten minutes after all was over. The prayers of the Church at Alverstoke appear to have been a great and continual comfort to our dear sister, and one of the last things she said was to tell me where I should find a little “thank-offering” for them. My poor wife has been kept calm and strong through it all; and my dear sister R., in whose heart deep seeds of grace have been sown during this winter of sorrow, is this morning better, and we are calmly looking at the length and breadth of our loss.

She implied a wish to be laid in Bursledon Churchyard, and accordingly we shall bear our sad burden thither. On Thursday I accompany the chief members of our party to my father’s, that preparations may be made; on Saturday † we expect that the funeral may take place; and then on Sunday we that remain may celebrate with all the Church the Resurrection of Christ our Lord. Farewell, dear friend. I have many letters to write, and the chiefest part of the morning has been consumed in mournful arrangements.

*From ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.*

*Alverstoke,*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

*April 12, 1843.*

I have just received your second note, and greatly thank you for writing to me. All the day my thoughts have been constantly flying to you. I know so well, by such frequent experience, the

\* Hon. Charles Trench, his wife’s brother. He died in 1882.

† Easter Eve. On Good Friday he writes from Bursledon: “There seems a great fitness in the time. To-day the Lamb of God, by faith in Whose Blood she overcame; on Sunday the risen Lord That brought life and immortality to light.”



bitter struggle of these last days, and the black quiet which follows them, that I could not for long turn my thoughts from you. May God be greatly with you all—with you, my dearest friend, to whom God has given such large capacities of suffering, in the gifts of heart and of reason which He has so freely bestowed on you; and with dear Mrs. Trench also, and all your band. What a sacredness there seems about you all! God is so very nigh to you; it is like the feeling of a great thunderstorm in my childhood, when God seemed abroad and working, and so near; and then that precious seed of the glorified body with which you shall sow the redeemed earth. Oh that we may all be quickened by what we have seen and heard and known of her, and by this new witness to death's cruelty and the faithfulness of Christ!

We shall all think much of you till we again grasp your hand.  
May God be with you.

I am ever, my dearest friend, most truly yours in earnest love,  
S. WILBERFORCE.

Early in May, Mr. Trench went with his wife's only remaining sister\* for a short tour in Normandy. To her are addressed the lines in the later editions of "*Elegiac Poems*," beginning—

"Dear sister, that hast wandered forth with me,  
From patient vigils needed now no more,  
A watcher most unwillingly set free  
From love's long service, which at last is o'er,—

"'Mid clustering shafts and pinnacles and towers  
Of many a tall cathedral have we stood,  
Have sailed up lovely streams for pleasant hours,  
And there and here have found our spirits' food.

"Yet still this thought would in our hearts arise,  
When aught of rarer beauty met our sight,  
This thought of sadness,—*they* are shut, those eyes  
To which this vision had brought keen delight;

"To which all lovely things were welcome still,  
As footprints of a Beauty, whither turned  
Her spirit away; and of which her fill  
To drink for ever, fervently she yearned."†

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\* Hon. Rose Trench. She married Sir Samuel Whalley, Bart.

† "*Elegiac Poems*."

## To ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

*Avranches,*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

*May 17, 1843.*

You kindly wish to hear from me during my absence ; hitherto I am thankful to say our journey has prospered greatly, and we have seen much deeply to interest, though, as you may well believe, all does not hinder me from looking with an earnest longing to the day of my return, which I trust nothing will defer beyond the middle of next week. We went by water to Rouen. The river was surpassingly lovely, even more so than I had remembered it before, yet full to me of unutterable sadness for all the recollections that came upon me of those that were with me when I had sailed up it before. It seemed so unchanged, and we so changed. At Rouen we passed two or three very pleasant days. The church of St. Ouen is still to my mind the queen of the churches in Normandy, though I have seen many glorious cathedrals since. The only one that at all contends with it is that of Coutances, which we visited yesterday. This last is rather of a later date, and possesses what St. Ouen wants—two magnificent towers at the western front ; but there is a marvellous lightness in the other, which is to my eye altogether unparalleled. Both of these churches seem also to have come out of the mould at a single moment, though, of course, this was not the case. Everywhere we found the cathedrals under repair ; often the most extensive reparations going forward, and these always in the best and costliest manner. This, though it is true that it is chiefly done by the Government, is a remarkable indication of the times. At Caen last Sunday I went into three or four of the great churches at the hour of High Mass. They were all full of worshippers, and apparently devout ones ; chiefly, it must be owned, women, yet by no means exclusively so, but, on the contrary, a large number of men also. I have also been much struck with the amount of catechizing that is everywhere going forward. I have entered town churches and country ones, and surprisingly often found the *curé* giving catechetical instructions to large numbers of children. All that may be won from the waste of infidelity is a matter for sincere and earnest gratulation, and that much is so winning I should be greatly inclined to believe ; but if I have anything more to tell, I will reserve it till we meet.

The second edition of "Notes on the Parables" was published in 1844, and also 'Exposition of the Sermon on

the Mount, drawn from the Writings of St. Augustine, with Observations." "I am passing the last sheets of my 'Parables' through the press," \* Mr. Trench writes to Archdeacon Wilberforce in the autumn of this year. "It will be a pleasant release to have done; they have not grown above forty pages, yet, what with compression and the removal of matter which had no business to be there, a good deal will be added, and something amended."

The following letter is endorsed by Archbishop Trench, "John Sterling, his last":—

*Hillside,*

*August 1, 1844.*

MY DEAR TRENCH,

My silence towards you during the last months has not been caused by forgetfulness. But I feel now that if I am to write at all it must be at once, and I feel also quite incapable of expressing very much that is in my heart.

We have not of late years been familiar, but always, I trust, fast friends. May it so continue hereafter. Heaven for ever help you and yours! For me, I am lying in pain and weakness, but without dread, on the threshold of a higher world than this, which is not a low one.

Believe me to the last your affectionate and grateful,

JOHN STERLING.

P.S.—If you remember any other books that I have of yours besides those in a parcel sent off to-day, pray let me know.

Tell Donne, some time or other, that I have always been too ill to write to him.

*To W. B. DONNE.*

*Anglesey,*

*September 3, 1844.*

I marvel greatly that you have not long ago given me up altogether as a correspondent, so wide are the gaps in our correspondence which I leave—gaps which rarely, or never, occur upon your side.

I am at this time just fresh from the Life of Arnold, and so would desire to congratulate you and all others to whom noble living is dear upon the fact that we have had such a man, and that we have a permanent record of what he was. Very much what the Duke's despatches and correspondence will prove for all soldiers and sailors

\* The second edition.

that shall be hereafter will this book prove for all engaged in teaching. Suspending the question about his opinions—and in those I suppose you would agree more nearly than I—his principles are so lofty, his life was so grandly and consistently lived, it seems to me that we have gained something for ever; viz. we have had the man, and have now the record of the man. Has the book helped you much in a theory for the practical details of schooling, which I know is a subject that has much occupied your thoughts? Will you tell me also what your own latest plans are about the matter for dear Charles and the rest? My boys, *five* in an unbroken line, are now beginning—the headmost at least of them—to demand of me some decision upon this point, as Latin Grammar cannot be much longer deferred.

You know, or if you know not already will learn, with a most real sorrow that our dear friend John Sterling, having broken a blood-vessel about Easter, from which for the moment he rallied a little, is now lingering in extreme weakness, with no prospect of holding out for many weeks more. Directly I heard of the accident I wrote over with the purpose of seeing him, but this was not permitted. Though little able for the slightest exertion, he has written to me once most kindly, with that warm affection which always was his, and he desired me especially to communicate his affectionate leave-takings to you, and to say that nothing but this utter weakness prevented him from himself writing to you. For myself, I feel under larger obligations to him than to any single one of the many friends of my youth, to all of whom I owe so much; and though much outward and inward has separated us of late years, yet the memory of these obligations must always remain with me, so real and so lasting have they been. Farewell, my dear Donne. When you write, tell me if you know anything about Blakesley, as I desire to write to him, but suppose him at German baths or Bohemian watering-places, when perhaps he is only at Brighton.

About this time the living of Itchenstoke was offered to Mr. Trench by Lord Ashburton, and was accepted.

*To ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.*

*Freehills.*

(1844.)

We left The Grange this morning, and have taken this on our way to Anglesey, where we hope to arrive early to-morrow. We had yesterday a very bad day for seeing our future residence, but

found an excellent house, of just the dimensions which we should most have desired. Everything seems so comfortable, and the work so small, that I so greatly dread the growing upon one of indolent, self-indulgent ways ; and then, as Lady A—— says, “There are no poor to harass one’s feelings”—a very questionable boon ! Her kindness, and Lord A——’s, was quite unbounded, and all that I saw of him convinced me more of his real goodness.

I told them that they could not count on me before February, and I would seek even then to prolong the time, if all were not settled to your mind at Alverstoke. It is a great comfort to think of you at Winchester, and ourselves not out of reach of Anglesey ; but, with all these alleviations, it will be a sore rending away. Very awful, too, seems this beginning of a new act of our lives. May this have the rich blessings which, with all its sorrows, the last has had. Ever shall I thank God for the years which I have spent at Anglesey, and all that I have learned from you there.

The next letter is undated, but it must have been written very early in February, 1845, as there is a letter from Archdeacon Wilberforce in Canon Ashwell’s volume, dated January 31, 1845, in which he writes : “Trench is just leaving us ; all furniture packed. It is sore work. It quite beat me down last night in church to think it was his last official co-operation here.” \*

*To ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.*

*Itchenstoke.*

MY DEAREST WILBERFORCE,

(February, 1845.)

I am beginning to discover, even amid the confusion and business of this present day, all that I have done in leaving Alverstoke, and all that I have left—more than I can at all hope ever again to find in any spot where my lot of life shall be cast. The thought of it, with all its sadness, breeds in me a continual thankfulness, and chiefly for that which as teacher and friend you have been doing the last four years to me. May the blessing of it abide with me still.

Farewell. Affectionate remembrances to all of yours, whose kindness to us has never failed. I trust that my dear wife is with you still.

\* “Life of Bishop Wilberforce,” vol. i. p. 262.

*To the Same.*

*Ilchenstoke.*

(February 19, 1845.)

I often marvel at my house of earthly joy standing still so strong as, despite of some rude shocks, it does, while that of almost every one with whom I have been closely linked in life has fallen, or is falling in ruins about him; and I strive to guess what is before me also, and to what trials we are reserved. All here at present are well. I was rather entertained at Lady A——'s attempts the other night to win from our Bishop his opinion of "her Exeter," \* and his late proceedings, in which, you may believe, she was not very successful with the wary man.

The following letter contains the first notice of five lectures delivered at Winchester, which afterwards grew into the little book, "The Study of Words," now in its nineteenth edition :—

*To the Same.*

*Ilchenstoke.*

(End of February, 1845.)

I wrote a line yesterday to Burrows, saying that my subject would be "On Language as an Instrument of Knowledge"—a large title for such a lecture as I think to deliver.

*From* REV. F. D. MAURICE.

*Guy's.*

(March 5, 1845.)

The doctors have ordered us to remove to Hastings, I think as a last resource. However, I feel greatly strengthened to trust from day to day; it is only when I look a step beyond that I am quite cast down. This season of the year is strangely connected in our family history with calamities; but I wish to review the blessings of it, and to shake off any superstitious forebodings.

I have been thinking much lately of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and often wish that I could converse with you about the leading idea

\* Probably in the case of *Shore v. Barnes*, which attracted a good deal of attention at the time. Shore was Bishop Philpotts' secretary, and the case was one of a clergyman seceding from the Church and continuing his ministrations in an unconsecrated chapel, for which he was prosecuted by the Bishop, who gained the suit.

of it, and the way in which it most might be successfully developed in our day. I seem to see in it the reconciliation of a great many thoughts, now striving fiercely against each other, and that which would most correct our moral and theological weakness.

I have learned much from Bleek as to the criticism of the early part of the book, and am reading him with much interest. But a high apprehension of the object of the Epistle as a whole, and its relation to the other parts of Scripture, and to Christianity generally, seems to me to be wanting in him. I think there is much yet to be considered about the quotations from the Old Testament, and that the formula, "Is such and such a passage Messianic or no?" is a most inadequate way of stating the question.

*To ARCHDEACON HARE.*

*Itchenstoke,*

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON HARE,

*March 14, 1845.*

Do you chance to possess Schmieder's "Präliminarien zu einen gründlichen Rechtfertigung der biblischen Geschichte"? I do not know whether it may not be as disappointing as many another German book; but I have seen one or two references to it that make me desire to look at it before preaching my Hulsean Lectures, and, as in April the first four are to be delivered, it is now too late to obtain it from Germany. My subject is, "The Fitness of Scripture for the Education of Man an Evidence of its Divine Origin;" but, rich as the subject is, it does not unfold itself richly to me. Could you guide me to any guano islands? for I greatly desire something to fertilize my mind. I long to hear from dear Maurice that they have safely accomplished the journey to Hastings, but the dreadful pertinacity of this cold seems to render all moving just at present impossible. Grently do I fear that that mightiest of all griefs is in store for him, and even now not very far off, nor does he seem from his latest letters to think otherwise himself.

We all here are pretty well—as well, that is, as the cold, which is intense, will let us be; but all the pleasantness of the move has been darkened by the many sorrows of the time. My wife has just lost her sister-in-law, Lady Ashtown, of rapid decline, and Miss Trench, who has left us, that she may be of what comfort she can in the house of mourning, speaks of it as indeed a house of desolation.

The following letter contains the first modern notice of

the rhythm, part of which has become famous in its English dress as "Jerusalem the Golden."

TO ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.

*Itchenstoke,*

*March 14, 1845.*

Did I ever show you, or did you ever meet the enclosed lines? I found them in an old ascetic book, and never have seen them quoted. I send them on the chance; while, glorious as they are, they may have a thought of cheer for a very mournful time.\* Yours in truest affection and sympathy,

R. C. TRENCH.

The lines enclosed are as follows. It is interesting to know those chosen as especially glorious from the long "Rhythm" by one possessing a keen perception of what is best in poetry.

"CANTICUM DE GAUDIIS CÆLESTIBUS.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Astant Angelorum chori  
 Laudes cantant Creatori,  
 Regem cernunt in decore,  
 Clamant corde, laudant ore,  
 Tympanizant, citharizant  
 Volant alis, stant in scalis,  
 Sonant nolis, fulgent stolis  
 Coram summâ Trinitate,  
 Clamant, "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,"  
 Fugit dolor, cessat planctus  
 In supremâ civitate.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cives hujus civitatis  
 Veste nitent castitatis,  
 Legem tenent caritatis  
 Firmum pactum unitatis.  
 Non laborant, nil ignorant;  
 Non tentantur, nec vexantur;  
 Semper sani, semper læti,  
 Cunctis bonis sunt repleti."

Archdeacon Wilberforce records in his diary, under date of March 28, 1845: "Whilst at dinner with Trench, etc., a

\* The fourth anniversary of Mrs. Wilberforce's death.



messenger came from Sir R. Peel with offer of Deanery of Westminster. Much perplexed by it. Greatly disposed to refuse it." From the following letter, undated, it seems that his friend shared in his doubts.

*To ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.*

MY DEAREST WILBERFORCE, (March 29,\* 1845.)

Would you write to dear Maurice? Doubtless you could speak to him many things of strength and comfort. I have been thinking over and over this δῶρον ἄδωρον of Peel's, and more things seem in its favour than at first. For, first, it *may* give you, though indeed this is doubtful, some alleviation of labour which is certainly now too great; and though it is our part and business to be used up, yet, at the same time, we may be used up faster than we ought. And then I do not think I at all estimated at the first what you might be, being at the springs and sources of power in London, and brought there continually in contact with our more influential laity. With gifts like yours, this, it seems to me, might be invaluable.

May the Lord the Counsellor guide you to that wherein you will be most blessed yourself, and the largest blessing to the Church.

*To his Wife.*

*Hurstmonceux,*

*Wednesday (1845).*

I found dear Maurice sadly worn and thin, but showing all that all who know him would have expected of the simple and noble grandeur and beauty of his character. He even talks cheerfully of many things, and we speak of her and of all that has passed since last I saw him. Mrs. Augustus Hare and her sister, Mrs. Powell, are here, and all that love and affection can do for healing the unhealable is done for him. He proposes to leave Guy's, not for his own sake, for he would face it willingly, but for his children.

*To ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.*

*Mattishall, East Dereham.*

MY DEAREST WILBERFORCE, (April 15, 1845.)

Your letter after many wanderings reached me here this morning. I am here on a visit, after eleven years' interval, to my

\* Archdeacon Wilberforce wrote on this same day to his friend, saying that he had accepted the Deanery of Westminster.

friend Donne, whose house I left full and returned to empty. The whole scenery of the place—its rookery, its flat meadows, its garden walls—comes back to me, and revives upon my mind with an infinite sadness—one which gives me just a guess what such scenes must be to others who have a greater right to be sad. Donne is cheerful, externally often in high spirits ; however, the deeper fountains of his joy are evidently drawn dry.

Our friend Maurice returns to his work at Guy's and King's today. Even he, with all the strength and simplicity of his faith, seemed evidently to shrink from these first days of renewed work, but he is as noble in suffering as in all else.

## CHAPTER XIV.

1845-1855.

“ And when we gave yet slighter heed  
Unto our brother's suffering need,  
Our hearts reproached us then  
Not half so much as now, that we  
With such a careless eye can see  
The woes and wants of men.”

R. C. T.

“ I AM very anxious that you should hear from me direct, that it has pleased God I should be called to the high and perilous office of a Bishop,” Archdeacon Wilberforce wrote on October 15, 1845, to his late curate, adding, “ I beseech you, true and dearest friend, that you pray for me as you have never prayed before.” \* On October 24 he wrote to him, earnestly asking him to accept the office of his examining chaplain.†

*To ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE.*

*Itchenstoke,*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

*October 29, 1845.*

Yours of the 24th, after a weary wandering in many directions, at length reached me this morning. Greatly should I at once delight and tremble at the work which you offer me ; but know not how I can accept it, and for this reason—that it seems to me (apart from all sense of deepest personal insufficiencies) that you certainly ought not to have a Cambridge man in your present position for your examining chaplain ; that it would very considerably aggravate your difficulties ; and that the world, knowing something of your love to me, and also feeling that in the natural course of things you would

\* “ Life of Bishop Wilberforce,” vol. i. p. 276.

† Ibid., p. 312.

not have gone to Cambridge for your examining chaplain, may take this as a hint that friendship or kinship, and not fitness, are to sway you, as they sway so many. I wish, therefore, that you would most earnestly reconsider your offer. I am sure an Oxford man, such as I doubt not is to be found, would carry *far greater weight* than one from our non-theological university, not to speak of the little jealousies that might be felt at such an one occupying the position, and that a man who has not read Aristotle is hardly fit to examine Oxford men on anything. I cannot say how much I feel in putting back your offer; but you know enough of me to be sure that I do it in earnest, and that, if your second thoughts fall in with mine, I shall yet esteem the kindness and confidence which dictated the offer at as high a rate (and that is the very highest) as I did before. If, however, you still bid me to undertake the work, I shall infinitely rejoice to render you even the feeblest help in the great task that God has put upon you.

The Bishop's reply made it impossible for his friend not to accept the office.

Bishop Wilberforce notes in his diary on "Tuesday, December 16" (1845), "Off for Cuddesdon, Trench meeting me at Reading. Arrived at Cuddesdon, evening. Preparing for Ordination." He had detailed his plans for having the candidates with him, lodging them either in the palace or the village, in a letter to Miss Noel of December 12, and added, "Having Trench with me will be a great comfort to me."

*To his Wife.*

*Cuddesdon Palace,*

*December 18, 1845.*

I am writing in a room where not a word is spoken, but forty pens are going as hard as they can. Our young men are some very poor, and some very good. I think the Bishop will be obliged to advise one or two to withdraw; at least, till a future ordination. The awful responsibility of having to decide on some of the cases which come before him is enough to take away from any man the desire of being a Bishop; at least, if I had even had such a desire strong, what I have seen in these two days would, I think, quite have cured me. Our work is very hard. The day after my arrival I was employed in preparing questions from after breakfast till twelve at night, with two short half-hours interval; and yesterday, as the finish

of not a very early day, we—the Bishop, the archdeacon, and myself—adjourned to the Bishop's study at ten, and were employed in looking over papers till half-past two in the morning; and at least the same amount of work is before us to-day.

The palace here is something between a very large farmhouse and an old-fashioned inn; not a sixpence on anything above barest needs seems ever to have been spent on it. There is rather a pretty garden, and a very nice church close at hand. Will you be mindful of us on Sunday, and the solemn work?

*To the Same.*

*The Palace, Cuddesdon,*

*December 19, 1845.*

Our work has just come to an end, though there is yet much to be done on the part of the Bishop. On the whole, I have been much pleased with the answering, and the general tone and spirit of the young men. May there be also the sevenfold anointing of the Spirit.

I like my colleague, Archdeacon Clerke, very much. He has not the slightest trace of any, the smallest, jealousy at finding the *direction* of the work taken altogether out of his hands by the Bishop, and the *conduct* of it shared by a new and much younger man than himself, and we have got on most pleasantly together. I must finish now, as the Bishop is just about to deliver his charge.

*To the Same.*

*Cuddesdon Palace,*

*December 20, 1845.*

Our examinations are drawing close to the end, and, I am most thankful to say, but with a single rejection, and on the part of a great number of the candidates with very much to thank God for, and to be greatly hopeful for much blessing on their work. There are fifty young men around me from whom life or death are to go forth upon the people of God. I am much anxious about to-morrow, and feel that I have a very poor and weak word to give them.

Remember this Ember Week, and the grace which we are now incited specially to ask.

My Hulseans are not yet out, through stupid blunders in forwarding the proofs; and the most favourable opportunity for them is quite past, but perhaps they may still have some sale or other.

To the BISHOP OF OXFORD.

Itchenstoke,

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

December 26, 1845.

I was little satisfied with myself for having left you last Monday in the care of almost strangers, however kind, and am still less so now that I find how much more serious the matter was than you suffered me to know, though indeed I ought to have guessed about it. Wonderful, indeed, are His dealings, who, with any great opportunities of serving Him, so often gives thorns in the flesh, that these powers of doing a great work for Him may be thoroughly sanctified, and prove indeed a blessing, not only to others, but to them also to whom such perilous gifts are entrusted; and I do indeed see in all this fresh auguries of some great good that Christ would impart to His Church by your hands. I am rejoiced to think that you are now at the Deanery, and in such tender and loving care.

I liked the charge exceedingly, or, to speak more truly, humbled myself under it greatly, and under the sad consciousness of the pastoral shortcomings of a life, infinite in number, which it brought so vividly before my eyes. Perhaps more impressive sermons *from yourself* I may have heard, though scarcely from any one else; but that, too, was calculated to make a deep impression, and I should rejoice in seeing them both printed and published. I thought, in hearing the sermon, there was an "us" which ought to have been "ourselves." It occurred immediately before the place where you spoke of the Church wielding a spiritual, and not magical, power.

I found all well on my return; and after many Christmases of late, whose joy has been dashed with deepest sadness, the mercies of the present filled full my heart with thankfulness and praise.

You have heard, I suppose, later accounts of Isaac Williams' state. How many summonses to the doing of our outer and inner work with our might!

"Notes on the Miracles of our Lord," which reached the thirteenth edition in 1886, was published in 1846. In February, 1846, Mr. Trench accepted the post, which he held until 1858, of Professor of Divinity at King's College, London. The title of this professorship was changed in January, 1854, to that of "Professor of the Exegesis of the New Testament."

To the BISHOP OF OXFORD.

*Itchenstoke,*

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

*January 13, 1846.*

I am extremely obliged for the charge and sermon, which I am most glad to possess for yet higher reasons than that they remind me of those most pleasant days spent at Cuddesdon.

I am trying to get my book on the Miracles out of hand this month, that I may have two clear months for the Cambridge lectures, which will be little enough. It is the fruit of so many laborious hours, many pleasant and some anxious, that I cannot look with indifference to the acceptance which it may find. The passing it through the press keeps now my hands pretty full.

To the Same.

*Itchenstoke,*

*January 20, 1846.*

I should like greatly to get your counsel about my Hulseans for next year, which as yet are untouched, but about which I must set in earnest at the beginning of next month, when I hope to be free from my present work.

I *believe* I should like very much such a work as you suggest ; \* that is, if I could persuade myself that I had any fitness for it. I do not know as yet what residence in London it would require, which, of course, would be an element in a decision.

Bishop Wilberforce tried, as soon as it was possible, to get his friend into his own diocese ; for, in an undated letter, the latter writes to the bishop : "I thank you very greatly for the kindness which made you wish, above all, that I should be the gainer by this first piece of the new patronage which has fallen to you. Yet, on the whole, I believe that it would be wiser for me to decline it, and it makes me happy to think it will be still in your hands for some one who needs preferment, it may be, far more than I do."

To ARCHDEACON HARE.

*Itchenstoke,*

*February 11, 1846.*

I am greatly hoping that you can put me upon some profitable tracks for my Hulseans of the present year, which, I am sorry to

\* The Professorship of Divinity at King's College.

say, I am only just beginning. I have been so much longer than I expected in getting my "Notes on the Miracles" through the press, which I trust to have the pleasure of sending you in a few days, that I have been thrown unduly back in my other work; and my subject is one which requires considerable reading—indeed, a great deal more than it has any chance of obtaining. I believe the title of the lectures will be, "Christ, the Desire of all Nations; or, The Unconscious Prophecies of Heathendom;" the purpose of them being to trace the dumb yearnings of the anterior world after the revelation of the Son of God; not necessarily confining myself to the world anterior in *time*, but the yearning of everything *without* Christianity for that which is in it. One of my especial desires would be to lead the young men to connect their Greek and Latin studies with their Christian thoughts and feelings, and to trace the Christological element which there is in all heathen literature and mythology. Can you name to me any suggestive books? Maurice has promised to lend to me those which he obtained from you, as soon as he has written his next lecture; indeed, he wanted to lend them to me before. Have you Ackermann's book, "Der Christliche im Plato"? I do not expect from it a great deal, but should like to have the opportunity of consulting it. I possess Creuzer.

If you have heard very lately from Maurice, perhaps he may have told you that I am likely to have the great felicity of being a coadjutor of his in the work which is about to begin at King's. I have very little expectation that I shall be able to do my part of the work with satisfaction either to myself or to others; indeed, it seems likely in every way to exceed my strength.

*To the Same.*

*King's College,  
June, 1846.*

The Bishop of Oxford has made a good speech in the House of Lords on the Corn Law. There was a considerable attempt to interrupt and put him out, especially by the Duke of Richmond, which he put back with infinite readiness, and perhaps with a little too much keenness. However, they now know their man, and I do not think any one of them will attempt the thing again.\*

\* Of this speech, Mr. Anson, Prince Albert's private secretary, wrote to the Bishop, June 15, 1846, "I think the House will be very much afraid of you, and that peers, lay and clerical, will think twice before they venture to attack you. . . . But I think it (your talent and your facility of sending home a *personal* shaft)



From REV. J. KEBLE.

Hursley,

February 23, 1847.

I am trying to put down my thoughts on one or two important matters, and I find that I came across a view which I am told is held by yourself among others, viz. that Bishop Butler's principles are not applicable to the *practical guidance* of persons, touching controversies *within the Church*, although (as I understand) they are not disallowed as *between Christianity and unbelief*. I have been trying to imagine how this should be, and cannot at all make it out. A few words from you might perhaps greatly help me, if you could spare the time; though I am ashamed to add to your many engagements. Perhaps your view may be somewhere in print, in which case you would kindly refer me to it.

Two more things I ought perhaps to add. 1. That it is for others' satisfaction, not my own, that I am entertaining this question, not perceiving the difficulty myself; and, 2. that it occurs to me as possible that you may not like to write hastily on your view, or to expose it to premature criticism. In short, I can imagine plenty of reasons why you might think it best to decline entering into it just in this way; and I can only beg earnestly that you will have no scruple in doing so should you see cause.

The letters which follow, concerning the famine in Ireland, need no comment:—

*To his Father.*

*Itchenstoke.*

MY DEAR FATHER,

(April 1, 1847.)

As I have not heard from you, it seems to me very possible that you did not receive my letter which I wrote on Monday.

I am wishing to see with my own eyes how my poor tenants at Ballybarney fare, and also hope that on my return I may be of some assistance to Frederic of Cloughjordan\* in his manful endeavour to stay the desolating progress of the famine, in a region where others have too lightly believed that nothing could be done to arrest it. I send a copy of his letter which I had reprinted here, which on all

a little dangerous. Those men, like the Protectionist Duke and ———, will never forgive the way you showed them up."

\* Rev. Frederic Fitzwilliam Trench, Rector of Cloughjordan, co. Tipperary, died in 1869. His father and Archbishop Trench's father were brothers.

accounts it well deserves, as it is far the most graphic, and also, alas ! far the most dreadful picture of the realities of the famine which has yet come under my eyes. I am collecting for him, and have already got him some help ; for though we all have given and given again, yet, while such horrible need exists, there is need that we have still an open hand. His strong practical good sense, which is abundantly testified by this letter, gives good assurance that any moneys committed to him will be efficiently laid out. Very gladly shall I be the bearer to him of any effectual assistance. I mean to be (D.V.) an eye-witness of what he is accomplishing at Skull.

I sent to you an interesting letter of Thomas'.\* On the whole, I am glad that the outdoor relief clause is carried.

*To the Same.*

*Itchenstoke.*

(1847.)

Many thanks for your kind word of warning in regard to my visit to Ireland. I shall not certainly put myself needlessly in the way of any danger. But I cannot think my visit will be without use ; on the contrary, I have already found not inconsiderable sums placed in my hands so soon as it was found that I should be myself the bearer of them, and am an eye-witness in some degree of the manner in which they were laid out. Already I have had £150 committed to me, which would not, I believe, else have been given. This, doubled, as it will be, by a Government grant, will be the saving of many lives. And, under the circumstances, I cannot refuse incurring what danger there is, and, with fair precautions, I do not think it great, and trust of God's mercy to be preserved from it. On all sides Frederic's letter is calling out the deepest sympathy, and on many most liberal gifts. I hope to write something on my return which may be of service.

*To his Wife.*

*Dublin,*

*Easter Tuesday (April 6), 1847.*

Thus far I have arrived, having had a prosperous journey. I met Lord Monteagle and one or two other intelligent men, members of Parliament, Quakers on missions of charity to Ireland, etc., on board the packet ; and we had a good deal of interesting talk yesterday evening on the state of things, and I learned much from them. I was

\* His first cousin, Thomas Trench, of Millecent, co. Kildare ; died in 1851.

a good deal interested by the number of Englishmen, many of high rank and station, that have gone over to Ireland to carry out the plans of the British Relief Association—volunteer and, of course, unpaid agents. A brother of Lord Lincoln's is one ; another an ex-officer of the Guards, conceived by all to be a mere man about town, but who has turned out a most efficient man of business. Some of them are stationed in the worst places, so that you must not think of me as thrusting myself alone into the danger, if there be any such. I met a young Quaker who had not very long since returned from Schull—before, however, F—— had gone there. He had sounded the depths of individual misery in a way in which I shall not at all feel myself called on to do, and told me the precautions, which were indeed simple and obvious enough, which he had used. One useful hint I got from him, viz. to carry a bottle of eau de Cologne with me. But I do not feel any fear ; and that, with God's preserving care, is better than all. Indeed, I doubt not that I have often gone through, in the back courts of Gosport, far more peril of contagion than all to which I shall be here exposed. Perhaps I am wrong to write thus much on the matter, but I do so that you may not think me reckless upon it.

*To the Same.*

*Cloughjordan.*

*(April, 1847.)*

I started yesterday morning from Leixlip. Met again Lord Mont-eagle in the coach. We had a pleasant journey to Roscrea, from whence I took car to Cangort.

I have just been to see the Cloughjordan eating-house—on the whole very well managed, and where they feed four or five hundred persons with as much of a mixture of rice and Indian corn as they can eat. There is no mark here on the countenance of the people of hunger, nor have I seen a haggard or famine-stricken countenance anywhere yet. They are rather worse clothed than usual, and are all, in fact, living upon charity ; but one would not know here by the mere aspect which the people present that it was so. In the whole country through which I have passed the accounts of the non-cultivation of the soil are utterly untrue. I never saw greater activity in preparation for the spring crops. Frederic has cheerful accounts from his agents at Schull, of whom he has several already at work. Five eating-houses are now going actively forward. I hope to open one or two more, and generally to have an oversight of all that is

done during the two or three days that I shall be in the neighbourhood. As it seems to me that by Frederic and his agents the depth of the distress has been sufficiently probed, I shall not occupy myself with this, but rather in the most rapid possible organization of the remedies. You will not fail to ask, dearest, and to ask earnestly, that the Lord may give to your husband wisdom and grace and love, and a journey that shall not have been in vain, and a prosperous return to all whom he loves. I start for Schull this afternoon. Limerick is my point to-night. From that I get on to Cork, a short journey, to-morrow. Both of these cities I shall very gladly see, and next day by pretty good time I shall hope to find myself at the place of action. Frederic says that nothing can be more magnificent than much of the scenery, which will to me very greatly take off from the length of the way.

*To the Same.*

*Cork,*

*Friday (April, 1847).*

I left Frederic's yesterday afternoon, taking a car to Nenagh, no sets down in private carriages being now to be had, as everybody is using their horses for harrowing, etc., that they may give as much employment as possible; Uncle John, for instance, having dug his lawn up to the door, and Frederic being engaged in the same way. At Nenagh I seemed first to come within the region of a distress which actually met the eye of the traveller, though even there not very strongly. There were somewhat more, and more clamorous, beggars, and, alas! some evidently hungry children. For two or three or more of them I got a loaf, though it required some art to do so undetected by the old hands, by whom one would have been mobbed had any giving inclinations been discovered in one, and for this they would have had abundant time, as the coach kept us waiting very nearly three hours. English coaches do not do this; but the book-keeper at Nenagh seemed to consider it rather a feat and an accomplishment on the part of his coach, observing, with considerable glee, to me two or three times, "The coach rather late to-day, sir."

At eight we started, and three and a half very cold hours on the top of the coach (there was no inside place) brought us at length safely to Limerick, where I found a good inn, and a landlord who seemed to know the family, as his observance, which was not deficient before, grew greatly when he discovered my name. About

six or seven hours brought me here to-day—a frightful place, armies of beggars, men, women, and children, two or three at the door of every shop, troops of them moving up and down the street. But the inhabitants seem to think nothing of it, and go about their pleasure and business as if there were no such miserable spectacle before their eyes. In an out-of-the-way street I saw a miserable man, apparently in extremities of weakness, totally unable to move, and a picture of famine. He was in the way of being cared for—food brought him, and the police sent for to remove him to the hospital—before I left.

*To the Same.*

*Schull,*

*Saturday night.*

You see that I date from this region of a bitter misery, but one which may, I trust, of God's mercy, be a little alleviated by the efforts which now are making for its relief. It was not till we reached Ballydehob that the extremity of this misery became visible. Skibbereen, which we passed through on our way, had the appearance of a flourishing place by comparison with Ballydehob and this village. Death-stricken children in the street, men lying down a little out of the path in extremities of sickness and weakness and hunger, are common sights. Here I must tell you that none of the upper classes—none, that is, but the very poorest (for upper class can hardly be said to exist)—are attacked with the fever; nor is it of itself of a malignant character, so that, even of these poor, those who get the most ordinary care recover. Many do not get this care, and die.

But I must rather tell you of what Frederic has been enabled to accomplish. Five eating-houses are already in full operation, at which about sixteen hundred are fed daily—a large number, but hardly one in ten of those that need. To-morrow, however, we open another at Ballydehob (it will be my Sunday's service), and I hope on Monday a seventh. When I have so much to tell, you may wonder that I tell so little; but I have been hard at work since my arrival here, making arrangements for to-morrow and the next day, and it is now near one o'clock, with the prospect of rising before six, so that I know I shall do what will please you best in bidding you good night. How anxious I am to hear: and yet find, there being no post to this place, that I shall not do so till Monday, not having yet once heard since I left home. How greatly I long to know of you all; and chiefly of you, as not over-anxious about me. Nobody here

seems to have the slightest anxiety, or even thought about personal danger, from their position as doctors or clergymen. Dr. Traill is ill, but of weakness and anxieties more than anything else.

*To the Same.*

*Cork,*

*April 14, 1847.*

I have just received with great delight a bundle of letters from you. Thank God that you are all well. I can say the same of myself, though to-day, when the excitement of the work has ceased, I find myself out of all measure tired. Indeed, the work which we went through during my three days' residence at Schull was immense—from earliest morning to latest night. Something was certainly done, by God's great mercy, through my visit. I think the eating-houses already established on my arrival took in about fifteen hundred persons; before I went away they included, mostly in actual operation, and others to be founded in a day or two, nearly three thousand persons. Bringing the tidings of new and large funds, I was able to bid the agent to proceed boldly, and by our united energies we effected a great deal.

I have taken notes of all that I have seen, perhaps to publish, at any rate for you; but it is far too much for a letter.

Mr. Trench returned to England towards the end of April. One of his letters to his wife from London is endorsed by her, "Fever had begun when written."

*To his Wife.*

*London.*

*(End of April, 1847.)*

I have not kept the improvement of yesterday, and it would be a comfort to me if you would come up to-morrow. I have some febrile symptoms, but all, the doctor declares, of the very mildest kind. My father has been to talk to him. I wish much now I had not too hastily unsaid what my father had said, but I was unwilling to give you, and trust shall not now give you any alarm.

The famine fever had taken hold on him, the more severely from the profound and harrowing sympathy for the sufferings he witnessed, which only such a nature as his can itself suffer

from. He was stricken down at his friend F. D. Maurice's house in London, and for several days his life hung in the balance.

*From the* BISHOP OF OXFORD *to* HON. MRS. R. C. TRENCH.

*Monday Morning,*

*May 10, 1847.*

I was indeed filled with overflowing gratitude to God at hearing yesterday from Dr. Grey that he thought my dearest friend had passed favourably the crisis of his fever. Many thanksgivings mingled with my prayers for him. I hope you can report continued improvement.

Ever believe me to be, my dear Mrs. Trench, most affectionately yours,

S. OXON.

By the end of May Mr. Trench had recovered sufficiently to return to Itchenstoke, from whence he writes to Archdeacon Hare of "day by day gathering strength, though by almost imperceptible accessions," and of surprise at finding "recovery to be so difficult a thing."

*To* ARCHDEACON HARE.

*Itchenstoke,*

*June 8, 1847.*

I trust ere long to write to you on the subject of your letter, and to render you what small help I can in your difficult task.\* I send you in the meanwhile a small packet of letters of our dear friend. Others of a later period I hope to forward presently, though I grieve to think that the great divergence of our views in latter years almost quenched our correspondence, though it did not quench the affection of either to the other.

*To the* MARCHIONESS OF BATH.

*Itchenstoke,*

*July 13, 1847.*

Our dear infant is to be baptized, as we trust, next Sunday, and it would be a great joy to my wife and to myself if you would do us

\* The editing, with a memoir, of Sterling's literary remains, left by him to Archdeacon Hare for that purpose.

the honour to undertake for it the office of a sponsor. I know that in asking this we do not ask a little or a light thing, since for you the office would have a meaning and a significance which for many, with their views of Holy Baptism, it cannot possess. It is this, among many other reasons, which would make us specially rejoice if you would kindly accede to our request. It would always be to us a comforting and encouraging thought that the dear little one claimed a special place in your prayers, and would not, if need should arise, be without your word of instruction and advice.

We have been reading "From Oxford to Rome" with much interest. I understand from the Bishop of Oxford that it is entirely what it professes to be—the work of a lady, an actual convert to Rome. I do not imagine that, after having written it, she will have a very easy or comfortable position in her new Church, and it certainly shows a remarkable amount of courage and love of truth to have dared it. I hear there is a very interesting review of it in the *Quarterly* by Gladstone.

*To his Wife.*

*Cuddesdon Palace,*

*December 18, 1847.*

Examinations have gone on satisfactorily, nor will the Bishop, I think, be obliged to send away any of the candidates.

He has received a letter this morning from the Palace, that is, from Anson, stating the general expectation there that the Hampden business will overthrow the present Government. He made a last effort yesterday to find a peaceful solution of the matter; and, as Hampden's Bishop, forwarded to him propositions which, if he will sign, all opposition to his appointment will cease. They require no acknowledgment of past error, but only the confession of present truth, and the withdrawal of the Bampton Lectures from circulation, not as thereby being understood to admit any erroneous teaching in them, but because to his Bishop, and to a great body of the Church, they have seemed to contain such. The Bishop forwarded at the same time a copy of this letter to Lord John Russell, and I am not without hope that the latter may urge Hampden to come into terms which will satisfy the whole body of Remonstrants, and containing nothing humiliating for him. This seems to me possible, since they, *i.e.* the Government, have certainly now, for the second time, "had enough of Hampden."



To Archdeacon Hare Mr. Trench writes on October 30, asking him if he had certain German books on Latin Hymnology, and adds :—

I am meditating a small volume of the best Latin hymns, and other sacred Latin poetry, selected and arranged for the use of members of our Church, that is, containing such matter, and such only, as we can heartily and entirely go along with.

Have you seen any review of Daniel's "*Thesaurus Hymnologicus*"? As I grow more acquainted with it, I have various misgivings about his text, and indeed about his trustworthiness in many matters. I have got hold of an early collection of Adam of St. Victor's Hymns, which fill me with an ever-increasing admiration. Any suggestions and hints I shall most thankfully receive, and some day, when you can have me, I shall ask to bring my papers with me to Hurstmonceux, for I already see that there will be very many points on which I shall greatly need a judgment on which I can entirely rely.

*To ARCHDEACON HARE.*

*Itchenstoke,*

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON HARE,

*January 7, 1848.*

I write a few lines in answer to your letter, though they must needs be hasty, as I write in the midst of many deepest anxieties and coming sorrows, which are already casting their shadows before them. One of our dear children, Philip,\* is lying, with but slight hope of recovery, in malignant scarlet fever, and with a disease like this we know not how far the sorrow may reach, and whether we may not presently stand amid a half-desolated household. However, we are enabled to feel as yet that, be the issues what they will, we are in the hands of a merciful Father. To other anxieties are added a profoundest fear lest we may not have entangled dear Frederic † in our sorrow. Edmund was yesterday unwell, too unwell to leave this ; to-day he is better, and Frederic and his children leave us in a hour or two—may God grant bearing away with them no seeds of disease. Doubtless you will hear from him immediately on his return to town.

\* He died the same day. Born August 29, 1843.

† F. D. Maurice.

*To the Same.*

*Itchenstoke,*

*July 22, 1848.*

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON HARE,

Do you chance to possess a copy of a selection of Balde's Latin poems which Orelli published some years since? Strangely enough, it is wanting in all the great public libraries. I could not, when I made proof of the poems, bring myself up to Herder's or A. W. Schlegel's enthusiasm about the Bavarian Jesuit;\* but one poem, on the death of some Austrian princess who died in childhood, struck me very deeply—a sort of dirge, or dance of death, which none but a very considerable poet could have written; and I want also to see what Orelli has selected as the best among his compositions. That one, if on second acquaintance it at all shows as it did upon first, I should like to find room for in my volume.

Who is it from Brighton that has published those letters of J. Sterling? I had only time for a most hasty glance at them at the club, and, as far as I saw, was thankful that there was nothing in them *more* exaggerated or *more* likely to give pain.

To the Bishop of Oxford Mr. Trench wrote, in the remembrance which the new year recalled of the death of his first-born and of his infant son Philip:—

*January 1, 1849.*

We are living over again these first days of the year, with their double sadness of last year and of eight years ago. Oh if these times had but yielded to us, or would yet yield, all those "peaceful fruits" which it was so graciously intended they should have for us.

In the preface to "Sacred Latin Poetry," dated "Itchenstoke, January 1849," Mr. Trench writes of "anxious and laborious hours," which the preparation of the volume had cost him, during the year or two previous to its publication; but none of his literary labours can have been more congenial to him. He writes as if inspired by the mystic air of the garden where he was seeking flowers for his garland, where Theology, Words in their mysterious meaning and power, and Poetry, acting and reacting one upon the other, created an atmosphere in which his spirit was at freedom, in which he could tell how "heaven had been opened," and how

\* Balde.

"henceforward the mystical element of modern poetry demanded its rights; vaguer but vaster thoughts craving to find the harmonies to which they might be married for ever."

In this volume appeared part of the poem of "Bernard of Clugny," which the late Dr. Neale has made famous by his translations. It had fallen into oblivion, and was unknown even to Dr. Neale, until mentioned to him by Mr. Trench. The following note in the second edition of "Sacred Latin Poetry," is appended to lines 45-58, beginning

"Urbs Syon aurea, patria lactea, cive decora."

"In these lines the reader will recognize the original of that lovely hymn which, within the last few years, has been added to those already possessed by the Church. A new hymn which has won such a place in the affections of Christian people as has 'Jerusalem the Golden' is so priceless an acquisition, that I must needs rejoice to have been the first to recall from oblivion the poem which yielded it. Dr. Neale, as is known, no doubt, to many of my readers, in his 'Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix on the Heavenly Country,' London, 1859, has translated a large portion of the poem."

*To his Wife.*

*Cuddesdon Palace,*

*Thursday [1849?].*

We had a pleasant breakfast at Milnes'—Sir Henry Inglis, Gladstone, Stanley, and others, and a good deal of interesting conversation. Our Bishop here thinks that Gladstone is the inevitable future prime minister of England, of which I very much doubt. Poor Lord John nobody believes can hold on much longer.

*To the BISHOP OF OXFORD.*

*Itchenstoke.*

*[Easter, 1849.]*

I have had no opportunity of speaking to you for some time about your present views on the proposed alteration of the marriage laws, and the authority by which it is proposed to carry out the change. I have considerably more repugnance to the change than I had a year ago, and have indeed made up my mind to sign a

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memorial against it, which will go up from some of the clergy of this diocese. The matter is, I believe, to be brought on by Keble at our archidiaconal gathering next week.

Dear Maurice is to be married this summer to Georgiana Hare, half-sister of the archdeacon. She was the dearest friend of his deceased wife, a bond of attraction and of innermost sympathy, which I can entirely understand. It was, I believe, *her* wish that so it should be.

*To his Wife.*

*Bradfield,*

*June 12, 1851.*

I finished the "Scarlet Letter" yesterday, sitting up under its spell last night till near two. The book is most truly moral, as it is of deepest interest, but will not at all do for M——'s reading. The "Scarlet Letter" is itself an A, which an adulteress in one of the early Puritan States of North America is compelled to wear upon her bosom always. I almost doubt whether the book should have been written; at least, whether the same expenditure of the author's genius might not have produced as good and profitable a book with a less shocking theme.

*To his Father.*

*Itchenstoke,*

MY DEAR FATHER,

*Monday [November, 1852].*

My little volume on "Proverbs" \* is printing, and I hope to send you a copy of it in ten days or a fortnight.

We had good places at St. Paul's †—not, of course, among the best, but much superior to many—and saw well. The scene was immeasurably grand; but what struck me more than anything was the first view of London and all its living multitudes in the early grey dawn. Tennyson's ode has less of his peculiarities than much of his other poetry, and is well worth reading.

*To REV. FRANCIS TRENCH.*

*Cuddesdon Palace,*

*December 16, 1852.*

I read Niebuhr's Life some months ago with very great interest; but if you had fallen in with one or two letters in it which

\* "Lessons on Proverbs" was published in 1852; "The Study of Words," of which there have been nineteen editions, was published in 1851.

† For the Duke of Wellington's funeral.

contain his confession of faith, or rather of non-faith, you would have been still more dissatisfied with it in this aspect than at a first glance you were. But, strangely enough, he was strongly desirous that his children should be earnest Christians. Of the men who have come short in the greatest thing of all, he belonged to the noblest order and type.

To REV. J. M. NEALE, D.D.

Itchenstoke,

January 17, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR,

I shall very gladly receive any criticisms which you can afford time to make upon my little book. Will you also help me to give a little more completeness in a future edition to my rhymed and other metrical proverbs in the appendix.

I have no doubt that the allusion in the words underlined of your Greek sequence is to Habakkuk iii. 3 : 'Ο Θεὸς ἐκ Θαιμὰν ἤξει, καὶ ὁ ἅγιος ἐξ ὄρου κατασκίου δασέος. Cf. Aug., "De Civ. Dei," l. 18, c. 32, *in initio*, where the prophetic character of the words is recognized, and their reference to the Incarnation. Believe me, my dear sir, most truly yours,

RICHARD C. TRENCH.

Since writing the above, I have met another allusion to the words—Greg. M., "Mor.," 33, c. 1. He, like Augustine, finds the prophetic Scriptures as the *thick and shady mountain* from which the Saviour came forth ; and although, from the position of the words in your hymn, I was first inclined to understand the B. V. M. as the *mountain*, yet I now believe that his application of the words is the same. If *alverós*, and not *ἅγιος*, is certainly the right reading, and I do not see any reason to doubt it, I should understand the word to express the glorious things which were spoken in praise of the Son of God, in those saints which went before concerning him.

To his Son.\*

Itchenstoke,

April 2, 1853.

It seems to me very long, and I dare say is very long, since I have written to you ; but have determined to-day that it shall not be longer. Freddy and Charlie come home next week, and I should be very glad if you, dear Richard, were with us as well. The boat has

\* Richard, born in 1836, died at Calcutta, May 27, 1862.

been gotten down to the water. This was needful, as it was cracking and drying up, and Charon's boat, which I think is described as a *rimosa cymba*, could scarcely have been leakier than it when it was first replaced in our Styx. Now, however, it is more water-tight, and will ferry over with safety any happy souls to the Elysian regions of Ovington or elsewhere.

Next week will be Passion Week. Do not let it pass over altogether unobserved or unimproved. Observe it with some small self-denials imposed on yourself; improve it by trying to think oftener than at other times of Christ's sufferings for us. I do not know whether you go to daily service, but read over seriously and devoutly on each successive day of the week the Epistles and Gospels appointed for them; and may God bless you with His grace and favour.

*To the Same.*

*Itchenstoke,*

*April 4, 1853.*

I shall be glad to hear something about your confirmation, and when it is likely to take place. You will probably find some boys drawing near to it carelessly enough, but I trust many also with an earnest apprehension of the seriousness of the occasion—the true benefits and blessing which they may derive from it, approaching it as they ought. It may be said in two ways to deserve its name—first, because in it we *confirm* the promises already made by others for us with our own lips; and, secondly, because we trust and hope ourselves to be *confirmed* and strengthened through it in all good things. I pray God that it may be thus with you, my dear boy; that you may pass through that dangerous time of life on which you are now entering without gathering any of those serious stains and defilements which too many gather, and which are often for them a matter of sorrow and deep repentance for all their after-lives. May God of His grace keep you, that the wicked one may not touch you, that you may flee youthful lusts! Pray this for yourself—I trust often to pray it for you; and shall at this time especially keep you in my thoughts and my prayers with respect of that rite of Christ's holy Church which you are about to share in. Pray God that it may yield to you its full blessing.

Mr. C—— writes very good accounts of your industry; and though you were low in your class last month, you must not therefore be discouraged, as industry is the real key to all success; and I do

not doubt that you and A—— will pull together better soon. There are two little addresses by the Bishop of Oxford to the Eton lads on occasion of confirmation: get them, and I will pay you for them.

The history of Professor Maurice's troubles at King's College, to which the two following letters refer, has been fully given in his "Life," \* and also in Bishop Wilberforce's Life,† and it is only necessary here to say briefly, for the benefit of the few readers who may have forgotten the circumstances, that Maurice was at this time one of the Professors of Divinity at King's College. Early in 1853 he published a volume of Theological Essays, upon which Bishop Blomfield informed the Principal, Dr. Jelf, that while Maurice held his chair, he (the Bishop) could not continue to accept candidates for Holy Orders from the college. One of these essays, concerning the state of the final impenitent, was the chief cause of offence. That his friend believed there were reasonable grounds for alarm, and felt the peril of the teaching in the essays, is shown by the following letters. In the words of Dr. Liddon, to whom they have been submitted, "the general effect of the letters is to establish a broad theological distinction between him and Maurice." The distinction must have been broad to be so clearly expressed; for he felt very keenly the unfair "worrying of Maurice, set on foot by some of the more timid and ignorant lay members of the Council," as he expresses it in a letter to Bishop Wilberforce, "who, I suppose, have taken their cue from Croker's malignant and fraudulent article in the *Quarterly*, and other such sources." He felt also the truth of what Bishop Wilberforce said in a letter to Dr. Jelf, that nothing could be more important to a young society, such as King's College, "than that those who might become its ablest professors should feel that there is no danger of their being sacrificed to a mere popular cry,"‡ and he perceived that

\* Vol. ii. chap. v.

† Vol. ii. chap. v.

‡ "Life of Bishop Wilberforce," vol. ii. p. 209.

many members of the Council were allowing themselves, in his own words," to be again hounded on by Croker, the *Morning Post*, and such carrion to his attack,"\* so that, as Bishop Wilberforce wrote to Dr. Jelf, "it will be universally believed that Maurice is *sacrificed to the Record*." "Who will be a teacher there," Mr. Trench wrote, "who at least but one who veers to each popular breath, if it only needs a sufficiently vigorous and sustained cry on the part of *Records*, *Morning Posts*, and *Quarterlys* to make him a suspected man?"† "As far as I understand Maurice," he says in another letter,‡ "I do not consent to his interpretation of *eternal*; or at least it seems to me that Scripture teaches that there is such a thing as an everlasting destruction from the presence of God." "That Maurice's judges," to use Dr. Liddon's words, "however well meaning, were, many of them, timid and ignorant, was unhappily too true. I remember even Dr. Jelf's objecting to Maurice, that his teaching involved Prayers for the Dead. If it did, Maurice had the whole ancient Church behind him, and was doing us all a conspicuous service. But this, I fear, was only an inference from, or, at best, a subordinate feature—if it was a feature—of Maurice's teaching."§

Mr. Trench's admiration for the character of his early friend, and strong sense of the unfair manner of the attack, gives the more strength to his decided words of dissent from his teaching—words far more decided and distinct than those of Bishop Wilberforce.

In one of a series of articles on "Contemporary Preachers," which appeared in the *Churchman's Magazine*, July, 1857, the writer says, in a slight review of "Five Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge," in November, 1856:—

"In the fourth sermon, entitled 'Christ the True Vine,' the fellowship and unity of life between Christ and His members is brought out with much beauty and power of thought; and finally, in the last sermon, the day of revelation,

\* Letter to Bishop of Oxford of Nov. 25, 1853.

† Ibid.

‡ To Bishop of Oxford, November 9, 1853.

§ Letter of Dr. Liddon, July 18, 1887.



when Christ shall appear as 'Judge of all men,' is presented in all the glory of the hope which animates the true, the faithful Christian, as well as in all the fearfulness of its terrible majesty; and in connection with this subject, the preacher glances at the denial of the eternity of punishment, which, some time ago, was put forth from one of the Divinity chairs of King's College, and takes occasion to express his dissent from the views so broached:—

“There are indeed who see a light breaking even for them whom that day shall enfold in its darkness; and far, far off, the faint glimmering of another dawn for them beyond the blackness and darkness which shall encompass them now. I cannot see it in God's Word, but, on the contrary, very much which excludes it; which proclaims that for them who reject the gospel of His grace, there remaineth, when once their day of grace has ended, no other sacrifice for sin than that which they have wilfully despised and rejected; and, to my mind, our life would lose much of its solemn earnestness, its awful meaning, if I did not believe that within those brief limits which shut it in on either side, the issues of eternity were being decided, and we making our choice, that choice which must be ours for ever; choosing for God, or choosing against Him; to be ever with Christ, or to be ever separated from Him;—if I did not feel, brethren, that within these narrow lists, which yet are not too narrow for this great decision, everything must be gained, or everything be lost.”

*To the BISHOP OF OXFORD.*

*Itchenstoke,*

*August 12, 1853.*

I have just returned home after two days' absence, and found your letter with its enclosures, which I return.

I am deeply concerned to find that Maurice's theological troubles have again commenced, though I am beginning to be out of hopes that he will ever enjoy more than a temporary lull. His book had been some time on my table, but I had reserved the reading of it to a later day. Since, however, I received yours, I have turned to the pages which the Bishop and Humphrey indicate, and have read them,

but very hastily. The first thing which I would observe about them is the broad distinction between statements of his and of the modern universalists, in that they affirm that all men may, or indeed must, be saved; he that some, who have not embraced Christ here, may yet embrace him in a state of further probation after death. He does not deny, as indeed none but the shallowest thinker could, the possibility of the eternal resistance of the creature to the will of its God, which, of course, could not be other than eternal woe. Furthermore, I suppose none of us would deny, with 1 Peter iii. 19, 20; iv. 6, before us, and the interpretation of these passages which many of the Church's orthodox teachers have upheld, that for those who have not in this present time had Christ and His salvation offered to them, who therefore cannot have rejected it—for all these it is quite conceivable that the true crisis of their spiritual life shall be in the Hades world, and not here; that *for all these* there will be a much more eventful period than we generally assume; and a great deal of what Maurice has said amounts to no more than this. I am not content with those statements. I think Maurice's righteous desire to meet antagonists as far as he may, to take their ground, to the end that in the end he may lead them to his, is sometimes pushed too far, leads him into dangerous concessions, and otherwise proves a snare. Neither can I wonder at the offence which has been taken at these last pages of his book, and fear they may lead to most painful results; but still what has been here urged seems to me to diminish the extent to which any offence ought righteously to be taken.

I shall be very glad to hear from you again on the subject, if you have anything to communicate.

How wonderful are the tidings from China, whatever may be the issue. Ought there not to be some preparations on the part of the English Church, a Chinese propaganda, that she may do her part in this, which may be the mightiest change which the world has seen for a thousand years?

*Kenmare,*

*September 10, 1853.*

MY DEAREST BISHOP,

I return you Jelf's letter, which only reached me yesterday, and then too late for post; too late also to allow me to offer you any suggestions, even if I had such about it. I cannot but feel the extreme gravity of his position, how much there is to perplex and even reasonably to alarm in this book of Maurice's. I see nothing but difficulty in the matter on whatever side I regard it, and already

feel how much of painfulness and sadness there is here in store for many, but I am sure whatever you may have counselled will have been done wisely and well.\*

"Synonyms of the New Testament" was published in 1854; there is no allusion to this, perhaps its author's greatest service to theological thought, amongst letters entrusted to the editor.

*To RICHARD TRENCH.*

*Itchenstoke,*

*September 29, 1854*

Write to me and tell me at what hour in the day you can get to Cambridge; I will manage to be with you, and give you a fair start. I trust you are working vigorously against the examination, and mean to be a reading man, and not a loiterer, at the university. I am just preparing some lectures for publication. They contain a brief sketch of some changes which the English language has undergone. "English, Past and Present" is to be the name. If they succeed as the "Words," they may do something toward paying your college expenses.

The harvest is a very glorious one, so that it is of very little importance to us, at least for a year, whether the Czar lets us have his wheat or not. Indeed, this harvest is one for which it becomes us to be very thankful to God, as it will turn the scarceness of our poor—indeed, has turned it already in part—into abundance.

*To the Same.*

Do you make a note of so many hours each day of work? I suppose preparation for lectures does not occupy your whole reading time, but that you have also undertaken some reading of your own. Tell me what your plans are in this respect, and seek advice of such as can be able to give it to you. I trust that you attend St. Mary's, and that in all things you will seek to maintain simply, yet decidedly, a Christian profession, remembering always not merely your profession now as a lay member of Christ's Church, but that hereafter

\* There is no letter remaining from the Bishop of Oxford to his friend on this subject, so that it is impossible to know more as to what the course was which the Bishop counselled than can be gathered from his *Life*, vol. ii. chap. v. The last letter given there, from the Bishop to Dr. Jelf, is dated August 27. See p. 300.

you may be called to a ministry therein, and the need therefore of keeping yourself unspotted and undefiled from the world.

*To his Father.*

*Itchenstoke.*

[Autumn of 1854.]

I am going to give my people a lecture to-night, with maps and plans, on the Battle of the Alma and the Siege of Sebastopol. I had intended to have waited till I could have called it the "Taking of Sebastopol;" but began to fear lest that should be a deferring *sine die* of my lecture.

How much more serious a struggle we are engaged in than we supposed. I do not doubt, under God, a successful issue; but this, like all other good things, is to be gotten not cheaply, but at costliest sacrifices. I am beginning to think that some of the Baltic steamers—perhaps the *Princess Royal*\*—may be sent off to the Black Sea as soon as they arrive. It is certainly now the best economy to spare nothing.

No heart in England can have been more deeply stirred than that of the pastor of Itchenstoke by the Crimean War, or have felt more truly and vividly its splendour and its gloom. "Poems written during the Russian War," were published 1854, 1855. Of these, "Alma," "After the Battle,"† "H TAN, 'H 'EPI TAN," and "The Return of the Guards" took the strongest hold on English breasts, flowing as they did from

"Those old springs of inspiration,  
Mighty death, and mightier love."

*From the BISHOP OF OXFORD.‡*

*Cuddesdon Palace,*

MY DEAREST TRENCH,

*January 12, 1855.*

Will you enable me to comply with "a command" which yet is not to be divulged, but which, though not allowed even that

\* His son Arthur was a midshipman on board H.M.S. *Princess Royal*.

† Of this poem Mr. Trench wrote, in an undated note to the Bishop of Oxford: "I shall be much pleased, if you are pleased with the enclosed little poem. It is little more than putting into verse a letter telling of young Anstruther's death, by his brother-in-law."

‡ Published with the Queen's gracious permission.

exception, I must confidentially tell you, by giving me in your own handwriting a copy of your verses on the Alma for the Queen?

May God bless you, my very dear Trench.

*From* BISHOP SELWYN.

*Richmond, Surrey,*

*February 14, 1855.*

MY DEAR MR. TRENCH,

I have directed my printer to send to you a copy of a verbal analysis of the Bible, intended to facilitate translation in foreign languages, of which my duties bring me into contact with some twenty or thirty. While I was thus forced into a careful consideration of synonyms, I found that you were following the same plan among the more complex languages with which you are conversant. When you have seen my book, the preface of which will, I hope, sufficiently explain its plan and intention, I should be very anxious to know how far you would co-operate in preparing a more carefully arranged analysis of words to form the basis, in a second edition, of a complete interlingual system of etymological and idiomatic comparison, upon the plan of uniform arithmetical notation, by which one English index would unlock all languages, and all words of the same general meaning, in your own words, "that are found in company," would always be found in the same page of all the polyglot vocabularies. You may imagine the importance of this to one like myself, who leaves one language behind every evening, and takes up another in the morning. To get at a mode of ready reference, and a classification of the word most constantly required, was of the utmost importance to us.

For learning Greek or Latin thoroughly, and especially for translating from English into either language, I cannot conceive a better plan than for the student to write down for himself every word which he meets with, with one or two good examples of its use, on an interleaved page. He would thus acquire an habitual correctness in using the right word in the right place. In fact, the method of the old scholiasts is forced upon us by necessity. If we were to take our first impression of the meaning of a word, and assign to it immediately some English supposed equivalent, we should find ourselves talking nonsense. It is only by putting together several words, and running through them as a musician runs up and down his scale, that we arrive at precision and certainty in distinguishing their meanings. I shall hope for your assistance so far as you have time to give to this work.

"English, Past and Present," which has reached a thirteenth edition, appeared, and passed through two editions in this year, 1855.

"Life's a Dream : the great Theatre of the World. From the Spanish of Calderon. With an Essay on his Life and Genius," \* was published in 1856, the translations having, as Mr. Trench wrote in the preface, lain by him "for nearly twice the nine years during which Horace had recommended that a poem should remain in its author's power." "They formed part of a larger scheme long ago conceived," he adds, "but in the carrying out of which I presently discovered inner difficulties ; not to say that it would have required, as I also soon was aware, a far greater amount of time and labour than I was either willing or had a right to bestow upon it."

\* This essay won the especial admiration of Mr. Keble.

## CHAPTER XV.

1856-1861.

“ O life, O death, O world, O time,  
O grave, where all things flow,  
'Tis yours to make our lot sublime  
With your great weight of woe.

“ Though sharpest anguish hearts may wring,  
Though bosoms torn may be,  
Yet suffering is a holy thing ;  
Without it what were we ? ”

R. C. T., *Elegiac Poems.*

ON June 21, 1856, the following appeared in the *Times* :—

THE NEW BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.—We are enabled to announce that the Bishopric of Gloucester and Bristol, vacated by the death of Dr. Monk, has been offered by Lord Palmerston to the Rev. Richard Chenevix Trench, M.A., Professor of Theology in King's College, London, Rector of Itchenstoke, near Alresford, Hants, and Chaplain to the Bishop of Oxford. We believe that we are correct also in asserting that Mr. Trench has accepted the appointment, and that the *congé d'élire* recommending him for election will be issued forthwith to the chapters of the two cathedrals. Mr. Trench is the second son of the late Richard Trench, Esq.,\* brother of the first Lord Ashtown, etc.

Then followed a long biographical notice, ending, “ He accepts the united Sees of Gloucester and Bristol, subject to any arrangement which may hereafter be made by Her Majesty's Government as to their future separation.” This announcement being the first that Mr. Trench had heard on

\* Mr. Richard Trench was still living.

the subject, was a source of great annoyance to him and to his friends. The *Times* of June 24 contained the following :—

THE BISHOPRIC OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.—We are requested to state that the announcement of the appointment of the Rev. R. C. Trench to the vacant see of Gloucester and Bristol was premature. No successor has, we believe, as yet been found for the late Bishop.

To REV. CHARLES VENABLES.

*Itchenstoke,*

MY DEAR MR. VENABLES,

*June 25, 1856.*

You know probably now that, if ever my appointment to Gloucester was probable, the *Times* rendered it impossible by announcing it as having taken place when as yet no step whatever had been taken in the matter.

I don't attempt to answer all the kind letters which this mistake has drawn upon me ; but yours is of so singular a kindness that I could not leave it unacknowledged. Many, many thanks for all your kind words. I wish that I was worthier of them. But they are words which stir one up to the endeavour not to be altogether unworthy of them.

*To his Wife.*

*London,*

*June, 1856.*

The Bishop of Oxford has asked me to breakfast to-morrow. He has a party—Lord Lansdowne and others—and I thought it best to stay and show that one had not died of not being a Bishop.

I have got good advice on the article in the *Record*. The lawyer thinks success would be doubtful with a jury, and, as it would not do to move without certainty of success, I do not intend to do anything. The Bishop of Oxford does not think an action maintainable, and he is as good a lawyer as any one of them. He says he has heard from William Cowper, and that the Queen quite acquits me or mine of the slightest share in the obnoxious paragraph. He, of course, takes a sanguine view of everything. How glad I should be if none of these ambitions had ever been put into my heart ! How much happier I was without them !



To REV. FRANCIS TRENCH.

*Itchenstoke,*

*Thursday, July, 1856.*

Many thanks for your letter and its memoranda. I entirely agree with Lady Byron's criticism. The lines, being written for a festal occasion, ought to have had more of exultation, not to have struck *so many* sad notes, only enough to have brought out the joy.\* Perhaps, if I had there seen, as yesterday I did see, the entrance of the Guards into London, I might have done better. It was a magnificent sight.

When Pall Mall was filled with them and with the accompanying crowds from Charing Cross to St. James's Palace, with all the windows in the clubs and other houses filled with spectators, mostly ladies, and all in a high state of enthusiasm, it was as grand a spectacle as I have almost ever beheld.

I try to dismiss, as much as possible, the whole episcopal matters, both retrospective and prospective, from my mind, and have fairly succeeded, so far, at least, that they have quite ceased to disquiet, unsettle, or vex me.

My own opinion is that I shall not *come to the surface again*. There are many things against it, more than appears at first sight.

The beautiful lines on "The Return of the Guards," beginning,

"Two years—an age of glory and of pain!"

were written in this July.

To the BISHOP OF OXFORD.

*Itchenstoke,*

MY DEAREST BISHOP,

*October 3, 1856.*

Returning home this evening from London, I found a letter from Lord Palmerston, offering me, as you had announced, the Deanery of Westminster, which, of course, I have gratefully accepted. There is no mention in his letter of its ever possibly blowing out into any fuller flower. If it does not, I shall only be the happier. How pleased I am to think that this will please you, and how grateful for all the friendly engines which you have so often set in motion to bring about such a result! I know not how much of the result is

\* Probably the lines were "The Unforgotten," beginning—

"Whom for thy race of heroes wilt thou own?"

owing to them. I can well believe that it is much. I shall be very thankful for any hints from you as to my position, and how, by God's grace, best to approve myself in it a laborious and efficient labourer for the spiritual good of others.

Believe me ever, my dearest Bishop, affectionately yours,  
R. C. TRENCH.

*To the Same.*

*Itchenstoke,*

MY DEAREST BISHOP,

*October 11, 1856.*

Truest thanks for your affectionate salutation. The position is far more than I ever looked for—as much as ever I desire. May God only give me grace for its duties and opportunities.

The Principal of King's College and my colleagues there are very kindly earnest with me that I should retain, if possible, my professorship there. I like the work; I think it is a work for which I am fitted, and in which I might be able to be of some service; and being in London, and having my lectures for the most part prepared, it would occupy but a very small portion of my time.

On the other hand, there is the question of that very troublesome article, "dignity." Not that I have myself any feeling on this point; all work is honourable, above all a work which occupies itself with training and fitting men for the work of Christ's Church. But it is right that I should also, up to a certain point, give weight to the feelings of others. How would my colleagues at the Abbey feel about it, and others whom one would not willingly offend? Might it seem to some that I was retaining in my hands the emoluments of a post, which now that I was amply provided might more equitably fall to some poorer scholar?

There is, moreover, another difficulty. The Dean of Westminster is *ex officio* a member of the Council of King's College. I should thus be at once one of the governors and the governed. This last, however, is perhaps only a technical difficulty, and might be met by abstaining from taking any part in the meetings of the Council so long as one had the professor's chair.

Will you kindly give me your judgment on the matter. I go on, at any rate, for the present term, as I could not leave the work without any to do it. But I must decide also for the future very soon.

We are going to see the Deanery, at Mrs. Buckland's invitation, on Monday next. I have a very dim recollection of stray rooms and wandering passages. I hold this for the six months, which the law

allows, though probably I shall not reside all the time. The Ashburtons are better pleased that I should do so, as it gives them ampler time to choose my successor.

Ever, my dear Bishop, yours in truest affection,

R. C. TRENCH.

*From* REV. CHARLES MERIVALE.

*Lawford,*

*October 13, 1856.*

It is very gratifying, indeed, to find such claims as yours recognized. With a few such chiefs and leaders, our establishment will at least perish honourably, and not die in a ditch of nepotism and imbecility. Your Deanery seems to me about the pleasantest position in the Church; your order, like the blameless Ethiopian's, respected by God and man. But I will not felicitate you too much upon it, as I can only regard it as a step in the career before you; through all of which I wish you all happiness and usefulness.

*To the* BISHOP OF OXFORD.

*London,*

MY DEAREST BISHOP,

*October 25, 1856.*

I should never have thought of saying anything without leave, but have no doubt that the *Spectator* is best left alone. It has been somewhat punished in various quarters, and very deservedly.

I was installed Dean last Thursday, at a very serious and solemn service. How much I wish you had been there! Some friends I had, Burrows and others, whose presence I prized very greatly. I am beginning to get a slight insight into my future duties, which are many, and some difficult and delicate enough; and every one of them needing grace and wisdom from on high. I inherit things in the main in excellent order. I cannot say to you how kind and thoughtful Lord John Thynne has been about everything; how much he has made comparatively easy to me; what a high-born Christian gentleman in every matter, great and small, he has shown himself to be. We begin to transplant ourselves early in January, on the 1st of which the Deanery will be given up to us, but shall scarcely gather in the children for another month. I preach at Cambridge all next month, which, as it turns out, is very inconvenient. I have had almost no time to prepare my sermons, and shall be obliged to be absent from London nearly the whole time. I have, I think, quite made up my mind to retain my King's College professorship. Bishop

Blomfield expressed a hope that I would do so, which reached me the other day, and could only have done this, taking the same view of the compatibility of it with my present work as yourself. I should like exceedingly to obtain your counsel on a matter relating to the Order of the Bath. An attempt is making to disconnect it wholly from the Abbey, or rather from the Dean, in whom is its link of connection with the Abbey, because it has now been placed under the War Office. The motive, no doubt, is the heavy fees, which, in the case of all *foreign* officers who receive the Order, the Treasury pays. I will try and send you all the papers in a day or two. Would a respectful remonstrance to the Queen be possible? Surely the connection is as honourable to them as to ourselves; and what is an order of knighthood, no longer recognizing the Christian root out of which all knighthood springs?

*From the* BISHOP OF OXFORD.

*Bishopthorpe,*

DEAREST TRENCH,

*October 27, 1856.*

I should by all means advise a memorial to the Queen from the Chapter as to the Bath, which will bear publishing. But I would advise you to write to Lord Palmerston, private and confidential, saying that such a step was in contemplation; that it so fell in with your views that you saw not how you could do otherwise than help forward such a respectful appeal (and explain the grounds), but that you wished to assume no dubious attitude towards him, and therefore begged to be allowed to know his mind, and, if possible, to be heard privately before any step was taken; and that fees might easily be accommodated.

How I should have liked to be with you at your installation! God bless you, dearest friend.

In November, Dean Trench preached his fourth course of sermons (five) before the University of Cambridge, published this same year. The first course had consisted of four sermons preached in January, 1843, followed by two courses in 1845 and 1846—the Hulsean Lectures for those two years. Some notices of this last course in 1856 have already been given, whose special object was “to exhibit Christ—the personal Christ—as the centre, as well as the root, of all Christian truth.”

To REV. FRANCIS TRENCH.

*Itchenstoke,*

*November 25, 1856.*

I was to-day raised to the dignity of a D.D. and to a red hood, and have just got home after a long and somewhat laborious day. Leaving London early in the morning, I got to Cambridge in time for the morning congregation; heard a Latin speech of nearly a quarter an hour in my own honour from the Regius Professor, with too much praise, but otherwise very gracefully done; was "created," and got here by tea-time at eight. Passing through London, I called at the club, and found your letter. Leaving many things for the present, I will only answer one. There is *no* preaching in the Abbey, except by its own clergy. If the higher clergy there fail through illness or any other cause, the minor canons claim it as a right. The only exceptions are one or two well-defined cases in which Bishops preach there for certain societies. I think this exclusiveness is a mistake, and I know not what modifications it may be capable of receiving hereafter; but at present such is the rule, which I should not propose to infringe. I fear, therefore, we cannot take possession of the Abbey altogether December 7. I shall preach an Advent sermon without more of doctrine than comes naturally into the subject, leaving any fuller exposition of what I would desire there by God's grace to teach, to come naturally in its course.

*To his Wife.*

*Oxford,*

*December 16, 1856.*

I fill up a gap of time with a few lines to you. I have just returned with Francis from a visit to Islip,\* a very pretty and pleasant village. The house and grounds are perhaps not quite as good as I expected; but I dare say, when I see them on some summer day, dressed and well ordered, I shall think they quite bear out the praises that have been given them. We saw two or three of the principal people, who were as friendly and cordial as could be.

There is a furious attack in the *Record* on the indecency and immorality of the Westminster play, with a call on the Bishop of London to put it down. I was much better satisfied about it after I had seen it than before; that there was nothing in it which could

\* In the gift of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. It had just been presented to Rev. Francis Trench.

offend Christian ears, or in any way do the lads harm. The enthusiasm and delight of the old Westminsters, who gathered in large numbers, was very pleasant to see, and an assurance to me that what they recurred to with such intense pleasure could not have been associated with mischievous influence on themselves. The *Record* does not seem to be aware that I have anything to do with the play, or that its continuance rests with me. No doubt, however, they will find this out before long.

Dean Trench did not settle into Westminster until the spring of 1857. There is a little note of the family move from Itchenstoke in the next letter :—

*To his Wife.*

*Old Alresford,*

*Easter Monday, 1857.*

I have just returned from a long day in the parish, leaving this soon after ten, and getting back at six. I have seen about half the people, and in regard of work done more than half, as I have visited all the Abbotstonians. It was sorrowful work, with the sense that it brought with it of infinite things that might have been done, but can now never be done.

It was so pleasant to see the children's dear faces in the train yesterday at Winchester; and as I was walking along, looking for them, and having passed them, to hear the most musical "Papa" behind from dear Alf.

Dean Trench was now in a position which, in the eyes of men, seemed perhaps the most fitted to him of any that could be found in the English Church. It was certainly a great happiness to him that the lines should have fallen to him in a place so entirely pleasant to him as the great Abbey. The gladness with which he spoke of this at the time, and his joy in all its great associations, are in the memory of many. "It lies at the very kernel of English history," he said. The years which followed were full of the most varied and happy interests. Dr. Liddon writes of him at this time: "When I was quite a young man, he was very kind to me, and I made more than one visit to him at Itchenstoke. But I did

not often hear from him ; as, when I was at Cuddesdon, I went to see him regularly at the examinations for ordination, and kept anything I wanted to ask him about until the time came round. He retained his examinership, as you would know, after he became Dean of Westminster. One of my pleasantest recollections is a visit to the Deanery of some days ; during which he seemed to me to be at his best and strongest, and withal full of tenderness and sympathy. He used to let me wander about the Abbey alone after it was closed at night ; and I well recollect his conversations, or some of them. They were full of character and of instruction.

“To a student, or would-be student, his was a very stimulating mind ; and he appeared to me to combine, in a most remarkable degree, fearlessness in inquiry, with habits of reverence too entirely linked with his fundamental thought to be ever lost sight of. His great work for the English Church was his drawing its attention to the philosophy (so to call it, for the want of a better term) of religious language. I well recollect my great delight at the appearance of his ‘Synonyms of the New Testament.’

“Linked as he was by his habitual reverence, and by his sense of the mysteriousness of the human world—its origin and its destiny—to the High Church party, as taking, on the whole, that view of Divine Revelation which was most in accordance with the nature of things, he was partly divided from it by two personal sympathies, which belonged, as I suppose, to his early mental history. One was his admiration of Luther, whom he thought a true interpreter of the mind of St. Paul, and whose theory of justification did not appear to him to be inconsistent with the interests of morality. I recollect a conversation with him about Bishop Bull’s ‘Harmonia,’ which gave me great insight into this side of his mind. It must have been about 1856, and he may have modified his estimate in later years. The other was his friendship for F. D. Maurice. Certainly he did not endorse Maurice’s language in the ‘Theological Essays,’ on the Atonement or on eternal punishment. But Maurice’s singular

egotism, assuming the form of a quasi-prophetic claim, and his irrepressible tendency to paradox on the most serious subjects, did not inspire the Archbishop, or (as he then was) the Professor, with the feelings of distrust and something more which both Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble felt. Probably the Archbishop considered Maurice chiefly in the light of a person who made men think, and so did not pay so much attention to other sides of his influence."

*From* REV. DR. WHEWELL.

*Trinity Lodge,*

*July 27, 1857.*

I have received a printed paper with your name appended to it, containing a proposal for the collection of materials for completing our English dictionaries, especially as regards etymology. You will require no assurance of the interest which I feel in such a proposal, and I hope I may be able to undertake some share in the labour which is to be undergone for the purpose of promoting the object. I will not venture at present to undertake any definite task, mainly on this account: that I should like before I do so to make trial of the scheme proposed, and to see whether I have any suggestions to offer as to the working of it. For instance, it occurs to me that when there is any doubt as to the etymology or history of a word, the question may be stated at a meeting of the Philological Society, that at a subsequent meeting the members may propound such results as their researches have led them to in the mean time. But I ought to attend some of the meetings of the society in order to see how far such a proceeding is consistent with the usual order of business.

And, in like manner, when any assertion is made as to the history or introduction of a word by an old writer, it may be well to have the truth of his statement discussed. For instance, in the account which Fuller gives of the history of the word "fanatic," as quoted in the preface, it is clear that the Hebrew and Greek derivations are worthless, as, indeed, he says. And the word is older than Fuller seems to think, as appears by Richardson's quotations. But I have no doubt that under your guidance we shall find out good ways of doing the good thing to which you invite us.

I shall be in town in a day or two, and perhaps may have the pleasure of seeing you there.



*To his Wife.*

*Plough Inn, Cheltenham,*

*July 30, 1857.*

I am longing very much for to-morrow's post, hoping we may hear something of the two precious ones in the far East.\* We must not be surprised if we do not hear from Fred, as I observe that many of the posts in the up-country are cut off. Three officers have fallen and three are wounded in the late engagement in China, but the names not given. *Some* mourners there must be to-morrow.

We have had two very fine days, and have been pleasantly, I hope usefully, employed.† We stopped yesterday at Swindon; turned off to see a property lately purchased by Dean and Chapter, where many things had to be looked to, and where we saw an old woman who was veritably a hundred and three years old. She was rather blind, but otherwise in full possession of her faculties, and rather vivacious than otherwise. After three or four hours at this estate, we returned to Swindon, and came on here by a later train; dined and slept, and to-day have made two expeditions in different directions to properties at five and eight miles' distance from this; seen many things with our own eyes of which we shall be much better judges now than if we only knew them by report of others; lunched amongst the Cotswold Hills with a gentleman who wants us to sell him a property of which he is now our tenant, and who, of course, treated us to his best; and have just returned here, where we entertained two or three of the neighbouring clergy to dinner.

*To the Same.*

*Cuddesdon,*

*Thursday, 1857.*

This place is looking very beautiful, and three months in London give one a true appreciation of the beauties of the country. It will be very pleasant to get into it again for a little while. There are calls on all sides since Exeter Hall has been opened, "Why is not the Abbey?" I heartily wish we could do something even this year, and am very much inclined to try.

\* His two sons, Frederic and Arthur. The latter was in the navy; the former, now General Chenevix Trench, had left England in the spring as a cavalry cadet. His regiment was one of the first to mutiny, after which he served as a volunteer in Nicholson's Brigade, and was at the siege of Delhi.

† The Dean and some of the Chapter of Westminster made periodical tours to visit and administer the estates of the Chapter. This was Dean Trench's first tour on this business.

*To his Father.**Craignish Castle,**September 2, 1857.*

We are very anxious to know whether you have heard from Philip.\* We have nothing by this mail from E——.† None of the dreadful events brought by these last accounts need cause *added* anxiety for any of them, as all took place at more or less distance from the places where they were. But one cannot but feel that the revolt is consolidating itself, and becoming more serious every day, even as the tragedy is deepening more and more. Of the ultimate issue of the struggle I have no misgiving whatever; but what may have to be suffered, and who may have to suffer it, during the next four months, is very painful to think of. Nothing has been more mischievous than the manner in which the *Times* and the Government have alike sought to conceal the terrible character of the struggle in which we are engaged.‡ I see the former is at length obliged to change its note. We can only feel in regard of ours that, so far as we know, no immediate danger is near them, and commend them to the keeping of God.

I came here last week to spend some ten days at this very pleasant abode. The castle is for the most part a good, modern-built house, standing in a very pretty bay, with promontories, creeks, and islands all about it, all made accessible by an excellent yacht; and as for the most part we have had beautiful weather, we have enjoyed our visit very much. We hope to go to-morrow to Staffa and Iona, but there are some signs to-day of a break up in the weather.

*To his Younger Children.**Craignish Castle,*

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,

*September 5, 1857.*

I begin this letter, as the poor people do theirs, by telling you we are all quite well, as we hope that this will find you. We

\* His brother, then at Mussoorie.

† Mrs. Philip Trench.

‡ See in "Life of Lord Lawrence," vol. ii., the opening words of chapter vii., September, 1857—July, 1858: "When the news of the death of General Anson and of the rapid spread of the mutiny throughout the whole of the Bengal army reached England, early in July, the ministers, who up to that time had been inclined to doubt the extent of the extremity of the peril, woke up, partially at least, to its reality. The Queen and Prince Albert, as is now well known, had taken a truer view from the beginning, and had not failed to urge it upon the Government in a series of admirable and stirring communications."

have been among very kind friends, and have seen some very interesting places and things. The day before yesterday we sailed from Oban to Staffa and Iona, and returned at night to Oban, having sailed round the whole island of Bute. At Staffa there is a very wonderful cave, with natural pillars on each side, open to the sea; one can either go into it in boats, or crawl on the edge, where a good many of the pillars have been broken short off. Mamma was very much interested with this, and "Richard-teaze-girl" has been delighted, and would have wanted to carry away half the island with him. We afterwards went to Iona, another wild island in these seas, where St. Columba, a good and holy man, founded a monastery for the training of missionaries in the sixth century. These afterwards went forth to England and Germany and other parts, and did much to bring the heathen people to the knowledge of Christ. A great number of very interesting remains of the cathedral and other buildings still survive. I had seen all these some seven and twenty years ago, but was glad to see them again, and to think how many mercies I had had during all these years, and how much happier I am now than I was then, when I had not so much as seen your dear mamma, and had no little ones to love me.

Your cousin, with whom we are staying, has a very beautiful yot (is this spelt right?), and we often sail about the islands here.

I hope you are all very happy and very good, and can do without mamma for a little while longer, for I want her to go to Manchester with me. Write till Wednesday to Bishopthorpe.

Your loving father,

R. C. TRENCH.

To REV. FRANCIS TRENCH.

*Westminster,*

*October 29, 1857.*

I am sure you will be glad to hear that we had a letter from Fred yesterday, but written the day before the assault. The commander-in-chief had asked for volunteers to the artillery, in which officers were very scarce; and he had volunteered for this, and liked the work very much, saying he was getting much valuable experience, and could already lay a gun pretty well.

Up to the 18th, by the accounts of casualties, he would seem to have been graciously preserved; but as yet we know nothing of the last two days of the assault, except their success.

TO THOMAS COOKE TRENCH.\*

*Westminster,*

*November 14, 1857.*

We heard to-day from our Frederic, who was engaged as a volunteer at the storming of Delhi (his own regiment of cavalry having long since mutinied). He was much exposed, especially in the breaching batteries before the storming took place, but mercifully spared through all. It is a great relief to us.

TO RICHARD TRENCH.

*Westminster,*

*December 3, 1857.*

We this day decided, at a meeting of Chapter, that the Abbey should be opened for a service on Sunday evenings. It is only an experiment for six months; and if it turns out well, will continue.

From this time, Advent, 1857, the Sunday evening services and sermons in the nave of Westminster Abbey were a source of the greatest interest to the Dean.

TO REV. FRANCIS TRENCH.

*(Undated.)*

Many of our arrangements last Sunday were a manifest improvement on those of that preceding: the pulpit far better placed, against a pillar; the amount of draught and cold air much diminished by addition of curtains; more chairs, more matting, and *perfect* order and quietness in the admission of the people. This I know as an eye-witness, and on the same authority I can say that the number of poor, meanly, shabbily dressed people was very large, much larger than on the first occasion, while the gentlefolks were in much diminished numbers. We were quite as full as on the first occasion. The sermon, admirably delivered, was a plain and earnest and solemn inculcation of some fundamental gospel truths. The Psalm was not so well known to the people, and the effect of it not so

\* Son of Dean Trench's first cousin, Thomas Trench, of Millecent, co. Kildare, who died in 1851. In the summer of this year he had made an expedition to Norway with the Dean's eldest son, Richard. He managed a small property in co. Kildare belonging to Dean Trench, and, when the latter became Archbishop of Dublin, the estates of the See, until the Archbishop commuted under the provisions of the Irish Church Act.

grand. Altogether, we have very much to thank God for, and, with His blessing, this may be the beginning of a great work.

The following letter concerns Dean Trench's dealings with his cottier tenants on a small property in the County Kildare:—

*To his Wife.*

*Millecent,*

*December 9, 1857.*

I left St. Catharine's on Monday for this. Yesterday Thomas and I spent the whole day in a visit to Ballybarney. I am sorry to say that — has done nothing during his time for the consolidating the little holdings there, although he had the great opportunity of the time immediately succeeding the famine. On the contrary, he has allowed two additional houses or cabins to be built. Thomas's plan is to select out of the thirty-one tenants the fifteen or sixteen best and most promising; to consolidate the whole into small farms of from ten to twelve acres, leaving, of course, the one or two bigger ones undivided; to throw down the most miserable of the cottages, to repair the tolerable, and to build three or four other small and plain, but decent, houses; and to emigrate the rest. I think, though decided, he is very humane, and will carry this plan out, supposing he has my consent, which I shall not withhold, with as gentle a hand and with as much thoughtfulness for individual cases as possible. We did not let a word on this matter escape us yesterday; but I was glad to find in almost every case that they had already relatives in America and Canada; and many, who no doubt will be grieved at the step at first, will afterwards have to thank us for putting them on the way of doing very far better than they could ever do on their miserable holdings on Ballybarney. Still, it will be a great rooting out at the moment. We have made a calculation of the expense, and I can see clearly that for the two next years we must not count on anything from Ballybarney; but at the end of that time the whole property will be transformed into something wholly different to what it is now.

*To REV. FRANCIS TRENCH.*

[1858.]

My day at Oxford is Friday, the 12th of next month, and I will very gladly be with you the day before; but I would much sooner have a quiet evening with you on the Thursday than find myself due for a lecture. Life is likely through Lent to be one continual strain,

and a day of ease will be welcome. I trust our evening services are prospering; in the main the right people, and a good many more of these than we can find room for. But I am anxious for the future of the sermons, and how they are to be made most efficient. At present it is very well to be always on fundamentals and the simplest elements of repentance and faith. But if everybody always says A, B, we shall never get to M, N, much less to X, Y, Z. The sermons are to be printed, so far as the preachers are willing to allow it, in an authorized series.

On April 15, 1860, Dean Trench's father, Richard Trench, passed to his rest.

*To the BISHOP OF OXFORD.*

*Westminster,*

MY DEAREST BISHOP,

*April 20, 1860.*

My letter of Monday will have quite prepared you for the tidings of the present, or perhaps you will have already in the papers seen the announcement of my father's death. There was *much* suffering for some days before the end; but the end was peace, and I believe peace in the highest sense of the word. It has been given to few to retain a father so long, to fewer still one whose affections and sympathies with his children were so fresh to the end, and so entirely unchilled by age. Now that he is gone, I seem to see more the nobler features of his character than I had ever done before. May God make us thankful for *all* His gifts, and most thankful for the best.

I leave town for the funeral to-day. We hoped to have laid him by our mother at Winchester, but burials are no longer possible there. Bursledon, therefore, which has many fitnesses, will be the place of his rest.

"We laid our dear and honoured father's remains in the beautiful churchyard of Bursledon yesterday," Dean Trench writes on April 24.

On March 8 he wrote to Bishop Wilberforce, "Arthur sails for Calcutta on Saturday. May God keep him from all evil;" and in the summer his eldest surviving son, Richard, also left home for India, having joined the Geological Survey in India under Sir Roderick Murchison. It was a final

parting with both ; in little more than a twelvemonth the brothers slept side by side in their Indian graves. "I just begin to realize the fact that he is going," the Dean wrote to his wife, shortly before Richard's departure. "May God bless you all this day, and bring you safely to your journey's end, and Him, and bring us all of His grace to the end of a more perilous journey than all."

*To his Brother.*

*Brighton,*

*Tuesday [1860].*

In the evening I was at St. Paul's (very high), where the music is certainly wonderful—puts the best of our Abbey services in this line into the shade.

I have been looking over lately and transcribing from our dear mother's journals and letters. I find among these last one written to our father about two years before her death, and at a moment when she thought herself dying, in which she expresses a strong desire that her "Remains" should be published. I contemplate, if strength and health should be given me, fulfilling this wish before very long, which I know was also our father's. I am greatly struck, more even than I expected, with the beauty, depth, and wisdom of very much which she has left behind, and feel sure that a most interesting volume might be got together. The most accomplished writers I have invariably found the *most* struck with the little fragment of journal which I have printed. None are so enthusiastic in their praises as the chief *litterateurs* of England.

In September the sorrowful tidings reached the happy home at Westminster that Arthur, the sailor son, had fallen from the rigging to the deck of his ship, and fractured his thigh. To his brother Richard, who was happily within reach of Gibraltar, their father writes :—

*Lynton,*

*September 24, 1860.*

I have forwarded to you a telegraphic account, which I trust will have long since reached you, of poor Arthur's accident, and how he was taken to the hospital at Calcutta. We are as yet entirely ignorant whether he has sunk under its effects, or may, by the mercy of God,

be recovering. If the latter, you must consult for him what best may be done for the future, whether he should return to England and recruit his health, or what otherwise may be desirable. In our entire ignorance of facts, we must leave the matter altogether to you. Get the best counsel which you can. All here are well. May God bless you.

*To his Wife.*

*October 4, 1860.*

May God bless you and keep you and comfort you. Let us seek earnestly to get something which will stay by us from this great sorrow which we are passing through, and will yet have to pass through. This is assuredly the meaning of our Heavenly Father when He thus brings us under His chastening hand. We have long learned to say this to others; let us believe and act on it ourselves. More prayer; above all, more prayer for our children; more watchfulness; less trust in the world, even when it smiles and flatters us for a while;—this, with much more, should be our gain.

*To THOMAS COOKE TRENCH.*

*Westminster,*

*November 6, 1860.*

There can be little, indeed no doubt that poor Arthur's career as a sailor is closed.

We are anxiously expecting to hear from Richard by the next mail. He will have arrived at Calcutta, and seen his poor brother. I sometimes fear that the extent of the permanent injuries will be even more than we suppose.

The brothers met in the hospital at Calcutta, the elder nursing the younger with a sister's tenderness, and sending at first favourable reports of progress. To Arthur his father wrote on November 9, expressing a hope that he might have set out for home before the letter could reach Calcutta. "I trust in God," he adds, "that He, Whose mercies you have so wonderfully known, may graciously continue His mercies to you, and perfect His work in you, both in body and in soul; for often it will happen that in a time of great suffering and pain we learn more of God and of Christ, and of our need



of Christ in a few days or weeks than otherwise we should have done in long years. By this painful, but yet blessed, path God leads us to Himself. May it have been so with you. May God give you a safe return home."

But this letter never reached his son. Worse accounts soon followed the temporary improvement.

To REV. PROFESSOR BURROWS.

*Westminster,*

*December 7, 1860.*

You have seen, I dare say, that all our hopes and fears for poor Arthur are over ; but, though in much grief, we are satisfied that all is well, and that God, though by roughest and painfullest paths, has taken him to Himself.

Mrs. Pratt, the wife of the archdeacon, who has shown him unwearied care, has written a very comforting letter to my wife. The last words which he spoke, after a night of terrible agony, and just before he sank into final insensibility, were to his brother, " Kiss me, Richard ; God is good." Poor Richard, of whom Mrs. Pratt says that he was like a brother and sister in one, has had a mournful commencement of his Indian life ; but all has been ordered well for him and for us all, and we are deeply thankful for his presence with his brother.

To a little daughter left in England, Dean Trench writes from Rome, February 23, 1861 :—

Rome is very much like what it was when your dear mamma and I visited it long before you were born, when that dear brother whom you have never seen on earth, but, if you are a good and holy child of God, you will one day see in heaven, was with us. The place brings back to us many memories of him, and all the way which God has led us during the five and twenty years which have passed since we were here, and the many, many blessings we have known, the numberless joys, and, compared with these, the few sorrows. We went the other day to see the Coliseum. It was there that Ignatius and so many others of the early Christians, who would not deny their Lord, were put to death ; some burned with fire, some torn to pieces by wild beasts. We have so much to see here which is interesting and curious, that I am afraid we shall leave a good deal of it at last unseen ; but I dare say we shall all be very glad to get home ; and I am sure mamma, if she sees all her four little girls quite well, will

count it a much more interesting sight than any she will have seen here, and one which will give her, and papa too, infinitely greater pleasure.

To the elder of the four little girls, mentioned in the last letter, he writes :—

*Cambridge,*

*June 4, 1861.*

MY DEAREST CHILD,

Your dear mamma writes to me that she has just returned with you from your Confirmation. I pray God that it may be for you what it is called—a confirming you in the grace of God ; and that you may now go on from strength to strength to your life's end. I am sure, when you heard Mr. Liddon's sermon last Sunday night,\* you must have felt that you were learning something about prayer which you never knew before. I think most of us did so, and must have felt that, if we had prayed more, and more earnestly, we should have understood him a good deal better than we did. I am sure, my very dear E——, that, if you wish your Confirmation to be an *epoch* in your Christian life, a time at which it made a new spring, this can only be through your giving more time and more heart to your prayers than ever you have done before. It is so with us all.

Pray, then, to God that He will help you to pray, that He will give you more and more of His Holy Spirit. Soon you will come to the Table of the Lord. Of that I mean to speak to you more ; but now I must write and say how much I long for you that you may be one of the polished corners of the temple, and be an heir of all that blessedness for which God has designed you.

Your loving father,

R. C. TRENCH.

*To the BISHOP OF OXFORD.*

*Cambridge,*

*June 5, 1861.*

MY DEAREST BISHOP,

It was a great disappointment for us on Monday to find that you were gone,\* though this was lost for us, and more or less lost for all, in the sadness of the occasion which had taken you away ; if we dare call it sad, when a beautiful life, with all its duties now fulfilled, rich in the love and gratitude of so many here, and itself rich

\* In the Abbey nave.

† Bishop Wilberforce had left London for Cuddesdon on June 3, in consequence of the serious illness of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Sargent. She died on July 6.

towards God, is drawing to its beautiful close ; perhaps when I write may already have reached this, and all may by this time be well for ever. But whether this be so or not, we are sure that it will be well, and for *you* also, who in considerations such as these, in thankfulness for rare blessings lent so long, and so gently and at so late a day withdrawn, will find much to assuage and mitigate your sorrow. But we know very well that for all this it will be, and must be, deep ; and we could not even desire it otherwise. May His grace, His strength, His comfort, be on you and all of yours, on *her* whom my wife and myself loved so much, if she be yet with us, and on all your home.

Your ever loving friend,

R. C. TRENCH.

I return to London to-morrow morning.

The Dean did not know, when he wrote this letter of sympathy, the tidings which awaited him at home, or the loss which even then was his, and that wounds still fresh must be re-opened with yet bitterer pain.

TO THOMAS COOKE TRENCH.

*Westminster,*

*June 14, 1861.*

I thank you very much for your affectionate inquiries about our dear Richard.\* Last night's Indian mail was laden with very heavy tidings indeed. He writes with difficulty a few lines to his poor mother, and the kind lady, who has received him into her house at Calcutta, writes also, but flatters us with no hopes of his recovery. We shall never see his face ; I do not expect to see a line written by his hand again. You know what a gentle, loving spirit he had. His love to his mother was very tender and deep, so that you may well believe how profoundly we feel this sorrow which has followed so soon upon the last ; but He who has wounded will in His good time also bind up.

"The mail, which is late by **three or four** days, will be delivered to-night," Dean Trench wrote on June 26 to the Bishop of Oxford. "You know the sickness of the fear of

\* He had been appointed, in 1858, one of the assistant-geologists on the Geological Survey of Great Britain, and in 1860 left England to join the Geological Survey of India, under Sir Roderick Murchison. A cold taken during an expedition into the country turned to rapid consumption, and he only reached Calcutta to die, at the age of twenty-five.

such hours as these ; but, alas ! it *can* bring us no good news, only different degrees and measures of sorrowful tidings."

To REV. FRANCIS TRENCH.

*Deanery, Westminster,*

*July 9, 1861.*

You will have already guessed the heavy burden of sorrowful tidings with which the Indian mail that arrived last night was charged for us. I had sometimes thought that our dear Richard might have lived long enough to see us once more, and that we might have watched him at the last. This, however, was not to be. There was no pause in the rapid progress of disease, and on the night of the 27th\* the end, which we believe also to have been in a higher sense the *beginning*, arrived. Mrs. Ritchie has written a long, long letter to my dearest wife about all the latter days. The Bishop of Calcutta also, his old schoolmaster, and other friends have written, and all is calming, comforting, assuring. Nothing was wanting that kindness and the tenderest care could supply ; his sufferings, except for a very short time, were not great, and his trust in his Saviour distinct and clear. We are able to praise God for all. I will not write more, as it is an effort to tell this story.

I think we shall leave town early next week, probably for Eastbourne. We have no spirit to undertake any long flight this year, and shall only wish to be somewhere in quiet, where this affliction may yield for us peaceable fruits of righteousness.

At the end of the preface to the first edition of the "Commentary on the Epistles to the Seven Churches in Asia," dated "Deanery, Westminster, July 31, 1861," there is this concluding paragraph :—

"Whether the attempt here made to draw out some of the riches contained in this portion of God's Word may have any interest for others, I know not ; but for myself this volume must ever retain a very solemn interest. Besides the serious solemnity of giving any work that professes to be a work for God into the hands of men, I can never disconnect this book from two great sorrows which fell on me while it was preparing for, and passing through, the press—sorrows which

\* Of May.

have left me far poorer than before, and yet, I would humbly hope, richer too, if better able to speak to others of truths whose price and value has been brought home with new power to myself; if theology has been thus more closely connected for me with life, and with life's toil and burden, from which it is ever in danger of being dissociated and divorced, it is my earnest hope that so it may prove; and in this hope I humbly commend my book, with all its shortcomings, to Him who can alone make it profitable to any."

*To the BISHOP OF OXFORD.*

*Deanery, Westminster,*

MY DEAREST BISHOP,

*July 10, 1861.*

My dear wife thinks that we might most gratefully accept for a brief while your most kind offer of Lavington. Will you, then, kindly not lend it away to any other for two days, by which time we shall see our way more clearly?

I would that I might be with you to-morrow.\* My thoughts will be by those green mounds under the shadow of your church rich with such precious dust; there, and by that distant Indian grave, which I shall never see, where those two ones have been so strangely reunited in death.

A few days later, Dean Trench joined a Retreat for Clergy at Cuddesdon—one of the first, if not *the* first, of such Retreats. "There are about five and twenty here," he wrote on July 18, "mostly, but not exclusively, High Churchmen. One is very thankful at this time for anything that deepens repentance and quickens faith."

Of this Retreat, conducted by Canon Carter at Bishop Wilberforce's request, the Rev. Richard W. Randall writes: "I well remember the Retreat at which your dear and honoured Archbishop was present. It was, I know, conducted by Mr. Carter, and it was, like all that comes from him, full of the deepest and most spiritual teaching; but the Archbishop said, in talking to Bishop Wilberforce about it, that he thought that it did not bring out the doctrine of the

\* The day of Mrs. Sargent's funeral.

Atonement with sufficient force, and that he felt oppressed by the feeling that the demand made upon the spiritual life was too great without the comfort of the doctrine to lean upon. He evidently spoke from his heart, and was describing the effect upon himself of what he had been listening to.

"I was staying with him at the palace at Cuddesdon, and rode out every day with him and Bishop Wilberforce in the hour of recreation. In those days we did not keep strict silence in the recreation time, and I therefore had the privilege of joining in the conversation of these two great and devoted friends. One day Bishop Wilberforce said to the Dean, 'My dear Trench, if there were only one book to be left in the world—putting aside the Bible—what would you choose?' 'Oh, I have no doubt,' Dean Trench answered; 'of course I should choose St. Augustine.'\*" I ventured to say that this would be a most unsafe choice, because St. Augustine's mind had a great bias, and that if one had not the teaching of other great Fathers to qualify what St. Augustine has written, one might be misled by him. To which Bishop Wilberforce answered, 'Ah, I know you think me a great Calvinist!'

"Bishop Wilberforce's love for Archbishop Trench was most intense—it was very like Jonathan's for David, passing the love of women. But of all the memories of the Retreat, that which dwells most in my mind is the depth of the earnestness with which Archbishop Trench made the responses in the Church Litany. I knelt by his side in the chapel, and have never heard a voice of prayer into which the whole heart seemed to be so gathered as it was in his."

*To his Wife.*

*Cuddesdon.*

[*July, 1861.*]

I enclose the scheme of the Retreat. I think it was profitable. I am sure it ought to have been, and can only trust that the good of

\* "What would the Church be without St. Augustine?" he said in after years, adding, however, that "St. Athanasius was the greatest man after St. Paul that the Church has seen."

it will *abide* with me, and flow over from me to others ; but, alas ! one so soon comes down from a higher atmosphere. So many purposes of holier living have come to nought, that one is well-nigh in despair of oneself, that one will ever make any real advance in the spiritual life. May God bless you, comfort you, and strengthen you. The poor Bishop of Durham has been dreadfully ill. By the Bishop's letters about him yesterday he was still in great danger.

## CHAPTER XVI.

1861-1863.

"Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident,  
It is the very place God meant for thee ;  
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,  
Do not for this give room to discontent ;  
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent  
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,  
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free  
From outward hindrance or impediment."

R. C. T.

"A VISIT to Germany, edited by the Dean of Westminster," had been printed and rather widely circulated, but not published, in June. It consisted of extracts from the journal of the Dean's mother, then Mrs. St. George.

*From* THOMAS CARLYLE.

*Chelsea,*

DEAR MR. TRENCH,

*July 24, 1861.*

Permit me to thank you very much for that charming bit of "Diary," which you have been so kind as to distinguish me by sending. I would not answer till I had read it faithfully ; and now I can only say, "Would there were much more of it to read !" It is seldom I have had two such hours as those spent upon it, in rather careful study of it, the other night. It is lucidly transparent as spring-water, faithful as a picture by the sun ; a clear, pure, lucid English lady-soul, *photographing* for us in that manner. Perfectly credible in every part ; all *true*,—as done on that kind of *cardboard*, with that kind of *cullodium*, etc., which can be allowed for, whenever necessary, as indeed it very seldom is, and very slightly anywhere.

The old Duchess of Brunswick (a stranger to me since 1786) is



beautiful like the vision of a spirit ; Prince Henri (who did indeed glare strangely with the eyes of him, and croak with his voice, and was a very morbid, keen-edged, unhappy creature) amused me by turning up as "a minor *fiend*" (due to the *cullodium* in part) :—indeed, I read throughout with a particular interest ; and the Nelsons, the Elliot, etc., etc., were not the only portions that I found extremely curious. Rivarol *versus* Gentz, for example ; a pair of eminent pamphleteers ; windy, ambitious, barren fellows both ;—who make so different an impression on the writer.

You have managed your filial part (allow me to say) in a pious and ingenuously modest manner. If you find any more such *manuscripts*, be strongly tempted to print more,—and let me share !

With many thanks and regards (kindest remembrances to Mrs. Trench included), I remain, yours sincerely always,

T. CARLYLE.

To REV. FRANCIS TRENCH.

*Eastbourne,*

*August 12, 1861.*

I made a very interesting discovery lately, of a correspondence still existing between our dear mother and Mrs. Leadbeater, of Ballitore, extending from 1802 to 1826. A daughter of Mrs. L—— has promised to send me all the letters, which she says are many and interesting. As Mrs. L—— was an admirable and pious woman, I have great hope that these letters will yield much of deep interest.

We dined with the Bishop of Durham, his wife, and daughter at the Archbishop of York's on the 28th of May. How little *we* knew then that at that very moment our beloved Richard's funeral was wending its way to the cemetery at Calcutta, or they what was so near before them. We had some friendly talk on Church matters in the evening. I never saw him again. His death and Lord Herbert's are both, in their way, very solemn events.

My commentary on the seven Apocalyptic Epistles will, I hope, reach you in two or three days. I shall be very glad of a judgment, still more of a criticism. I have printed a small edition ; and if the book finds favour, hope before very long to have an opportunity of the *δεύτεραι φροντίδες* which are so precious in an author's eyes. By way of an example of the responses which the "Journal" calls out, I send you a letter of Lord Bulwer's. I got one of Disraeli's exactly in the same tone. Of course, these do but touch the *literary* excellence of the book, but that is a necessary condition to justify publication.

*To his Wife.**Rouen, Hôtel d'Angleterre,**September 6, 1861.*

They\* are both old enough and well read enough to take an intelligent interest in this wonderfully interesting city, though in some respects it is getting less interesting every day, as the new streets, squares, and places are rapidly destroying the curiously picturesque old streets, which I well remember some thirty years ago, when I first saw them on my way to Spain. We propose to leave this at eight to-morrow morning.

At the hotel at Dieppe I met Sir John Boileau, with whom I have a friendly club acquaintance. He had just come over to visit a dying son at the hotel, and could not remain because his wife was dying at home. I have not often heard of a sadder tragedy of domestic life. I, of course, offered to visit the young man; which he would have thankfully accepted, but that he had brought over a near relation, a clergyman, who had been with him on that morning. I have promised, however, to do so on my return to Dieppe; but the poor father, who seemed very grateful for this promise, expressed much doubt whether a week hence I should find him alive. Of four sons who had grown to man's estate, he had lost two, and this was the third; so that there are other and heavier sorrows than ours; yet I could not help remembering many things, as I passed through Newhaven and Dieppe, and thought of that Swiss tour on which I was then bound, and who were with us then, and whom now we see no more; and I had not a dear wife to speak words of strength and comfort, as at other times.

*To the Same.**The Grange,**January 1, 1862.*

May all blessings of this New Year be hers who has been for so many years *his* chiefest blessing who writes these words. May he be more thankful to her and to Him Who gave her to him. Give also my best New Year's wishes to all the dear ones at home. May God grant that this year we have now begun may not have *its* great sorrow, as both the last have had.

There was a pleasant, quiet party here last night—Sir F. and Lady A. Baring (I sat next her, and came to know her a little more

\* Two of his young daughters.

than I had done before) ; Colonel Baring, a distinguished officer, who lost his arm in the Crimea, and his young wife (a daughter of Sir J. Graham), who sings with taste and feeling ; the two Miss Barings ; and the Brookfields, who are established here.

Dean Trench published this spring the "Remains of Mrs. Richard Trench," his mother.

*To his Wife.*

[*March, 1862.*]

There are one or two reviews of the "Remains" in the second-rate literary journals of last week ; nothing worth sending you. The book is, of course, recognized as amusing and clever, but the higher charm of the writing is not perceived, at least not duly so ; but these finer merits are, of course, just that which would escape the second-rate *litterateurs*. Mr. Howard, brother of the late Lady Dover, spoke as one both moved and obliged by the mention made of his sister in the book.

*From HUDSON GURNEY.*

*Keswick, near Norwich,*

*March 29, 1862.*

SIR,

I am most extremely obliged to you for the favour you have shown me in sending me the very interesting "Remains" and Memoir of your mother. There is one expression which much struck me in her letter to Mrs. Leadbeater from Paris, in March, 1803, of the resemblance of Napoleon *at that time* to "a corpse with living eyes." I had never met with the remark before. But it was so entirely my impression that I have it in my memoranda that he had "*a dead man's face with a living man's eye.*" I had been smuggled over to France immediately after the signature of the preliminaries by General Money, amongst his "*domestiques, hardes, and bagages,*" in 1801, and was in the splendid apartments of Duroc with a small party, through which he passed, so that I had a clear view of him as he came down to the review of the troops in the Place Carrousel. He immediately brought to my mind Southey's story of Dorrien, who walked the world three years after she was dead. I was surprised at the *exterior* shabbiness of Paris at that time—no equipages but cabriolets and hackney coaches—and at the extravagant magnificence of the *interior* of the houses of those enriched by the Revolution, and of the official residences of the heads of the principal

departments of Government. I again saw Paris in November, 1802, in going to Italy with Lord Aberdeen, and the change was wonderful in the external appearance of everything.

*From* PROFESSOR SEDGWICK.

*Cambridge,*

*April 21, 1862.*

MY DEAR MR. DEAN,

I should be sorry if I asked you to answer this letter, for at this time letters must be falling around you like autumnal leaves ; but I cannot help writing to you now to express my hearty thanks for the happiness you have given me by publishing the "Remains" and letters of your dear mother. I never had the honour and blessing of knowing her. Till the little publication from her Journal, which you so kindly sent me last year, I had never heard of her. But from this time forward, and so long as Old England has a good name among the nations of the earth, she will take her place as one of the most honoured daughters of our island, and be cherished in the heart and remembrance of thousands. Yours must be a goodly triumph, or rather a holy joy, thus to bring the memory of your beloved mother before the world, through her works, and bring her again before us, to teach us lessons of taste and love and daily wisdom, to make her our sweetest and best instructor. I only speak the truth when I say that, since the old bright days when I was driven almost wild by the early works of Walter Scott, I have not received such joy as I found while I was reading through your volume. It gave me a kind of new life, and (spite of old age, and the long weary drag of spring gout, and sleepless nights, and a half-torpid brain) I went on with it, with senses as wide awake as in my youthful days, and with new springing delights, which never tired, but became the stronger in each succeeding page. The exquisite, elastic woman's step ; the careless, colloquial charm ; the nice taste ; the speaking pictures ; the kindness ; the wisdom ; the exquisite *sauce piquante*, kept down by good taste, and not offending against the law of love ; the visions of fireside happiness ; the blossoms of dearest love all radiant in sunshine ; the clouds of sorrow ; little Fred and Bessie glowing like Raffaele's angels on the canvas, and then shut out from the mother's sight by a dark cloud with which God enshrouded them ;—such, I need not tell you, were the visions conjured up by your late mother's magical pen. Many passages I read with earnest attention ; many made me laugh with right happy heart movement ; and there were some, written in the simplicity of maternal sorrow, which affected me

with deep emotion, and made me glad to find that the fountain-head of kind feelings is not yet dried up within me. Again, it was to me a great charm to have described from sight, and by such a delicate and most graphic sweet woman's pen, some of the persons whose frowns made nations tremble, and whose deeds rang in my schoolboy ears, as if the actors had been creatures of another world. Your mother never was tainted by infidelity; but while in her days of youthful beauty she was carried round in a whirl of gay en<sup>joy</sup>ments, she probably thought little of Religion beyond the decency of its external forms. But *sorrow* was her teacher. There are, I think, several passages where she alludes to the great good to be drawn from such lessons. Whatever may have been the lessons, she, by God's grace, learnt to profit by them, and there is a mellowness and sanctity of character in the productions of her later years, which (in addition to the extraordinary nicety of judgment and brightness of taste) must make them very precious to you. Perhaps I am wrong in troubling you at such length; but I think you will forgive me, if you do me the bare justice of believing that I am writing honestly, and you will pardon the garrulity when you remember that I am now working my way through my seventy-eighth year. . . . I must now stop for want of room. With heartfelt good wishes and honest congratulations, I remain, my dear Dean, truly and gratefully yours,

ADAM SEDGWICK.

The following letter from Dr. Neale, in answer to the Dean's request for criticisms on "Sacred Latin Poetry," in view of a second edition, possesses some interest:—

*Sackville College,  
July 31, 1862.*

Three suggestions strike me.

1. Would it not be well to give a few more Notkerian sequences? You have hardly any. That on St. Mary Magdalene (Dan. ii. 39) to my mind is very lovely; and there is a most touching story about it in Thomas à Kempis's "Life of Lubert Berner."\*

\* The story alluded to is given, through the kindness of Dr. Littledale. "The plague broke out at Deventer and round about, making much havoc amongst the regulars. Lubert Berner was one of those attacked by the disease, three days before St. Mary Magdalene's Day. He took to his bed, saying that he should not recover, nor live more than a few days longer. And on St. Mary Magdalene's Day he caused the Sequence, "Laus tibi, Christe," to be sung in his

2. Bernard of Cluny. It might be worth while to notice how the old Cluniac's verses have spoken to the hearts of thousands, spite of the fine gold becoming so wretchedly dim in my version. Four large editions, though *weighted* with the Latin; and, as we all know, "Jerusalem the Golden" the most popular hymn in England at this time.

3. You will, of course, correct the mistake in the notes on the "Dies Iræ" about *fregit vector virtualis*. Your statement led me into a curious controversy with the *Tablet*, when I reprinted it, as of interest, as hitherto unknown; though they were just as much mistaken themselves, for they did not know, till I told them, that the other Sequence of Thomas's had been printed by the Bollandists.

P. 75, l. 46. I cannot but believe (I wish I could) Clichtoveus to be right. If you have ever noticed, on French brasses of the sixteenth century, a saint, especially St. John, acting as patron to the person commemorated and introducing him to St. Mary, I think you will see what the poet had in his mind.

Besides, can you point to another instance of *Patronus* being applied to our Lord?

Do you not think Daniel deserves some praise for allowing the justice of your censures here and there by reprinting them without note or comment?

"We have been bidden to Her Majesty's party, given in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales," Dean Trench writes on March 16, 1863. It was the charm of the young Princess's appearance on this occasion, as she and the Prince, about a week after their marriage, passed hand-in-hand through the guests, which inspired the fine lines, beginning—

"O merchantman, who seeking some fair pearl."

Of the idea in the often-quoted lines—

"Most happy that, Heaven favouring, thou hast found  
Of thy life's orb the absent hemisphere,  
The fulness, and mysterious complement,"

---

room. When it was ended, he said, "How devout and fervent are those words!" And then he said over again to himself meditatively this verse, "*Quidnam haberet ægra si non accepisset, si non medicus adesset?*" The bystanders broke out into tears, but he cheerfully spoke words of comfort to them. He died on the morrow of St. James, 1398."

the author said, in later years, that he must renounce all claim to originality, since it must have been unconsciously suggested by those which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the citizen of Angiers concerning the Lady Blanch—

“Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth,  
Is the young Dauphin every way complete :  
If not complete, O say he is not she ;  
And she again wants nothing, to name want,  
If want it be not that she is not he :  
He is the half part of a blessed man,  
Left to be finished by such a she ;  
And she a fair divided excellence,  
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.” \*

“Thanks and thanks again,” Thomas Watts wrote on April 20, “for a present which enables me to say that I have in my possession, as a gift from the author, two of the finest sonnets in the English language. Much as I admire your prose, I cannot help regretting, when I read such productions as these, that you do not give the world more of your poetry.”

The following letter contains the first allusion to the approaching great change in Dean Trench’s life and calling. Archbishop Whateley’s long and hopeless illness obliged the Government to consider the question of his successor.

*To the BISHOP OF OXFORD.*

*Westminster,*

*July 14, 1863.*

I believe I shall accept, if that high post were offered to me ; but I can say with perfect truth that I should do it, not with pleasure, but as a matter of duty. England is my world, the land of all my friends ; the English Church seems to feel full of life and hope and vigour, of which I see little in the Irish. Then, not to speak of higher wants, I know myself deficient in some of the most needful qualifications for the episcopate. I have few or no gifts of government ; little or no power of rallying men round me, and disciplining them into harmonious action. If any such offer were to come, I should most earnestly desire that it came unsought, not merely by myself, but by my friends ; that so, amid all the misgivings with which I should receive

\* “King John,” act ii. sc. ii.

it, I might feel that there had been no forcing of Providence ; and if I failed greatly, might feel that I had neither thrust myself, nor been thrust by the too partial love of others, into a post for which I was manifestly unfit.

May I, then, ask you, my dearest Bishop, to *do* nothing to bring about such a consummation ? If by any strange chance, or leading of God, I should more fitly say, let it come unsought, as by me also it is undesired.

*To the Same.*

*Westminster,*

*November 6, 1863.*

The letter which you announced arrived to-day from Broadlands, and I write by to-day's post, accepting the offer ;\* to you I need not say with what sense of unfitness, with what consciousness of unworthiness, and that least and last is rather my place than among the foremost and first. May God of His good grace ever keep me in this mind, and no flatteries and seductions of the world ever change this my just estimate of myself.

There is much, very much which I should like to speak to you about ; something on mere technical matters, and something on deeper things. Is there any day soon that you are likely to be in London, and with a quiet hour or two which you could reserve for me ?

How much I should like to serve under you at the next ordination, as a small but parting service to one to whom I owe so much. But I fear this must not be. And in respect of the sermon, I am too uncertain in my movements, so little able to command them, that I must ask you not to *rely* on me, gladly as I will preach if this should prove in my power.

*From REV. F. D. MAURICE.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

*[November, 1863.]*

May God bless you and keep you. I can wish the Church very heartily joy of your appointment. You, I know, will feel it only as a burthen which you have been called to bear, and which, therefore, you will be enabled to bear. But I am sure in my inmost heart that such burthens are blessings from which no one has a right

\* Of the Archbishopric of Dublin.



to shrink, and that we underrate the grace which is given with them. You have better things to do than to be reading letters, but I could not forbear sending you one word.

Ever very affectionately yours,

F. D. MAURICE.

I have seen no one who has not spoken of this act of our Ministers with a delight which it is certainly not common to express for their doings or those of any Government. If I may judge from the Bishop of Lichfield, who was speaking of you by anticipation on Tuesday last, you will be received by your colleagues on the bench with as much cordiality as by the clergy.

*From* BISHOP PHILLPOTTS *of Exeter.*

*Bishopstowe, Torquay,*

*November 8, 1863.*

MY DEAR LORD ARCHBISHOP *DESIGNATE*,

I rejoice more than I can well express at the blessing thus mercifully granted to the Church in Ireland—a Church which needs support, and, humanly speaking, can only be supported by its highest and most influential places being filled by sound Churchmen, who know and feel the wants, and rely on the grace of God to enable them to meet and supply the wants, of that imperilled Church. A mere scholar, much more a mere political partisan, or instrument, would only add to the danger in such a See as, by God's mercy, is assigned to you. May He strengthen you with His power, guide you with His wisdom, and support you with His love, and may you have the comfort of seeing His work prosper in your hands.

In many respects, I conceive, the see of Dublin is more trying than that of Armagh, and it is for this reason I rejoice that you are placed in it.

And now let me thank you most warmly for your great kindness to my afflicted daughter. That she is deeply grateful to you for it I need not say.

Pray offer to Mrs. Trench all my best wishes, and may my prayers for you be accepted.

Farewell. Writing is rather inconvenient to me, but I could not forbear attempting to address you. Believe me, with sincere respect, your faithful and affectionate friend,

H. EXETER.

From JOHN BULLER.\*

*Basset Wood, near Southampton,*

MY DEAR SIR,

*November 16, 1863.*

The place which I had the honour of holding in your admirable mother's esteem, and the kindly intercourse with which you have long favoured me, and the interest with which I have watched and taken pleasure in your application of your talents and your learning, so urge me to express my own feeling on your present position that I write even at the risk of seeming intrusive. But, as I believe in the Holy Catholic Church and the Communion of Saints, I cannot be indifferent to the spiritual welfare of any portion of the "family" of God in Christ. I do not, therefore, dear sir, congratulate you on high place *as* high place. I can well believe that even a deeper sentiment on that matter is at this moment yours than that which Paley has expressed in his wise and truthful estimate, "The poet asks, What is grandeur? what is power? And the philosopher answers, Constraint and plague *et in maxima quæque fortuna minimum ticere.*"

But I do congratulate you that, by the grace of God, you have been enabled to win a spiritual position, that has so remarkably influenced the general approbation with which your appointment has been received, and that thus you are to enter on an arduous post free from much that might have hampered and harassed you in the way of prejudice, envy, and party spirit. Allow, then, a very old man, soon to cease from all human interests, to send you a blessing in simplicity and godly sincerity, and to couch it in that ever-memorable passage, which of itself, in my estimation, could place the Pentateuch that has preserved it to us above all human books, "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." *Christo duce, et auspice Christo.* With most cordial respect, very faithfully yours,

JOHN BULLER.

From PROFESSOR SEDGWICK.

*Cambridge,*

DEAR MR. DEAN,

*November 16, 1863.*

My retrospect of academic life is a long one, for I was a freshman in 1804, and any old-fashioned name seems to fit me, as I

\* Aged eighty-seven.

have been for several years the oldest *fellow* in the University. I did not, I think, know you personally while you were an undergraduate; but I knew some of your personal friends, and before many years were over I knew you, and became grateful to you for the instruction and delight I drew from some of your published works. The bright, clear, sweet, feminine letters of your late mother drew a letter of congratulation from me, which was very honestly written by me, and very kindly received by you. It is with a keen remembrance of the pleasure with which I wrote to you before that I write again to congratulate you on the great elevation to which Providence is now calling you. May God bless your labours, and make your exalted position in the Irish Church the cause of peace and goodwill, and the diffusion of blessings, spiritual and temporal, among thousands and tens of thousands! Though not now very young (indeed, a beardless archbishop would seem out of place), you are much more than twenty years younger than I am. I am now treading on the heels of my eightieth year, and I trust it may be God's will that you may one day do the same, and be still able to diffuse blessings to those around you. To my great surprise, as well as great pleasure, the Royal Society have this year awarded me their gold medal (the Copley Medal), and I hope to be in town (but only for one day) to receive it on the 30th (St. Andrew's Day). I shall not have time to call on any one, and, indeed, I should not dare to add one to the multitude who are now beleaguering you in the Deanery. But in this way, my dear Dean, I do send to you, and to those whom you best love, my heart's best congratulations.

Very truly and gratefully yours,

ADAM SEDGWICK.

*From the* BISHOP OF OXFORD.

*Longleat, Warminster,*

*December 14, 1863.*

MY DEAREST ARCHBISHOP,

There is no doctrinal point of difference, so far as I know, between the forms. I think mine much more complete, and some very unfortunate words are changed. I have *never* heard it objected to. 'The main alteration is generally exceedingly approved, *i.e.* passing from the Consecration prayers straight to the *Venite*, instead of beginning again with sentences and "Dearly beloved," in itself unreal, and prolonging a too long service. The Celebration is canonically necessary to a consecration. There is another important change in the place where the Consecration Creed is read *after* the

altered service, so as to *secure* the impossibility of a legal slip by using an unaltered service in an already unconsecrated building.

I hoped when I saw your hand that you were going to say you could preach. Would you mind letting Goulburn know your decision? You will hear with feelings of regret that Louisa Noel is sinking fast, under an attack of inflammation. I went to Lavington on Friday to see her, having heard Thursday evening of her attack, and she was too ill to see me. The medical man gives no hope. How bright and lovely a soul will go home when she leaves us.

*To his Wife.*

*Christ Church, Oxford,*

*Sunday, December, 1863.*

I have just preached my sermon—"He shall sit as a refiner and purify the sons of Levi"—which the Bishop seemed to like very much, and said that it went very near to his heart; but you know that he likes anything that I do.

I shall be very glad to get back to you; I am so dispirited about everything, above all about myself; and it seems to me oftentimes so great a mistake to have left the little work, for which I was not wholly unfitted, and to have undertaken the great work, for which I feel no fitnesses in myself.

Poor Miss Noel died after days of most terrible agony. She could not even see the Bishop. How strange and mysterious that that long-suffering life should have had such a close as this. What wonderful things our God must have in store for those who love Him, when He can *so* chasten them here!

*To the Same.*

*6, Merrion Square, Dublin,*

*December 30, 1863.*

I arrived here safe and sound at about eight this morning, having had a very prosperous journey—the night almost warm, and the sea perfectly calm. I had just time, after a very hurried breakfast, to attend the funeral of Dean Pakenham,\* which took place nominally at 8.30. Indeed, I could not have done it at all, but that Dr. Lee came with a carriage for me. I made acquaintance with many of the clergy, and I think they were pleased that I should have come.

\* Hon. and Very Rev. Henry Pakenham, Dean of St. Patrick's from 1843 to the end of 1863.

I have just been to Christ Church. The officials have reserved for me, besides the Archbishop's pew, which will hold seven, another space around the throne which will contain about ten more, so that there is every reason to be satisfied ; except, indeed, with one thing—namely, a proposal of the Chapter to have the church hung with black, as being in mourning for its late Dean. I have suggested that on this day the funeral hangings should be removed, and have little doubt that they will be so.

*To the Same.*

*Dublin,*

*December 31, 1863.*

To-morrow, soon after this letter reaches you, my solemn work will be beginning. Please read over the Consecration Service in the Prayer-book, and you will then, I am sure, ask grace to be given for such a work.

END OF VOL. I.

WORKS  
BY  
R. CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D.

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